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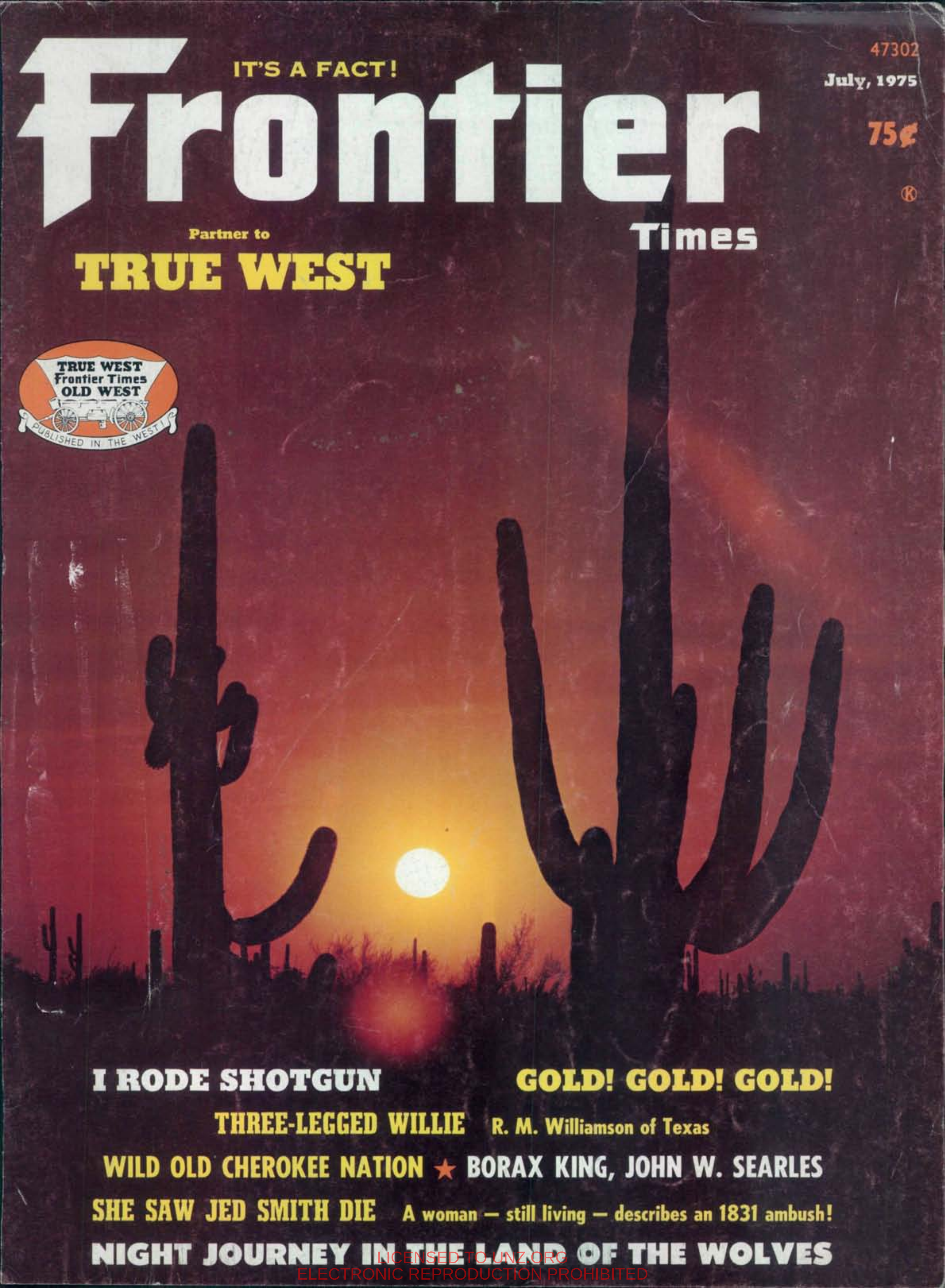

I RODE SHOTGUN

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

THREE-LEGGED WILLIE R. M. Williamson of Texas

WILD OLD CHEROKEE NATION ★ **BORAX KING, JOHN W. SEARLES**

SHE SAW JED SMITH DIE A woman — still living — describes an 1831 ambush!

NIGHT JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF THE WOLVES

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x10
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 10½x8
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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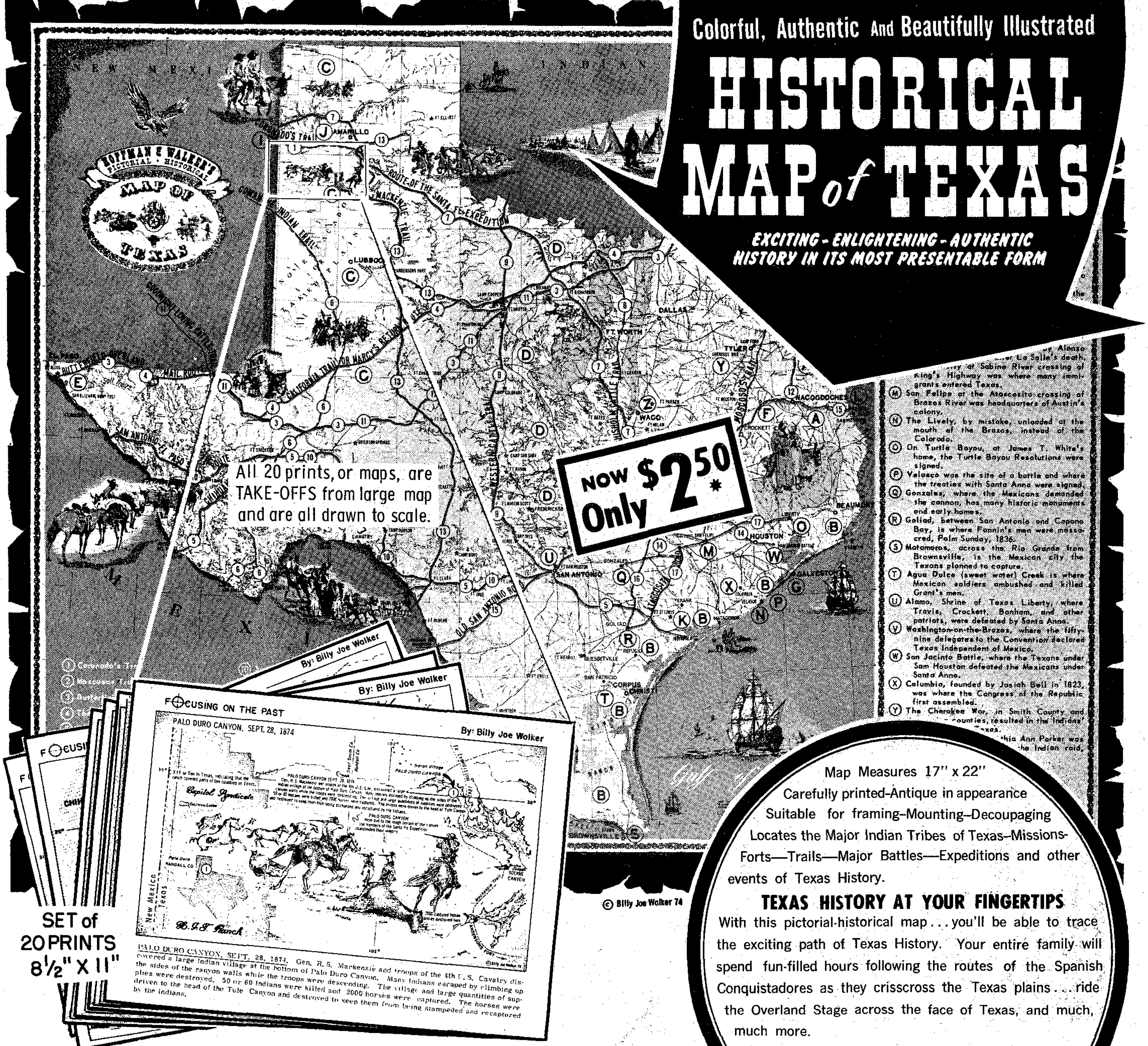

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M San Felipe at the Atascosito crossing of Brazos River was headquarters of Austin's colony.
N The Lively, by mistake, unloaded at the mouth of the Brazos, instead of the Colorado.
O On Turtle Bayou, at James T. White's home, the Turtle Bayou Resolutions were signed.
P Velasco was the site of a battle and where the treaties with Santa Anna were signed.
Q Gonzales, where the Mexicans demanded the cannon, has many historic monuments and early homes.
R Goliad, between San Antonio and Copano Bay, is where Fannin's men were massacred, Palm Sunday, 1836.
S Matamoros, across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, is the Mexican city the Texans planned to capture.
T Agua Dulce (sweet water) Creek is where Mexican soldiers ambushed and killed Grant's men.
U Alamo, Shrine of Texas Liberty, where Travis, Crockett, Bonham, and other patriots, were defeated by Santa Anna.
V Washington-on-the-Brazos, where the fifty-nine delegates to the Convention declared Texas Independent of Mexico.
W San Jacinto Battle, where the Texans under Sam Houston defeated the Mexicans under Santa Anna.
X Columbia, founded by Josiah Bell in 1823, was where the Congress of the Republic first assembled.
Y The Cherokee War, in Smith County and
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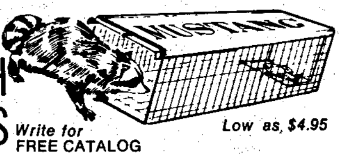

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

June-July, 1975
Volume 49, No. 4
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True Stories of the West!

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> *"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."*—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Arizona Sunset

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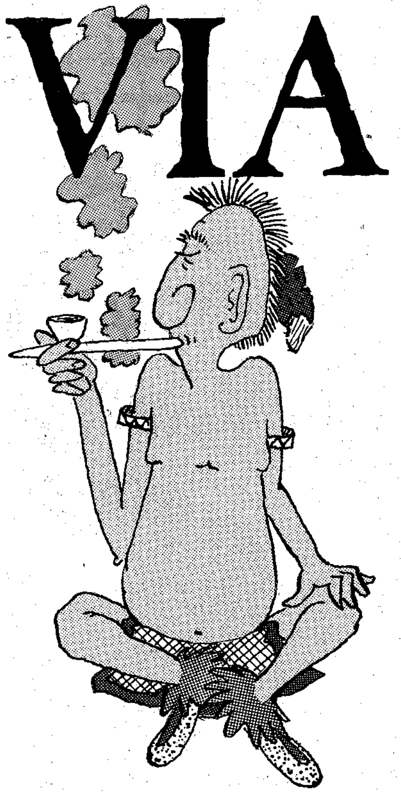
VIQ VIA -and MUCH OBLIGED!

Abe Grunlose



SHUCKSOMIGHTYDOGGONE! Your Very Important Answers to my Very Important Questions are rolling in! It's *raining* letters—a sort of reader mailburst. There has been more response to that VIQ editorial than anything we have published in my thirty-seven years in the magazine business! So many of these letters are from people who are writing for the first time to *any* magazine. That shows "way down there" sincerity.

I didn't mean to lose my scalp over asking your advice but it looks like that piece got your dander up. Over FIFTEEN HUNDRED letters have come in to date—and it's still raining mail! Some of you are saying go ahead and make TRUE WEST monthly and drop FRONTIER TIMES. By far the majority, however, are writing something to the effect of, "Don't shoot it out of the saddle!" It makes me feel like I'd be a lowdown bushwhacker if it becomes necessary to drop FRONTIER TIMES for *any* reason. Another amazing thing—nearly every letter not only states what you want, but contains good suggestions. One thing has been apparent from the very first—your almost unbelievably strong pledge of support and backing. So many have said that it would be a crime to kill a magazine that we've been printing for eighteen years! The thing that moves me so much is that you not only tell me in *very understandable language* that you want FRONTIER TIMES continued but you say, "Tell me what to do to help!"

There have been *so many* suggestions that my mind isn't exactly clear on just what to do but maybe we can patch up the old title with baling wire and mosey on down the road.

Understand one thing real solid—I'm not a quitter. Never have been. Never will be. It's just that when things get a little rough, you start looking for the weakest links to either take out or mend. So it is dadblamed heartwarming to read your letters of assurance. By golly, how I wish that I could print all of them! Idea: If I quit stuttering, stumbling around, feeling guilty and start quoting even part of a few letters, it will give those of you who did not write an idea of what is going on. Believe me, these letters are worth reading for their originality and entertainment qualities alone, even if you are not particularly concerned about what happens to FRONTIER TIMES one way or the other.

I will have to use only part of even the best since some of them are pretty long. Three- five- and ten-page letters are common but would you believe thirty-five typed pages with drawings, diagrams—the works? If you think I'm stretching the truth, bet me a steak dinner and I'll *prove* it. The letter is from Lee R. Elliott, Key Largo, Florida. Thanks, Lee, for a terrific job—you must have put in a couple of days on that booger! I'll run as much of it as possible in a later edition. It would make a full-length illustrated article!

NOW, here are some excerpts from other letters: Mack D. Baxter, Marble Falls, Texas writes: "What's got into you, pardner? Am I dreaming, or did you ask, 'Shall we kill off FRONTIER TIMES and make TRUE WEST monthly?' NO! Not just plain NO—but HELL, NO! That plainly stated, is *my* answer. You answered your own question when you stated, '. . . the fact is that the title is the only difference.' It seems that newsstand readers are attracted by the word 'WEST' [but if they ever get familiar with] that Truth Wagon on the cover—that old Conestoga guides me *completely* in my Western magazine buying—you have my word that sales will go up, Hoss.

"If you give FRONTIER TIMES the axe, I might get plumb cantankerous and change over to them Eastern publishers. No, I couldn't do it. I've been a regular reader of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES since the beginning. Please don't forsake one of the two magazines that enabled you to start eating higher on the hog."

Thanks, Mack. Your paste-up of the three magazines, side by side, looks good, and your suggestions will be given some heavy thought. It is plumb complexing. There are so many magazines with "West" in their titles that readers can't keep them straight as it is, but looks like it sells magazines.

The two letters immediately following are somewhat typical of those of you who think the title is a definite drawback and advise us to just kiss it goodbye.

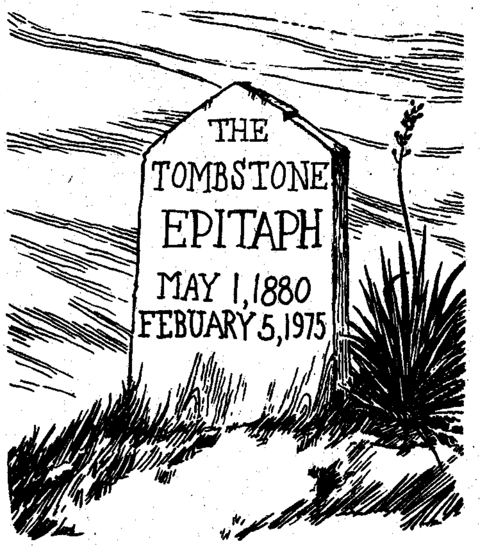
"When first seen or heard, 'Frontier' sounds like an individual—not the country or surroundings that goes with the old West."—John Ryan, San Jose, California.

"For the past fifteen years, I have worked with the public. I think they look at TRUE WEST as the real thing and FRONTIER TIMES as a newspaper-type magazine since the word 'TIMES' is often part of a newspaper's name. The general public is fickle, you know."—Milton S. Cox, Worland, Wyoming.

If I quoted from every letter relative to what the word "FRONTIER" means to different people, it would run at least ten printed pages in length! So I'll sum it up by saying that to many readers "FRONTIER" means fiction, coonskin caps, the early exploration of the eastern part of our country, no connection with the West, and a horde of other meanings. One man wrote that FRONTIER connotes "antiques" to some people. A big majority tells us to get "WEST" in the title somewhere, or associate FRONTIER TIMES with TRUE WEST. I never dreamed that "frontier" and "times" could be interpreted so many ways.

ON the other hand, here is a letter from overseas. "I have all issues of TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST as well as RELICS. These are the

(Continued on page 64)



THE newspaper that covered the violent demise of those who lie in Boothill, has succumbed to natural causes, if inflation can be so considered. Harold O. Love purchased the paper about ten years ago, hoping to preserve its unique place in the field of Western journalistic efforts. The Detroit attorney has found increasing financial costs and pressures prevent continuing the project, and he has given the University of Arizona certain rights, including use of the legendary name. The journalism department there plans to keep that name in print with a paper to be distributed free, one which will carry no advertising.

There will also be a monthly journal edition of the *Epitaph*, published and distributed from Tombstone, and put out by former staff members. At this writing we can't furnish all of the details but anyone interested can write Box 1880, Tombstone, Arizona 85638. Maybe with a little effort we can still get the paper through its first hundred years—it lacks so little.

Prior to the first silver strike in 1878 this Apache land, that was to see the birth of a boomtown, had been considered too barren and unattractive for settlers. Ed Schieffelin's discovery of a mountain of silver with an estimated worth of $85,000,000—and those were pre-inflation dollars—gave it a citizenry with its share of badmen and bawdy houses. The *Epitaph*, first published May 1, 1880, would chronicle all that transpired in and around Tombstone for the next ninety-five years.

John P. Clum, the founder of the paper, said a town named Tombstone needed an epitaph, but others claimed the name was derived from Schieffelin's statement that newspapers, like epitaphs, generally did not tell the whole truth.

Clum's life was as colorful as that of any of his contemporaries. It was he, serving as the first civilian Indian Agent, who received orders from Washington on May 3, 1876 to close the Chiricahua Apache reservation and move the tribe to San Carlos. Clum arrived at the old agency on June 6, and six days later began moving north with 325 Chiricahuas, led by Gaza, Cochise's son. More than

(Continued on page 59)

TRAILS
GROWN
DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Culver

I am trying to locate the grandchildren, nieces, nephews or anyone related to Solon K. and Cynthia (Coon) Culver. The families involved are Coon, Bryant, Causey, McPherson, Murphy, Simmons and Culver. There may be a connection with the Berry family and the Van Valkenburg family. Any information on these people will be appreciated.—Patsy Culver Greer, Route 2, Box 45, Quitman, Louisiana 71268

Any Dickersons Left in Texas?

I was born and raised in the vicinity where Davy Crockett grew up. All Tennesseeans are justly proud of him and Sam Houston, as well as a lot of other Tennessee folks who left here and went to Texas to start a new life. My father had three brothers who went to Texas before the turn of the century. I have a letter from one from Ector, Texas, dated 1896, written to his mother. I have a letter edged in black from another of his brothers with the sad news of losing two or three of his young children to typhoid fever. That one is from Radclift, Texas and I also have one from Bells, Texas.

We have, over the years, lost contact with these branches of the Dickerson family, which is a pity. If you know of any of them, tell them not to forget their raising, and to come home once in a while. The light is still burning.

I spent most of my nearly four years service during World War II in Texas, and remember it fondly—especially the people who knew how to, and did, appreciate the serviceman. I was stationed in San Antonio on three, maybe four, different occasions and I would somehow like to let the people of New Braunfels know, too, how grateful I am for their town and the people who could not do enough for the men in service. My buddies and I, and many, many more headed there every free day or week-end we could get. New Braunfels is, I guess twenty or thirty miles north of San Antonio up toward the Hill Country. I felt right at home.—John A. Dickerson, Jr., 3726 Selma Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee 37914

Stiegleiter

We would like to hear from anyone who may have crossed paths with, or knows the whereabouts of, George Frederick Stiegleiter. He disappeared from Aurora, Illinois forty-five years ago, leaving a wife and children. He was thirty-nine when he left in 1929 and was thought to have gone to California, maybe Oklahoma and later Jacksonville, Florida. He may have changed his name, but he has tattoos on both forearms bearing a handshake and a dagger. He would probably have worked his productive years at building or contracting, and was last known alive in the late 1930s.

George's sister now is eighty-six; his wife, seventy-nine, and his family would appreciate hearing from anyone who may have known George.—A. E. Stiegleiter, Jr., 1865 North Marywood, Aurora, Illinois 60505

Joiner

Gibson Washington Joiner, born in Warren County, Georgia about 1827 was ordained a Baptist minister in 1853. He had pastorates at several churches in Bell and Coryell Counties, Texas, some of which were Cedar Creek, Mountain Spring, Grove and Moffatt.

He last lived at or near Holland, Texas in Bell County and died in the early 1900s, probably 1906. I would very much appreciate hearing from any relatives as I have information for them.—W. W. Ludwick, 6713 Stroud, Houston, Texas 77036

Willoughby

I would like to correspond with anyone who has information on the Thomas and Martiella Willoughby family of Missouri. They had five sons and one daughter; Bill, Jake, Lawrence, John, George and Sallie. There are several cousins living in Missouri, I am told. John was my grandfather. I would like to know about my grandmother, Cora Thomas Willoughby. Anyone knowing about any of these people, please write.—William Willoughby, Route 2, Box 386 C, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814

Tedder-Pitts-Fann

Henry Tedder was probably born in the 1840s, and about 1870 he married Sarah Ann Fann. I'd appreciate any information on either, and also William Pitts, father of Wiley M. Pitts, born February 28, 1868. I don't know where any of these people were born, but it may have been in Cannon County, Tennessee, as they lived there and many of their descendants still do.—Anna B. Frazell, El Patio Motel, Spur, Texas 79370

Williams

I am seeking information on my paternal grandfather, Samuel Wooliford Williams. He left Shady Grove, Taylor County, Florida around 1900 and went to Centerville, Texas. He left three sons,

(Continued on page 36)

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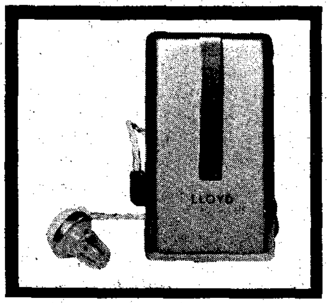
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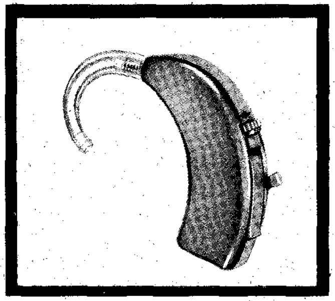
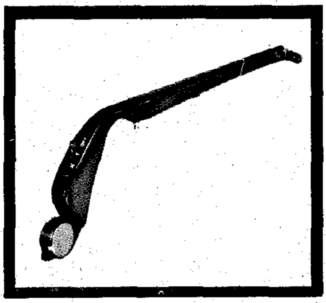
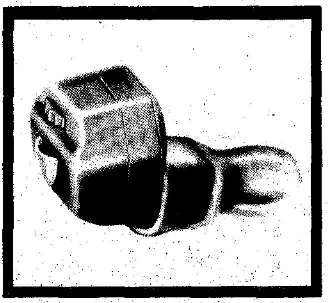

BEHIND-THE-EAR AIDS
Model 210-9 $149.50


EYEGLASS AIDS
Model 610-E $182.00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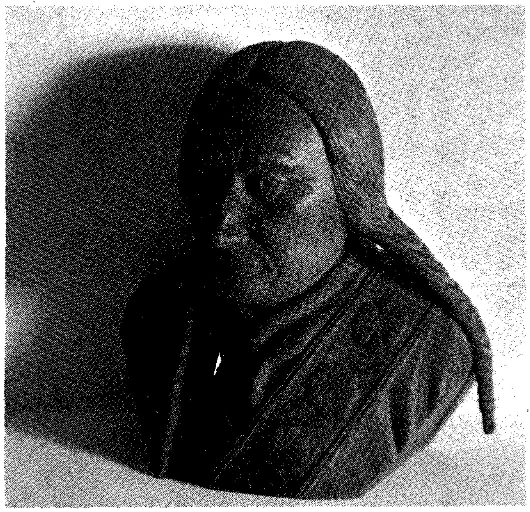


Indian bust.

Family Treasure

May I tell you about something I own, given to me by my father many years ago? It is a beautiful, wooden, carved bust of an Indian that has rested in our bookcase for years and years. I have always loved the piece and would finger it carefully, noticing sometimes that the wood would shine as if it had beeswax rubbed on it. Some years later I was told it was a piece of fir that the artist had used to make this lovely thing.

Many years ago, so Dad told me, he and his old uncle took a business trip out West. They stayed at a dusty old hotel or lodging of some sort. The night they arrived, they were ordering their supper when an even dustier fellow came over to them with a bunch of pictures. He was offering them for very little, but the men were too tired and suggested he come back the next day, which he did. This time he brought this lovely Indian head and my uncle purchased it. The fellow said he wanted enough for meals for a few days. The time was about 1895 or rather close to it, and Dad and Uncle Oscar thought how wonderful the artist was. The fellow appeared to be smitten by drink, so all were happy, as the seller had his money and Uncle had the Indian bust. For all these years this piece has been in my bookcase in a special spot.

A few years ago I was reading a book about Charlie Russell, a rather old edition with photos, and to my astonishment, there was a photo of my Indian head behind Mr. Russell's wife in his studio, and a few more showing that same bust. To say I was surprised is putting it mildly! I looked at my piece with a magnifying glass, oh so carefully, and only found what I thought was the incising of Cha or Ch Russell, but it dwindled off, perhaps from too much handling of the wood, as this was under the chin. Later, I talked with Mr. Chet Huntley whose family knew Mr. Russell, and he was very happy that I had the piece and added that they had pieces in his family that Russell had done in wood but they were not signed, and he sent me a note to that point.

I am amazed at the numerous museums who would love to have it for a gift, and tell me to mail it to them—how naive, really. So, I have placed my art in a vault for now, but would like to know if anyone else has a similar bust, about a foot tall.—Mrs. Keith Fish, 1318 Spruce Place, Mound, Minnesota 55364

Idaho Hotel

I am researching the history of the Idaho Hotel in Silver City, Idaho, which I purchased in 1972. Mr. Kildare mentioned, on page 20 of the May 1968 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, that a Mr. Haskell was shot to death in the Idaho Hotel Bar in October of 1880; maybe he found mention of it in a letter, diary, newspaper in another part of the state, or was told by a reliable source.

Today I almost wish I was in your part of the country with our weather being a bit on the nippy side! It is a beautiful clear and calm day, nice and quiet with not a sound in the air except for an airplane of two coming or going.

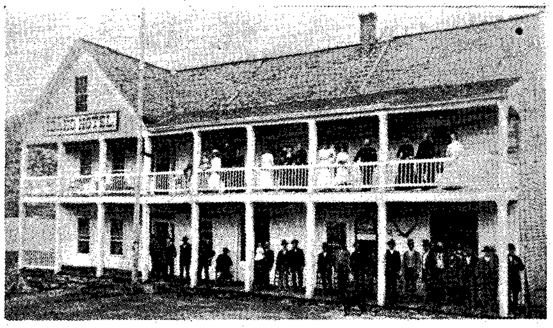
The first thing I want to get working on this spring and summer is to tear out the inside sheeting and put up some insulation on the walls, floors and ceilings. In some places there is not any studding—just board and batten! That does not keep out much cold air, even with muslin-backed wallpaper on the walls from the early 1900s and 1800s. I can see why the old-timers wore long, heavy clothing, had heavy carpets on the floors, heavy curtains and shutters on the windows and frequently burned their homes down from over-heated stoves and chimney fires. When I can see daylight between the mopboards and the floorboards, and the rocking chair moves when the wind blows hard, it is time to do some looking into correcting that misguided flow of too fresh air. The living quarters *would* have to be in the oldest part of the building—1863-1866.—Ed Jagels, Proprietor, Idaho Hotel, Silver City, P. O. Box 75, Murphy, Idaho 83650

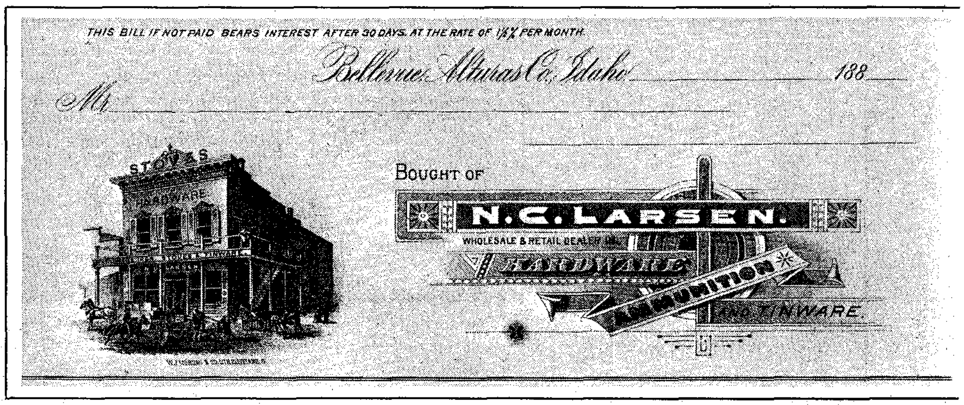
"Injun No Sojer"

I was a very small boy when this Indian-as-soldier episode occurred, but my mother told me the story when I was old enough to understand. About 1890 somebody in Washington conceived the idea that the American Indian could be trained for service in the Regular Army. A directive to that effect was received at Fort Huachuca on the Mexican border in Arizona Territory. The post C. O. was somewhat puzzled as to how to proceed, but ended up turning the project over to a junior officer. This happened to be my father, Lieutenant Albert S. McNutt, a graduate of West Point, Class of 1881. He had been stationed at Huachuca but a few months, with his wife and myself, a child of five years.

The idea was to enroll Indians from a neighboring Indian settlement and put them through the paces of Army training. Now obviously this was pure fantasy to anyone who understood Indian characteristics and the difficulties and risks involved; but orders are orders and the attempt had to be made.

The Indian village, less than a quarter-





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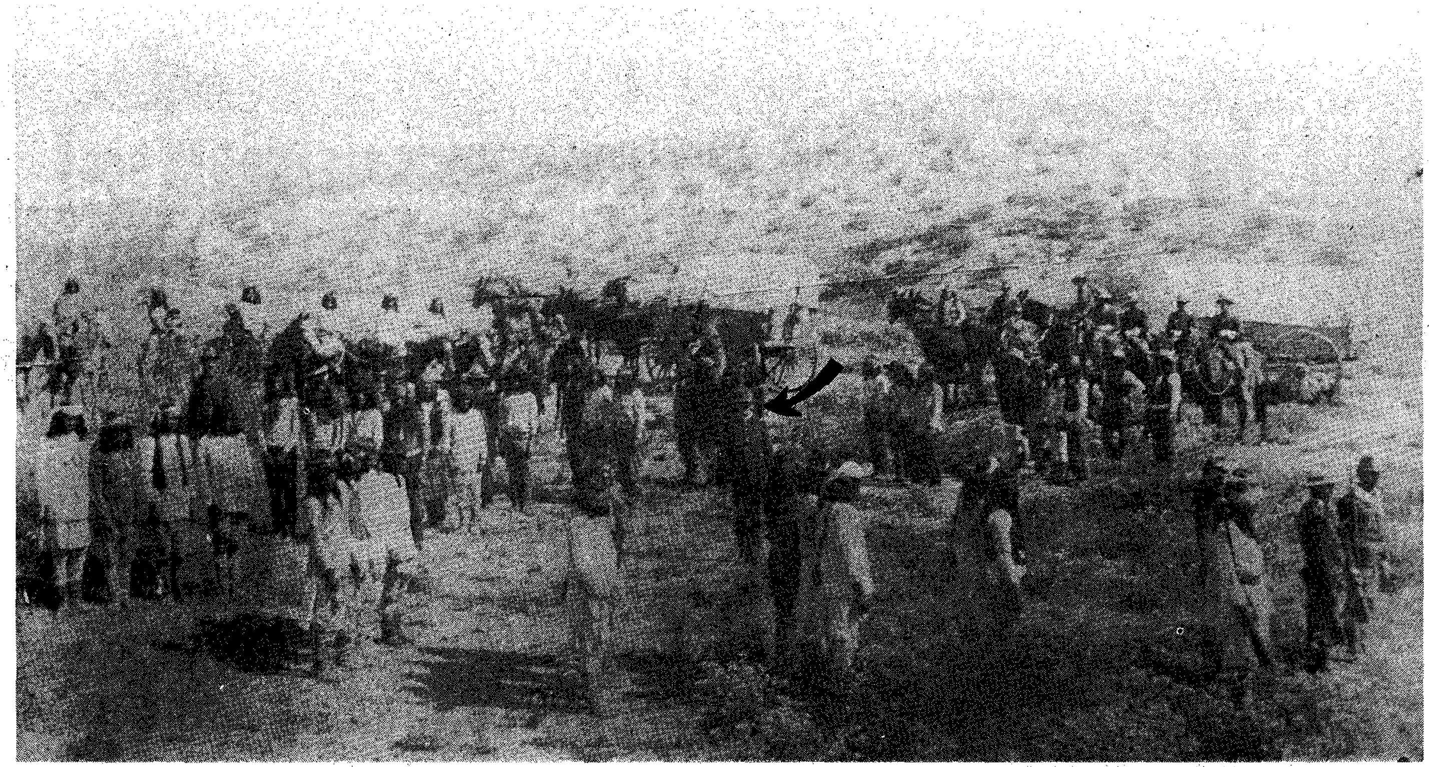
Idaho Hotel, Silver City, Idaho (above) and the old 188— letterhead (right) which Mr. Ed Jagels used to write us.



Lt. Albert S. McNutt (arrow), 9th Infantry, U. S. A. with Indian detachment and onlookers. Arizona Territory circa 1890.

mile away, was composed of Navajos, fortunately the most peaceable and tractable of the tribes. But Lieutenant McNutt was aware that negotiations must be carried on tactfully and without haste, through a suitable intermediary. He therefore called in the post orderly, messenger, and interpreter, a half-breed named José, and explained the matter to him.

José looked dubious: "Make Injun sojer?" But he went to work and contacted the Navajo headman. Eventually it was agreed that about thirty tribesmen, with certain inducements, would be enrolled as recruits. They would report as a group daily on the drill ground, a fairly level area just outside the post stockade. The Lieutenant would have as aides José and a squad of regular enlisted men under a sergeant for demonstration purposes.

Naturally the Red Man had little regard for geometrical formations, numbers, and time. This was evident from the start. Little was accomplished the first day except to get some order in the detachment, get them lined up in company front.

The Lieutenant would command "Forward—March!" The Indians would merely look at one another to see who would go first. The struggle to get a count-off—"One, two, three, four"— and the formation of a column of fours was a matter of days.

One constant thorn in the Lieutenant's side was an Indian—obviously not a Navajo but an intruder—called Big John. He would insist on taking Number-One place and then proceed to mess things up, pretending to misunderstand orders and in general sabotaging the whole program.

The Lieutenant took José aside and asked him what he knew about Big John. "Him bad Injun," he replied slowly. "Him tote gun."

As time went on, the project looked more and more hopeless, and the day was approaching when the Manual of Arms would have to be taught. Terrific doubts swarmed in upon the Lieutenant. In this frame of mind he stood outside the stockade one afternoon, watching the detachment march back to the village. Big John's figure stood out as it disappeared over a hillock.

Just as the detachment faded from sight, the Lieutenant heard a shot and a hissing sound, and his campaign hat fell off. He picked up the hat. In its crown were two small holes—an entry and an exit of pistol bullets.

The perforated hat settled the fate of the Indian-as-soldier experiment. Excuses to save face were made to the Navajo headman and a terminal report was sent to Washington.

The Lieutenant commended José for his effort in an impossible task. "I'll see that you get a promotion out of this. You did your best."

"Yes, sir—Injun no sojer."—J. Scott MacNutt, 5067 Westminster Place, St. Louis, Missouri 63108

Siskiyou and a Small World

I'd like to tell you of a little recent incident concerning one of your older issues of FRONTIER TIMES. I was visiting my son who had quite a stack of them, and being an *old* lady (80) who likes to browse through *old* magazines, I had picked up the March 1973 copy and started reading "The Case of the Siskiyou Slayings" when the date, October 11, 1923, gave me quite a start.

I still have a letter from my mother in Seattle that went through that fire described in the story. The letter was sent on to me from the San Francisco Post Office with a note saying that "The mail was damaged by fire and dynamite in the hold-up of Ashland and Gerber train #13 at Siskiyou, Oregon, October 11, 1923." Quite a long time ago—fifty-one years!

I could read most parts of the letter, and the address was clear on the envelope, but it was badly burned around the edges. I just thought you might be interested in where one of your very good magazines eventually got to, and a little incident concerning one of its readers. It is a small world!—Ada E. Hamon, 1200 Grand Avenue #10, Spring Valley, California 92077

Kit Carson III Dies

The Old West recently lost another illustrious old-timer when Christopher (Kit) Carson, ninety-one, died of pneumonia in Alamosa, Colorado. He was buried on December 2, 1974. He was the grandson of the famous frontiersman for whom he was named, and on his maternal side, the grandson of Tom Tobin. Carson claimed that Tobin could "track a grasshopper in sagebrush country."

As befitted his heritage, Carson enjoyed history and for many years was active in the San Luis Valley Historical Society. Until the last few years, horseback riding was his favorite pastime.

Carson was born June 30, 1883 to Billy and Pasquala Tobin Carson at Fort Garland, a military outpost that his grandfather once commanded. His first job was cowboying for the late Governor Bill Adams on his ranch near Alamosa. In 1921 he married Eloisa Valdes, and in 1927 they moved to Sanford, Colorado where he served part of the time as county clerk and recorder of Conejos County until 1944. Their son, Kit Carson IV, was killed in action in the Pacific in World War II.

Carson is survived by two daughters, and seven grandchildren.—J. B. Cole, III, P. O. Box 1555, Boulder, Colorado 80302

From an Honorary Texan

I am a very proud Honorary Citizen of Texas (so designated by the Governor of Texas in 1970) and a regular subscriber to your magazines. My subscrip-

(Continued on page 60)

WILD OLD CHERO

Wildcat Williams

Legend and hard truth, brutality and great courage, hatred and common peril — all these things enmeshed the Indians and whites within its boundaries. The Saline District before 1907 was like no other part of the frontier...

BY OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

Author's note: History and Indian legend are closely interwoven in the gently sloping grounds of the Saline District Courthouse of the old Cherokee Nation. Grim reminders of a bygone era are two great trees that stand just to the north of the old building—the Hanging Tree and the Whipping Tree.

In 1839 the Cherokee Nation was divided into four great districts for local government. In 1841 they divided the nation into eight districts. Later a ninth was added, and nine it remained until the coming of statehood for Oklahoma in 1907.

Saline District was in the very heart of the Cherokee Nation. The foothills of the Ozarks in which it stands very much resemble the loved eastern home of these displaced people. The first building in which court was held for this district was only a couple of miles from where the present building stands. It was on the Samueal Bell allotment. In 1867 court was moved to a small vacant building on the Joseph Riley allotment because Samueal Bell needed his building for a corn crib. In 1875 the old court was once again moved into a small log cabin where the present building stands. For many years the old cabin served as a stable for the U. S. Marshals' horses.

It was here in this crude little structure that my Uncle Jeff Carter, a special deputy for Judge Parker, first became acquainted with the workings of Cherokee law. "I knew the country, the people, and the Court like the back of my hand," Uncle often said in later years.

This one-room log cabin stood on the David Rowe allotment, and one of the Rowe boys—Martin—was deeply involved in the tragedy enacted at the old courthouse.

IN 1883 the Cherokees enacted a law proclaiming that all nine of the District Courts should be housed in buildings of uniform construction. The law provided the sum of $9,000 for each. Plans called for a two-story building with courtrooms and offices below, and quarters above for other law enforcement bodies or business of the court. A wide porch was to extend across the front of the building, and great stone fireplaces were to stand at each end. An outside stairway would be attached at one end of the building, and large windows "to give sufficient light" were authorized. An extra $1,000 was set aside for furnishings.

The final location for the Saline court was on the James Teehee allotment, chosen because of a great spring of clear, cold water gushing out of the hillside. This spring was to furnish water for the court, the jail, the general store, blacksmith shop, doctor's office, and many other buildings that came into being, almost overnight, near the great court.

A great deal of activity would take place at the seat of government for Saline District. It was here the Indians came to be paid for lands taken from them; here that the quiet proud people gathered to visit with members of the Nation who lived in scattered districts; here that they gathered to listen to the judgment of the wise men of their nation and see justice meted out. After a trial involving a conviction, there were no appeals, no delays, no "tactics" by high-powered lawyers; there was no using influence to get off. The sentence of the court was carried out to the letter with great swiftness.

Court was held at stated times and a judge came from the national capital, Tahlequah. In this way all cases were handled locally, thus providing a chance for each Cherokee to see justice carried out quickly and surely.

Here to the great court the Indians came to act as witnesses, to attend to other business, to visit. They came afoot, on horseback, and in wagons. They camped on the grounds covering several acres around the old court. Wagons were parked, tents set up or tepees erected, and bedding and clothing hung everywhere on bushes and tree limbs to air

KEE NATION

R.D. TITSWORTH 1954

Capitol of the Cherokee Nation, Tahlequah, Oklahoma.

and dry. Fires from the women's wash kettles sent up thin white smoke, and children shrieked with joy as they ran pell-mell around the great spring flowing toward its junction with Snake Creek.

NEAR the junction of the spring and Snake Creek were the bathing holes of the Cherokees. One large, deep blue hole some distance away was the special domain of the braves, while closer to camp was a more shallow and placid pool for the women and children. It was as much as a man's life was worth to be caught near this pool. Perhaps the boothill graveyard on a nearby knoll was a successful deterrent to those who might have been tempted.

Many an unmarked grave exists, but also many are marked. One says: "A. J. Calvert, born April 12, 1858, murdered Feb. 13, 1892." Others simply give name and date of birth and death. Still others have simple field stones to mark the resting place. Silent, lonely, unkept they stand leaning now at strange angles beside a dirt road that cuts so close one wonders how many of these old places of the dead were destroyed by the building of the very road on which one travels.

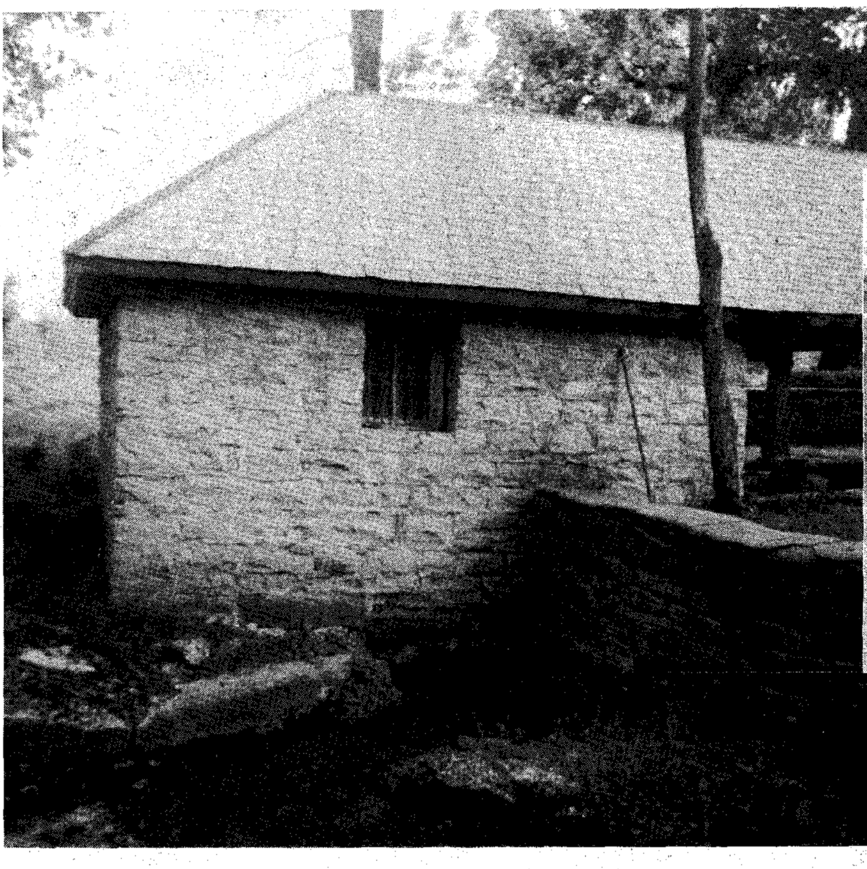
It was the custom of the Cherokees to bury their dead near home. Several buried here in this small boothill cemetery were known to have been found dead on the campgrounds nearby.

That day in 1966 I drove on up to the little town of Locust Grove, some fifteen miles from the old courthouse, to talk to Wildcat Williams who had lived in the vicinity of Saline District all his life and who, as a small child, had witnessed several executions.

Wildcat held a 300-acre ranch and the old house overlooked beautiful Spring Creek Valley. On the third floor of his sprawling ranch house he held a sort of "Judge Roy Bean court." He had been a justice of the peace in Locust Grove for some twenty years at that time, and dealt out justice in a unique way. "I never fine a young hellion if I can send him to jail," he said. "What's the use? They get the money to pay off a fine from their parents or old grandparents and go their thoughtless, merry way getting into the same thing. Parents now wouldn't take a five-year-old kid to see men hanged or shot. Anyway, Pa did," Wildcat said.

"First man I saw shot was at Tahlequah, capital of the Cherokee Nation. Everyone in the whole Cherokee Nation that could make it was there that Saturday morning, some coming the day before and spending the night on the grounds. They came to visit with the condemned man and spend the day talking over old times and, just visiting in general.

"I saw two more executions, both by



Left: The old jail at Saline Court.

Below: The little grave yard.

shooting. At the time of the last one at Saline Courthouse I was six years old. We lived in a covered wagon at Budionet Springs not far from Saline Court. Pa took me over early on the morning of execution. He put me up behind him on a bareback horse. We rode into the courthouse grounds early. The yard, the woods surrounding it, the creek banks, and even the jail yard, were teeming with people. They had come from all over the Nation to see a brave man die. Wagons with canvas covers, campground with pallets spread everywhere and a few tepees set among the trees, saddle ponies everywhere standing hipshot patiently waiting, attested to the size of the crowd.

"Pa had no more than tied the horse to a shade tree than the nearest Indian told him, 'That's the man over there,' pointing toward a campfire a short distance away.

"The man under sentence to die that day had killed a man over near Watts where they both lived. He had been tried and found guilty early in the spring but had asked for time to get his crops laid by and enough firewood put up to last his wife and three children through the winter. Such a request was common and was always allowed for no Cherokee was ever known to fail to come in at the appointed time to die.

"I saw the man first by peeking between Pa's legs. Pa kept pushing up closer and pretty soon he was shaking hands with the man. Finally Pa and he and several others seated themselves on a log. I stood between Pa's knees and had a good view of everything then.

"'I come over yesterday evening,' the man began. 'I have been having trouble with the left rear wheel on the wagon. I was afraid I might be late getting in if I waited till morning.'

"The man also remarked that he had gotten his crops laid by in fine shape. 'Not a weed in the corn and I told the woman she should make thirty-five bushels to the acre. I got the leak fixed in the roof and got plenty of wood to last them through the winter. Say, come over to the wagon and see my coffin. I made it myself from walnut wood, and I think I did a good job seeing as it's the first one I ever made.'

"In the back of his wagon was the walnut coffin ready to receive his body, which the new widow would haul back to the home place where the man had already dug his own grave, picking out a shady spot near his home. The widow would drive the wagon back but neighbors and friends, one of which was the man who would fire the fatal shot, would lower the casket into the grave and fill it in. They would then construct a small shelter over the grave as was the Cherokee custom.

"The wife, and soon to be widow, went about her usual tasks just as dozens of other Indian women were doing all over the encampment, and only occasionally did I see her glance at her husband and sigh deeply. I saw her hugging the little boy close to her several times and she had a terribly sad look on her face—but not one tear did I see.

"The other two children, both little girls, played about the camp and once in a while came to lean against their fathers shoulder. Each time he caressed them gently and sent them back to play.

"It was getting on toward noon and dinner was being cooked on the campfires while the men still clustered about the condemned man. I wish I could recall his name, but after sixty years I am afraid I can't.

"As the sun began its westering drop, the tension mounted. Voices lowered, campfires smoldered and went out. Folks packed their camp stuff into the wagons for the homeward journey. Even the children grew quiet—all except the gurgle of the great spring which seemed to increase to the noise of a waterfall.

"The condemned man sat quietly talking with his friends and family, but he glanced occasionally at the dropping sun. When it had reached the three o'clock position he took a long look around and announced quietly, 'It is time.' 'Not yet,' the wife entreated. 'Yes,' he replied, 'No use to make anybody way after dark getting home.'

"He patted the heads of his children, the shoulder of his wife, and with firm step walked to the execution tree. His friend, whom he had chosen to fire the bullet into his heart, was beside him.

"Refusing a blindfold, he slowly unbuttoned the shirt he wore, and there just over his heart was a white cross he had put there himself. He folded his arms and, with a slight smile on his face, looked steadily at his friend who was lining up the sights on the .30-30 Winchester ten feet away. This was so there would be no powder burns on the body. I always wondered what difference it would make.

"Anyway, the bullet went square through the center of the white cross. The new widow gave one small cry and slowly began the death chant. Soon she mounted to the wagon seat with her children beside her. The body of her husband was placed in the walnut coffin in the back of the wagon. The friend and executioner climbed into the wagon and sat on the coffin, the very picture of dejection as the new widow clucked to the team and headed for home where a newly dug grave waited.

"I was glad when Pa boosted me up behind him on the old horse for the journey home. I had had enough of killing. . . .

"I guess Pa's method worked, though, for I stayed out of trouble all my life except for one instance. I was a wild

Right: Saline District Court as it looks today.

Below: The Execution Tree.

seventeen and they were holding a camp meeting in the old Courthouse when some of the young boys I ran around with dared me to ride my cow pony onto the wide porch of the old Court. I went them one better and rode clear through the building, front to back door, smack through the worshippers.

"For that I got sent off to Haskell Institute, to keep from getting sent off to jail I guess, and this led to a career with Uncle Sam which has sent me all over the world. I recently retired."

I asked Wildcat to tell me how he came by his nickname, but judging by his lithe, catlike movements even though he was in his sixties, I could imagine—or so I thought.

"It isn't a nickname. It's my real and only name," he replied, "and, Oh Lord, the fights and black eyes it has cost me! Try walking into a bar, any bar—from New Orleans to Singapore—and let someone sing out, 'Hello, Wildcat,' and see how long it is before someone steps up and says, 'Wildcat huh? I can tame you!'

"Anyway, here's how I came by the name of Wildcat. Pa was Welsh. Ma was Cherokee. Cherokee midwives attended my mother at my birth. We lived in a covered wagon. Pa was a horse trader and we camped anywhere he chose. The night I was born it was raining buckets, and the old wagon sheet was leaking all over. Ma and the midwives were trying hard to keep the bed dry but not having any luck. Just as I came into the world the old tomcat we owned, jumped into the wagon, yowling and trying to shake the water from his long yellow coat while I was yowling at being born in a leaky wagon.

"Ma looked over at the tomcat and remarked in disgust, 'Look at that cat. He squalls like a wildcat.' The midwives began clapping their hands and chanting, 'Wildcat! Wildcat!' and I had my name.

"ALWAYS the most looked-up-to citizens in the Cherokee Nation were law enforcement men. 'Sheriff' was a title that earned the respect of all. In 1897 Jesse Sunday was just completing a term as sheriff of Saline District. He was married and the father of six children, three boys and three girls. The oldest child, a boy named Andy, was nineteen.

"Sunday and his wife were high-class, well educated Cherokees, and leaders in their community. Their children attended the local school and then the Seminaries at Tahlequah. Sunday was known to be fair and honest and, above all, absolutely fearless.

"Dave Ridge, a half-brother to Sheriff Sunday, had been elected as sheriff for the next term, as Sunday wanted to retire. Dave was to take office within a few weeks, just as soon as Sunday's term was up. Both the Ridge and Sunday families were well respected.

"The merchant who operated the store at Saline Courthouse was also an outstanding member of the community. He was Thomas Baggett, a white man, there by permission of the Cherokee Council and also because he had married Pearl Holt, a beautiful half-Cherokee girl from Going Snake District, just to the east of Saline District. Thomas Baggett was a graduate of a law school in his native state of Alabama and had been a West Pointer but gave it up because of a bad eye.

"In 1889, soon after their marriage, the Baggetts purchased the general store at Saline District and moved into living quarters just above it. The stage for tragedy and heartbreak for three fine families was now set.

"In time, four daughters were born to the Baggetts. The baby was just two months old when the hazy blue day of September 20, 1897 dawned. It was the very middle of Indian Summer, and the woods and hills of the Land of the Cherokees was almost unearthly in its blaze of autumn color when death, stark and ugly, entered the scene.

"Mrs. Ridge, on this day that had dawned so quietly, sent Dave to Baggett's store for some household article or other. It was just noon when he walked out his yard gate.

"As usual, Dave Ridge found several Indians lolling about the old Courthouse grounds and the general store. He joined these friends and neighbors and for a good part of that autumn day the group sat talking in the swift flowing, liquid language of the Cherokees. Some one pulled out a bottle of the white man's firewater.

"It was a serious offense for anyone to have whiskey in the Nation, and you can be sure the bottle was kept carefully hidden around the old Courthouse where officers and lawyers and judges came and went frequently. The bottle was passed around, again—and once again. Dave Ridge took a swallow at each passing and then the second bottle was produced. By now several of the men, including Dave, were clearly getting too much.

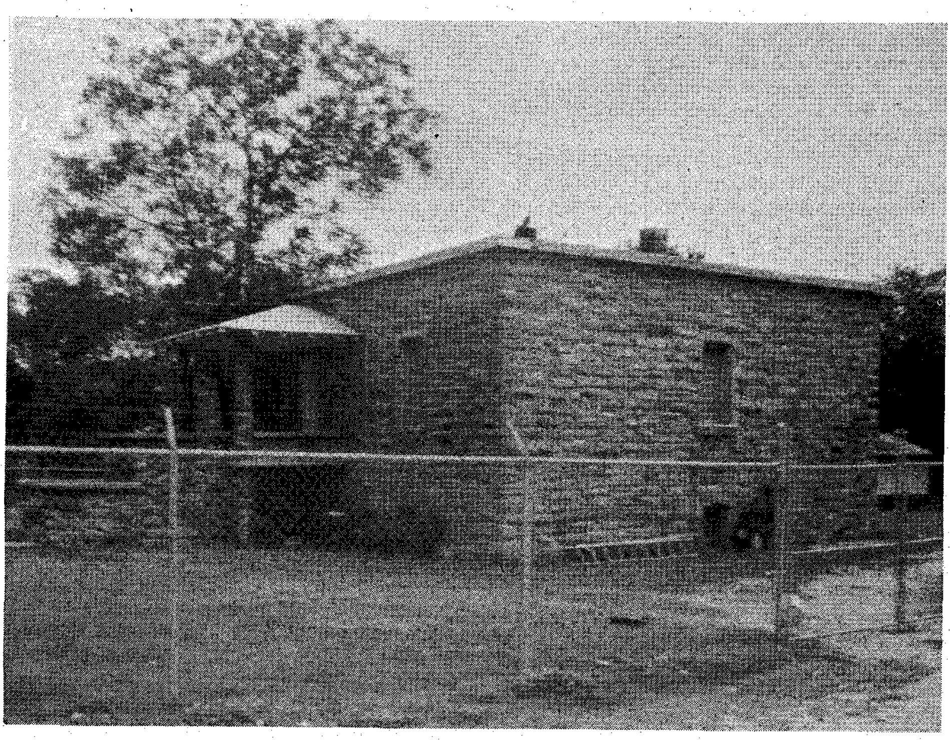
"The quiet chuckle of peaceful Cherokees turned into the shrieks and war whoops of drunk Indians, and Mr. Baggett—who made it a practice to close the store when things got out of hand around the place—quickly locked the door and retired upstairs to the living quarters of the family. An open store was something one did not want when the Indians were drunk.

"This had turned into an ugly looking mess to Mr. Baggett; it also was a dark blot on the incoming sheriff to be in such a condition. He was known to take a friendly drink once in a while but was never known to get drunk. Now he definitely had overstepped his capacity.

"AT six o'clock the sun was low. Dave Ridge suddenly realized it was almost time for the store to close and hurried to purchase the needed household item he had been sent to bring home. He tried the door and found it locked. He shook the door. Again he shook the door

Above: Supreme Court Building of the Cherokees.

Below: National Prison at Tahlequah.



calling out to Mr. Baggett to open up.

"This went on for some time while Baggett ignored the knocking and calling, but when Ridge began to kick angrily at the door, Baggett opened the window of the upstairs directly above Ridge and told him in a calm voice to go on home and come back in the morning. 'I've closed for the day, Dave,' he said.

"Dave Ridge tried to explain the predicament he was in and once again shook and kicked the door to induce Baggett to open up. Once again Baggett refused, telling Ridge, 'You know it has always been my policy to close the store if things got out of hand around the Courthouse and they've certainly been way out of hand this afternoon.'

"Just then a shot rang out and Thomas Baggett slumped back inside the window, a bullet in his face. He died without speaking. Ridge, greatly sobered now by the turn of events, begged Mrs. Baggett, above the screaming of her small children, to let him inside to help her with Baggett. Several other Indians ran up, also shaking the door and calling out to the frightened woman to let them in.

"Terrified, she cowered there in the upstairs rooms with her four small children and dead husband. It was over an hour before she heard the familiar voice of a friend and opened the door.

"When at last the hysterical woman opened the door, the drunken Indians had begun to leave the grounds for it was slowly dawning on their whiskey-befuddled minds that things were terribly wrong here and someone was in very serious trouble.

"Everyone knew that Dave Ridge had not killed Mr. Baggett for he had stood in plain sight of all. The shot had come from the barn or blacksmith shop nearby. For several hours all was utter confusion. Several people, known to not like the storekeeper, were in the vicinity.

"A Dr. Flickinger, who rented one of the upstairs rooms from Baggett for his office and sleeping quarters, had begged Baggett only a week before his murder to move away from the old Court and go some place more settled to rear his family. This warning had been given after Thomas Baggett had had hard words with Sampson Rogers, a full-blood, known to be mean when he was drinking.

"And before the close of another day death—sudden and violent—was to strike once again at Saline Courthouse. Sheriff Sunday was to die, riddled with bullets; and Martin Rowe, a Cherokee, was to be convicted and sentenced to die for his murder.

"MARTIN ROWE was old and feeble when I sat with him in the shade of a small general store in Stillwell, Oklahoma a few years ago only a few miles from the historic old Court," Wildcat said. "He recalled in vivid detail the night Sheriff Sunday died and he, wearing handcuffs and leg irons and handcuffed to a saddle pony, was taken under heavy guard to the national capital, Tahlequah, to stand trial for the murder. I asked Rowe to tell me in his own words about the killing and he did.

" 'It was rough at Saline Courthouse in 1897. Plenty rough and wild. A man soon learned to tend to his own business and keep his nose out of stuff that didn't concern him. That's why I didn't go over to the store to see what the ruckus was all about when Baggett was killed. I was in the barn feeding my horse and that of my friend, John Calvert, who had rode over to visit with me. I was living at the James Teehee home just a hop and a jump from the store and Courthouse. Me and John heard the shot. We saw the running and heard the pounding and kicking of Ridge on the store door. We heard plainly the screams of Mrs. Baggett and the children.

" 'There was men over there that we'd had a little trouble with and we just stayed put, right there on the front porch of the Teehee home. We saw the crowd gather. Saw Dave Ridge start for home just before dark. It was getting dusk but still plenty of light to see. I knew Sheriff Sunday was gone. Sheriff Sunday was a good friend of mine. I also knew that the Sheriff's oldest boy, Andy, and his friend Cooie Bolin, were expecting a bootlegger with more whiskey

(Continued on page 41)

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

BY VICTOR H. WHITE

Photo Courtesy Author

This story is true—and unfortunately, it fits a pattern. Summed up, it's "I saw the gold—but where was I?"

IT seems fantastic that as late as 1944 one could run into a mining adventure right out of the gold rush days. But it happened—this story of a lost mine, and even more interesting, the story of a most unusual miner. I've always regretted that I failed to take pictures, for I had a camera; we also had a road map but I neglected to make note of where I was. I only remember for sure that we were in southwest Oregon, a few miles west of Highway 99, now Interstate 5.

Doctor Cornu lived in Ellensburg, Washington. He had retired from a successful career in medicine and wanted to invest something like $5,000 in a gold mine—security by way of the yellow metal for his old age. A friend of mine wanted to sell the doctor an interest in a California mine because we both believed in the mine, the mine needed money, and so did my friend, Al Knouse.

We picked Doctor Cornu up in Ellensburg, drove to California and showed him our prospect. But the doctor was not sufficiently impressed to invest. "I heard about another gold proposition in Oregon," he said. "How much out of your way would it be if we drove home that way?"

It was my car and I was agreeable. "Fine," I said. "We'll go back to Ellensburg by way of 99 and cut across to 97 over McKenzie Pass."

As I drove, Doctor Cornu and Knouse studied the road map and we followed directions given in a letter an old prospector had written.

A few miles of dust and compacted sand westward from Highway 99 brought us to a left fork indicated in the prospector's instructions. Another half mile and we were at the end of what had become no road at all. We stopped in front of an old-fashioned army tent. Scattered fir trees grew around us in dry sandy soil on which brownish red rocks showed here and there. It was high level country, leaving no impression of mountains or indications of outcroppings that would indicate a gold vein.

A man appeared, coming over a rounded sand-bank. He moved toward the tent and toward us at a gait which indicated he might have seen or heard our car approaching a mile away. I have never seen a human being who left the impression of moving faster or more efficiently in every nerve and muscle. He was slender, no more than five-feet-eight, and was as tanned and leathery as a deer or an antelope. As he came closer I was impressed with the intense blue of his eyes. Every bit of him—head, feet, arms, legs, and even his voice—seemed perfectly synchronized and active except for one mighty important detail. His right arm was cut off at the elbow. There was what looked like a stainless steel extension of the proper length to accommodate a wicked-looking hook where his right hand should have been. The hook snagged a bucket handle and his left hand picked up a shovel as he passed the corner of his tent.

He spoke while still rapidly coming toward us and before any of us had said anything: "Car has Washington plates. You'd be Doctor Cornu. Came to see my mine, I reckon."

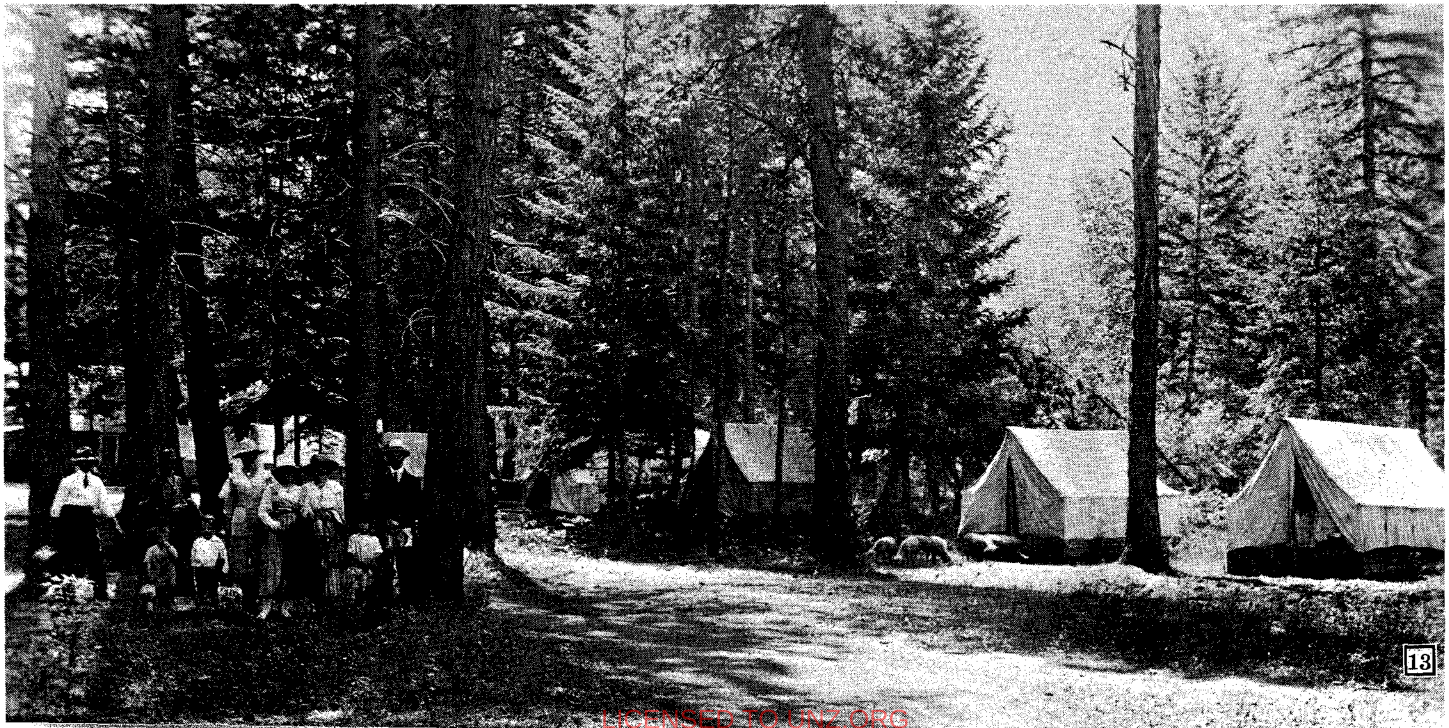
The doctor nodded. He introduced Knouse and me. "Mr. Knouse is a friend. Mr. White drove us down."

"Name's Jim Corbin; call me Jim. I'll start showing you gold; stuff's all over the place."

JIM certainly wasted no time. He moved some ten feet to our left, set the bucket down and quickly shoveled sand

(Continued on page 46)

Although this photograph was taken in northeastern Oregon some twenty years earlier, it shows the same kind of level sandy soil with scattered fir trees that existed where the author and his friends were shown the gold in southwestern Oregon. The tents, also, are the same type used by Jim Corbin.



Left: George Green, on horseback, leading a calf to be branded during the Wilson Creek roundup.

Right: With more cattle arriving in the distance, two sets of flankers are holding calves for branding. Bass Stump, leaning over the first calf, is ready to earmark it. Green has headed his horse to catch another calf.

BY PAUL HUNTLEY

Photos Courtesy Author

There was plenty to be sad about, but somehow the cowboys were looking as hard for pranks as for steers on the

LAST

THE LAST Wilson Creek roundup in 1918 was sort of special; that was the year that so much horseplay took place. This was just a few years before the nesters (or homesteaders) came in and started taking up most of the cattlemen's range. The nesters took up so much land that by 1922 most of the cattlemen were broke. Of course, prices after the first World War had a lot to do with it too. But that year we had a lot of fun until one man, Paul Estab, went to the hospital.

Nearly everybody that came brought a dog along, and with between fifteen and twenty men plus a cook, that was just too many dogs. Some of the boys started calling it the "Hound Turd Roundup."

All this happened in Fremont County, Colorado, some twenty miles northwest of Canon City. The area north of the Arkansas River is mountain country with lots of parks, large and small. Lon Gribble furnished the wagon, two tents, and so forth. I had worked for Lon since the summer of 1913 and he wanted me to represent him on this roundup as he could be there only part of the time. I had close to a hundred head of cattle of my own and would have ridden anyway while the roundup was on my range, but I needed to make a few dollars. I was breaking horses to ride and got $10 a head for it.

Toll Witcher had had the wagon up till Lon bought his Switzer ranch and Toll moved to the east end of South Park near Howert, a town that is now under the Eleven Mile Dam. Fred Short was our cook. He was about forty years old, a bachelor. He had a little ranch and a few cattle in what was called the Basin, between Upper Four Mile and the head of Wilson Creek. Fred didn't have a helper as a larger roundup would have had. Whenever we moved camp, Fred drove the wagon. He had a saddle horse, a good buckskin that he always tied, saddled, behind the wagon.

We usually camped on somebody's ranch and rode out and rounded up as an area. We bunched the cattle, branded the calves, then cut out the cattle that

Right: Cook, Fred Short, set up for a four-day camp in Webster Park on the Badger Gribble ranch.

WILSON CREEK ROUNDUP

we wanted to move to the owner's ranch or hold to ship. This so-called day herd was put in a pasture while we were camped, then some of us would move the cattle to the next camp.

Fred Short was the sort of guy who believed anything you told him, and we got to pulling some tricks on him. We were camped in Webster Park on the Badger Gribble place on Wilson Creek.

We rode from there to four different areas—and that many days and nights. One of those days we bunched the cattle near camp in a big corral that had one side gone. It had been a round corral and it made a good place to bunch a hundred or two hundred cattle.

That particular day, when we bunched, Fred came up in the afternoon just as we started branding calves. He stood around a while watching the roper catch and bring a calf out to the fire. Two cowboys would throw the calf and hold it down to brand.

Dud VanBuskirk was doing the branding and Lon Gribble, his brother-in-law, was earmarking and castrating the bull calves. The roper, when he brought a calf out to be branded, told the branders what brand to put on the calf. Fred told them it was taking too much time for a roper to do this. (It did take a little time, as

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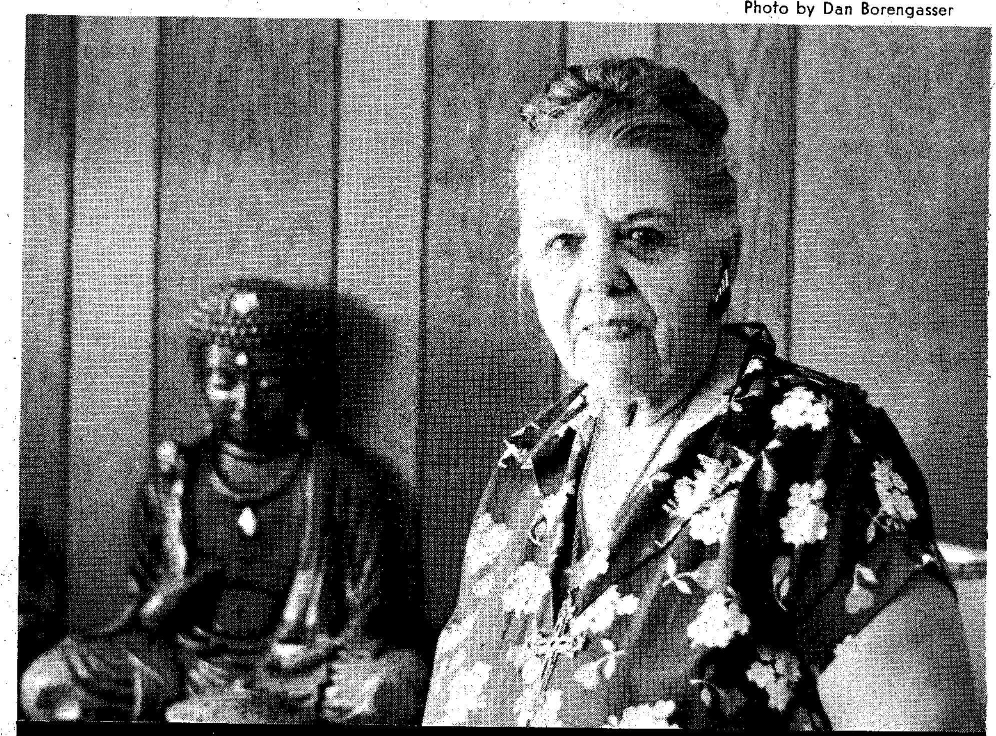
Left: At Webster Park, cowboys gather around the cook's stove for warmth during the 1918 fall roundup.

Photo by Dan Borengasser



SHE SAW

THIS is a story of Jedediah Smith and of poetry and of the supernatural. It begins with Smith ambushed and killed by Comanches somewhere near the Santa Fe Trail, his body never to be found. It skips sixty-odd years to a small boy in a little frontier town in Nebraska, a boy who seemed to be dying. It skips again to the San Francisco earthquake, and another child, a girl whose life was to be marked by strangeness. And it ends in St. Louis on a quiet afternoon when, suddenly, something unexplainable happened.

This is fitting, for Jed Smith was a man of mystery, in his brief life, in his violent death, and after. In 1822, at the age of twenty-four, he came unknown to St. Louis to answer the famous Ashley-Henry summons "to enterprising young men." Ashley was to take one hundred such enterprising young men on one of the first civilian forays into the trans-Missouri West, and among those selected were many whose names would become legends: Smith, Mike Fink, James Kirker, Jim Beckworth, Hugh Glass, and Jim Bridger.

Smith came to St. Louis with two books—the Bible and an account of the Lewis and Clark party. The books symbolized the twin passions that drove him—religious faith and a hunger for uncharted places. Less than ten years after he answered Henry's advertisement, Jed Smith was to die, and his exploits during those years were surpassed only, perhaps, by his heroes themselves, Lewis and Clark.

Smith was, says his biographer Dale Morgan, "the first man to reach California overland from the American Frontier, the first to cross the Sierra Nevada, the first to travel the length and width of the Great Basin, the first to reach Oregon by a journey up the California Coast." In short, he saw more of the West than any white man before him, and was to plunge into those uncharted wildernesses and map more of them than any other man of his time.

Smith was in no way a typical mountain man, for they were a rowdy, roistering bunch who loved liquor, women, good fighting and good lying. Jed didn't drink; he didn't use tobacco; there is no record of his ever being comforted by any river belle or Indian maid. The considerable money he earned he sent back East to his folks. When he was in trouble, he prayed, and he made his men pray, too.

Time after time he seemed to pray his way out of "close water scrapes"—miraculously finding enough to save himself and his men from death by thirst. He came unscathed through some of "the worst disasters of the American fur trade." He survived treks through the frozen mountains and searing deserts that would have killed lesser men. Of the

When Neihardt appeared on the Dick Cavett Show in 1971 these two photos were taken from a TV set. On the right Neihardt is showing a medicine hoop given to him by Sioux holy man, Black Elk.

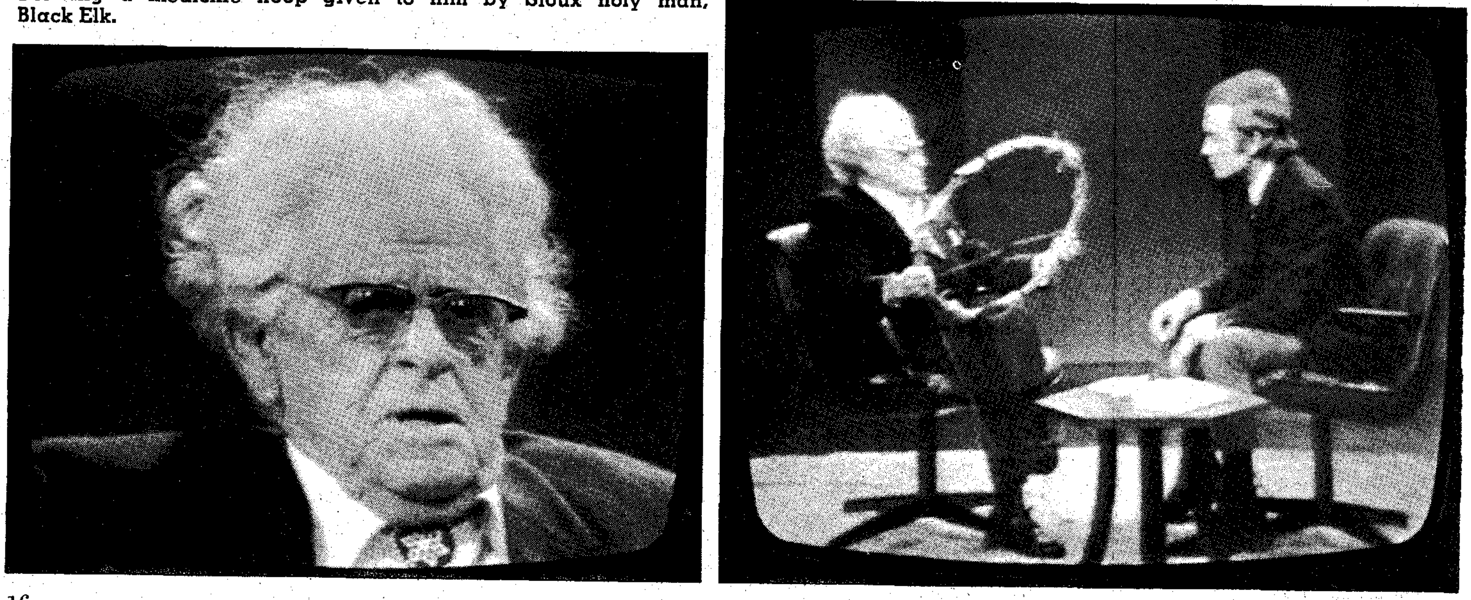
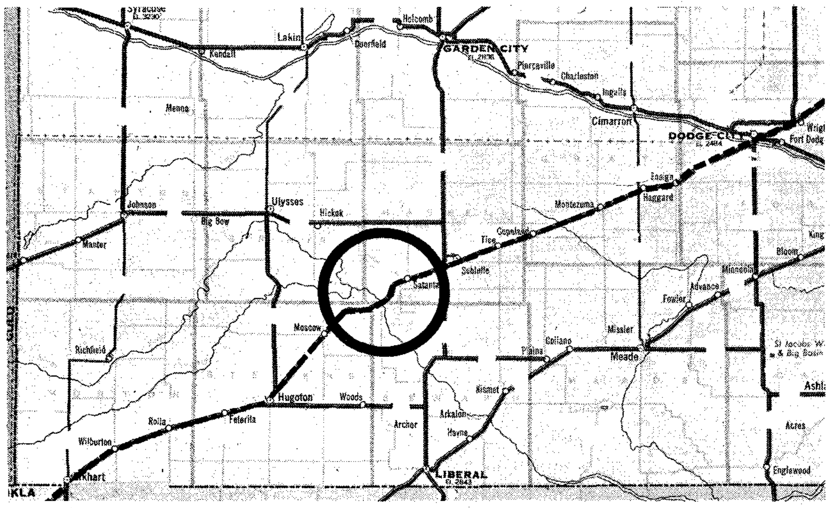


Photo by Dan Borengasser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DODGE CITY
El. 2484
Wrigl
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Montezuma
Big Bow
Manter
Copeland
Tice
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Richfield
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Collano
Meade
St Jacobs W
& Big Basin
Kismet
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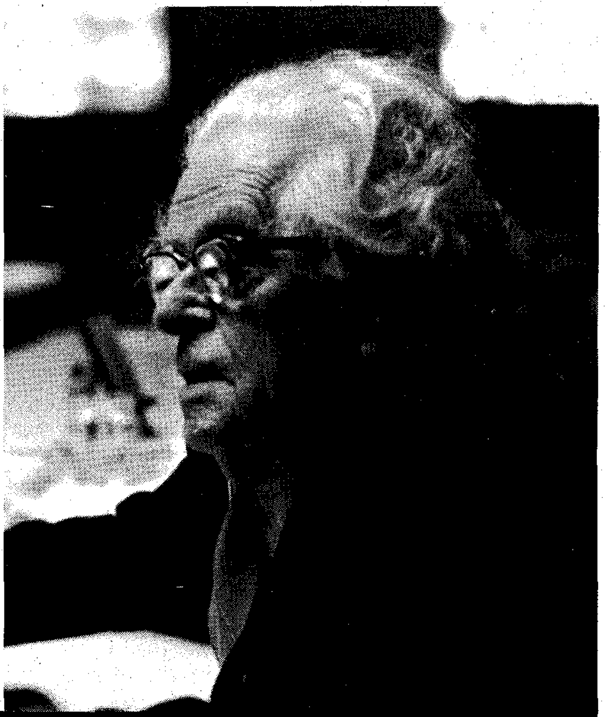


Above: Southwest corner of Kansas with the area of Leona Boyles' vision of Jed Smith's death encircled. The approximate route of the Santa Fe is shown by dashed line.

Right: Poet John G. Neihardt.

Left: Mrs. Boyles in her home, April 1971.

JED SMITH DIE

BY
SALLY McCLUSKEY

Photos Courtesy Author

Well, not really. There were no white witnesses to the mountain man's death in 1831, but a woman—still living—describes the details!

thirty-three men who rode beside him between the years 1827 and 1830, twenty-six would suffer violent deaths.

Smith came through it all, and finally died seeking water for his companions one last time. No one ever found his bones. Only one paper ran his obituary. America began to forget him. It forgot for almost ninety years.

BUT THEN Smith's story becomes inextricably bound with that of a poet, John G. Neihardt, and strange patterns began to emerge to bring the mountain man's story back to light. In 1920 Neihardt, a successful poet and novelist, produced the first biography of Jed Smith, *The Splendid Wayfaring.* In 1941 he would publish a book-length poem, *The Song of Jed Smith.* What led Neihardt to write the two volumes was a series of events that rivals Smith's own life for elusive mysteries.

Neihardt's parents had to stop their covered wagon in its westward journey in 1881 to usher young John, their last child and only son, into the world. He spent his early years in a sod house, saw the last of the great prairie fires "sweeping skywide," and watched the cavalry practice its charges with flying manes and flashing sabres. He was an undersized, dreamy boy, but startlingly bright. His family was sure it had a scientist on its hands, for young Neihardt was forever scrounging chemicals and setting off explosions, constructing miniature cable car systems, and building engines from whatever scraps he could pick up.

He was the apple of his family's eye, and they were convinced he would grow up to be a great inventor. That was what he wanted, too. But at eleven, Neihardt was stricken by a fever so severe that his Christian Scientist mother temporarily abandoned her religion to call in a doctor. The fever was to change the boy's life forever.

He seemed to recover fully, with no ill effects at all. But he was haunted by a feeling that was never to leave him. During a dream, while he was ill, he had felt himself being drawn through space at the bidding of some voice he was later to call his "Ghostly Brother." The voice seemed to command he put away his inventions, that something else was waiting, something more important. Shortly afterward, young Neihardt began writing poetry. At sixteen he published his first book. At sixteen he also graduated from college. By twenty-one, he published a second book, and was on his way to becoming a literary sensation. By twenty-eight he was one of the youngest men ever listed in *Who's Who in America*, and his name was placed beside that of Robert Frost as being one of the most promising poets of the decade.

Yet the voice nagged him, as if it were not satisfied, as if there were something else he must do. He had written poetry, stories, novels, plays, and even a travel and adventure book. Still the voice wanted more. In 1911 he felt the presence of the voice so strongly he wrote a poem about it—"The Ghostly Brother"—describing that ever-unsatisfied presence which was always urging him toward some unknown goal, some even more ambitious task.

In 1913 Neihardt decided upon that task. He put aside writing novels and short stories (which had made him money). He turned down several teaching and newspaper jobs (which promised him money). He had decided to devote the next thirty years of his life to writing an epic poem about the opening of the West, of the triumphs and tragedies of both white men and Indians.

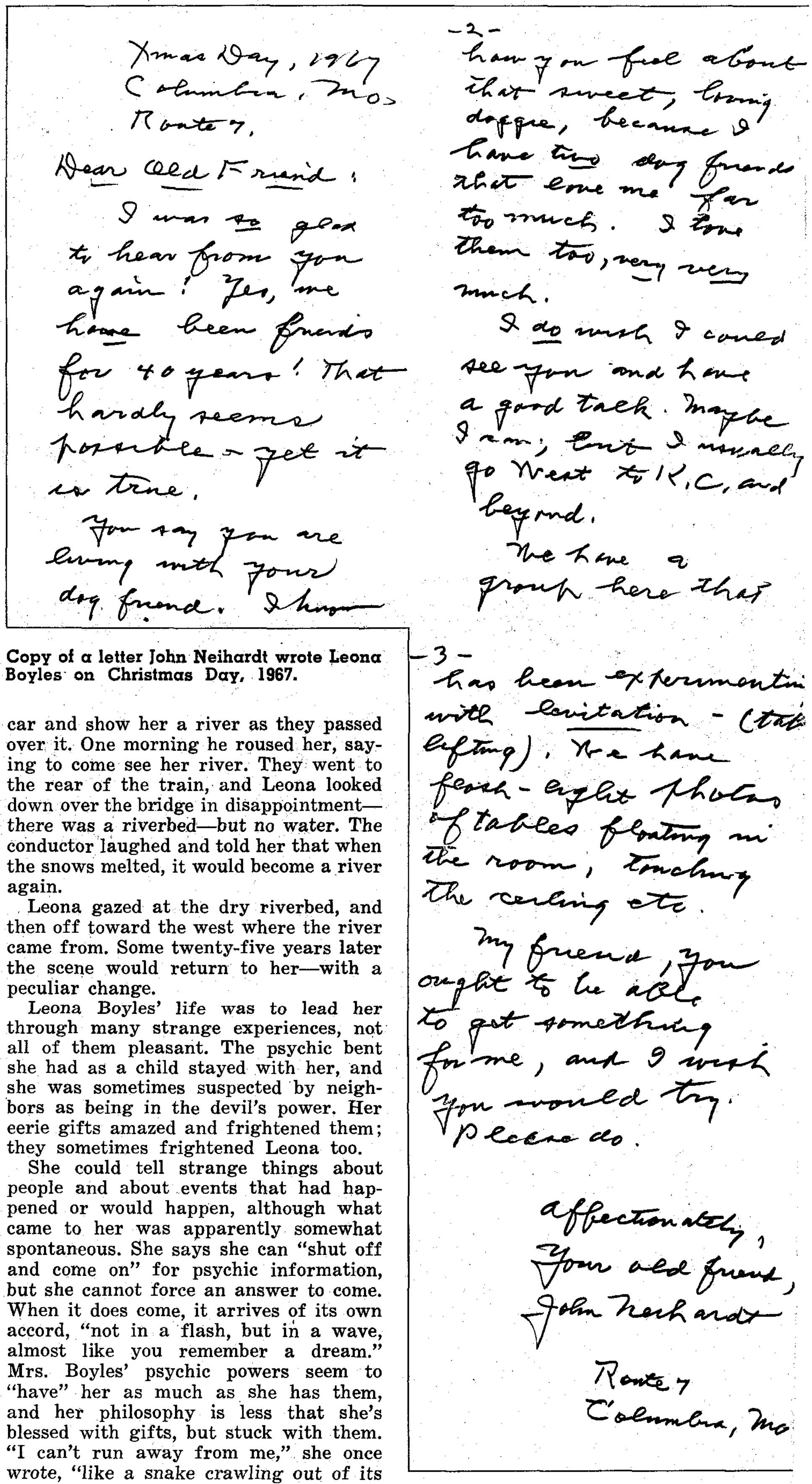
He stayed at home and wrote criticism for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to support his family, and farmed and chopped wood to stretch dollars. And he was close to being right about the writing of the Western poems requiring thirty years. It took him twenty-nine.

Neihardt wrote about men such as Mike Fink, Hugh Glass, Custer and Fetterman, Roman Nose, Crazy Horse, and Sitanka. And, of course, Jed Smith.

From the beginning Neihardt had wanted to write about Smith, but very little was known of him. So, in preparation for that section of the poem, Neihardt researched and wrote *The Splendid Wayfaring*; he was not yet ready to tell Smith's story in verse.

The first four books of his five-book epic poem were *The Song of Three Friends, The Song of Hugh Glass, The Song of the Indian Wars,* and the *The Song of the Messiah*. It was during his research for *The Song of the Messiah* that he produced one of the greatest books ever written on the American Indian: *Black Elk Speaks*.

Then, in the 1930s, he was ready to begin the poem he had been waiting so long to write: *The Song of Jed Smith*. And it is here that the final thread of this mysterious pattern appears, in the person of Leona Boyles.



Xmas Day, 1967
Columbia, Mo.
Route 7,

Dear Old Friend:

I was so glad to hear from you again! Yes, we have been friends for 40 years! That hardly seems possible — yet it is true.

You say you are living with your dog friend. I know

-2-

how you feel about that sweet, loving doggie, because I have two dog friends that love me far too much. I love them too, very very much.

I do wish I could see you and have a good talk. Maybe I can; but I usually go West to K.C. and beyond.

We have a group here that

-3-

has been experimentin with levitation - (tab lifting). We have flash-light photos of tables floating in the room, touching the ceiling etc.

My friend, you ought to be able to get something for me, and I wish you would try. Please do.

Affectionately,
Your old friend,
John Neihardt

Route 7
Columbia, Mo

Copy of a letter John Neihardt wrote Leona Boyles on Christmas Day, 1967.

NEIHARDT stuck scrupulously to the facts about Smith in this final poem, following only data in diaries and journals. But he was not to use any written account of Smith's death. Rather, he used what Leona Boyles told him. For she was the woman who saw Jed Smith die.

Born in 1893, Leona Boyles was the daughter of a Spanish gypsy fortune teller and an English phrenologist, one of those turn-of-the-century scientists who read character by feeling the bumps on his clients' heads. Her mother's family, she says, had been brought from Spain to America by P. T. Barnum, who employed both her mother and her aunt.

Leona's early years were hardly a typical American girlhood. At an early age she showed psychic gifts herself, seeing the dancing shadow of a dead young sister playing about a wall, its funeral ribbons fluttering behind. Her mother feared Leona had an evil eye, and her father punished her frequently and severely. One of her earliest memories is of being taken to the police station with her mother, who was arrested for holding a seance. The parents' marriage was shaky and in 1905 Leona went with her mother and aunt to San Francisco, where there were jobs waiting with a carnival company.

They were there during the earthquake. Her aunt was killed, and Mrs. Boyles herself remembers "chandeliers jumping out of the walls," and getting her face hurt. After the disaster, she had recurrent nose bleeds, and her mother sent her back East alone by train.

Mrs. Boyles says that because she was born under the sign of Pisces, she has always been fascinated by water. On the train she asked the conductor if he would take her—just once—to the rear car and show her a river as they passed over it. One morning he roused her, saying to come see her river. They went to the rear of the train, and Leona looked down over the bridge in disappointment—there was a riverbed—but no water. The conductor laughed and told her that when the snows melted, it would become a river again.

Leona gazed at the dry riverbed, and then off toward the west where the river came from. Some twenty-five years later the scene would return to her—with a peculiar change.

Leona Boyles' life was to lead her through many strange experiences, not all of them pleasant. The psychic bent she had as a child stayed with her, and she was sometimes suspected by neighbors as being in the devil's power. Her eerie gifts amazed and frightened them; they sometimes frightened Leona too.

She could tell strange things about people and about events that had happened or would happen, although what came to her was apparently somewhat spontaneous. She says she can "shut off and come on" for psychic information, but she cannot force an answer to come. When it does come, it arrives of its own accord, "not in a flash, but in a wave, almost like you remember a dream." Mrs. Boyles' psychic powers seem to "have" her as much as she has them, and her philosophy is less that she's blessed with gifts, but stuck with them. "I can't run away from me," she once wrote, "like a snake crawling out of its skin. There are two of me, sometimes me and sometimes the Other. I don't know the Other or what it is."

BUT "the Other" paid an unexpected visit to Jed Smith. John Neihardt met Mrs. Boyles in about 1923. He became fascinated by her uncanny powers, and the two became friends. Mrs. Boyles sometimes visited the Neihardt family, and Neihardt would drop in from time to time to chat with her. They had

(Continued on page 46)

THREE-LEGGED WILLIE

A grotesque affliction, a brilliant mind, and a cruel nickname combined to make R. M. Williamson a famous man in early Texas

BY DOT SMOLLEN GOFF

Photos Courtesy Author

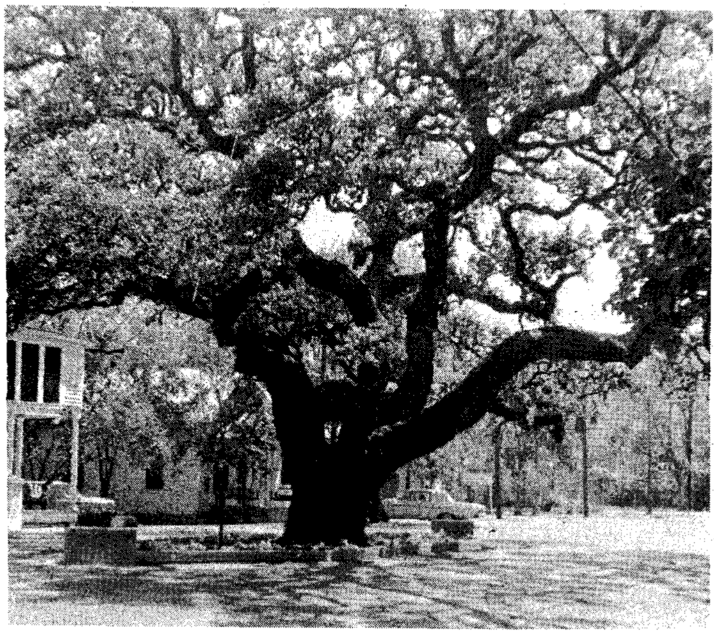
IN 1827 when Stephen F. Austin was urging Americans to take the land being offered them in an out-of-the-way place called Texas, he attracted a real mix of personalities. Whole families came, seeking a better life. There were others running away from debtors. Some were leaving wives and families. And then there were the adventurers—men intrigued by the idea of a new frontier and a new challenge.

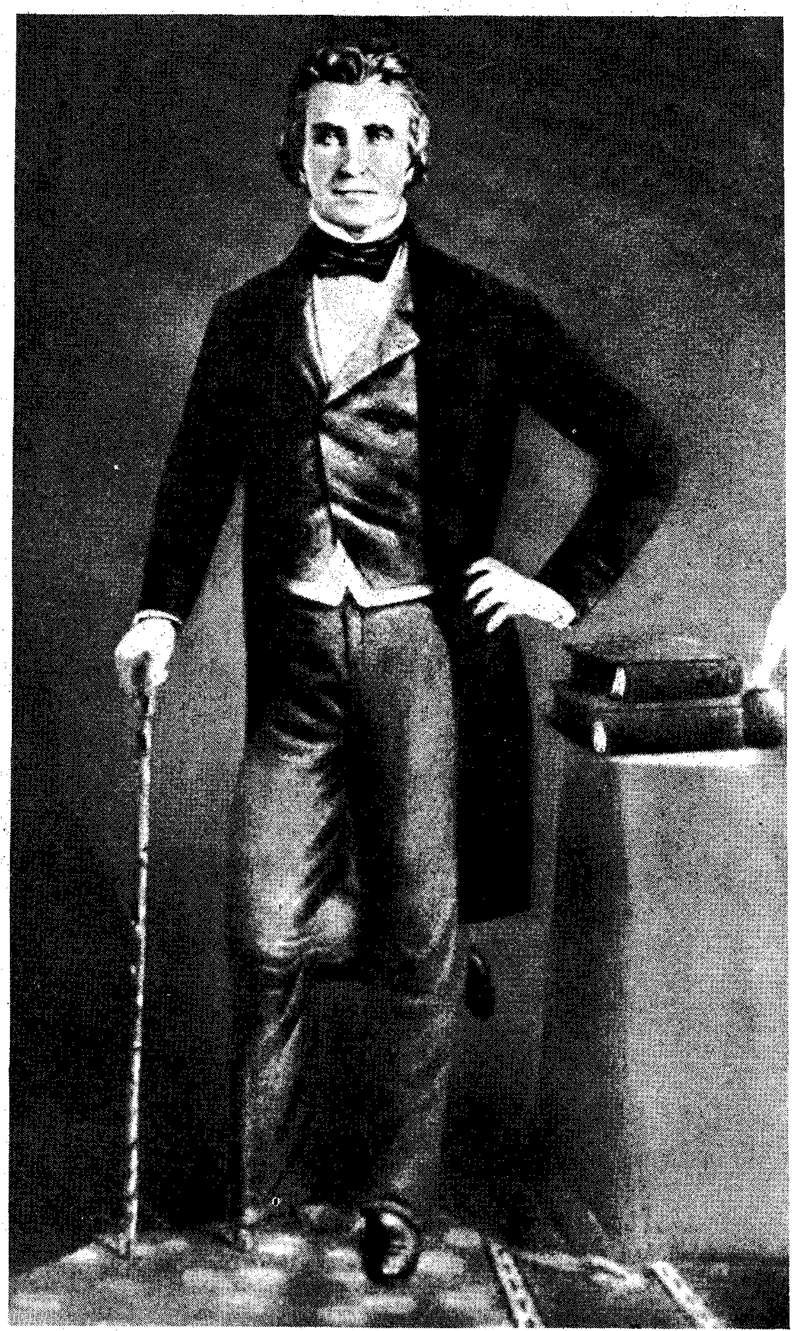
Yet even in the motley crowd where the unusual was usual, Robert McAlpin Williamson stood out because of his affliction. One of his legs had to be supported under the knee by a wooden stump, an appendage that gave him, from the moment he arrived in 1827, a nickname that would stay with him until he died—"Three-Legged Willie."

Williamson had not always been a cripple. Born in 1804 or 1806 in Georgia, he was the son of Peter B. and Ann Williamson, fairly well-to-do people for that time. At age fifteen the boy fell ill and spent two years in bed, during which time his right leg became permanently bent back at the knee. When Willie was finally able to resume a somewhat normal life again, it was found that a wooden leg, fitted at the knee, offered his only hope of getting around.

The youngster hadn't been idle while bedridden; on the contrary he had read so extensively that by the time he was nineteen he was admitted to the bar in Georgia. He practiced there for one year before deciding to go to Texas.

The oak in Columbus, Texas where Williamson held court 138 years ago.





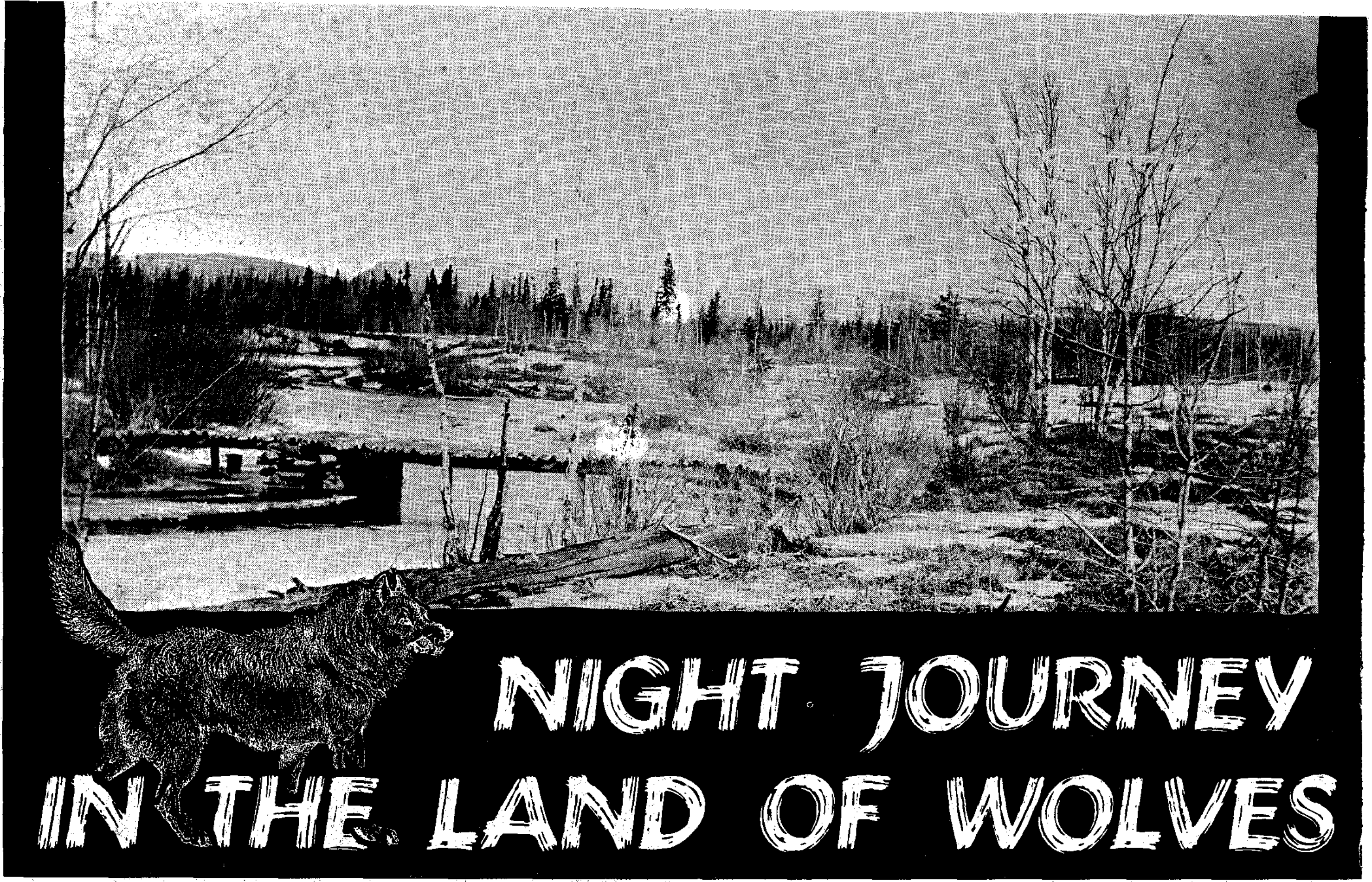
Formal portrait of Robert McAlpin Williamson by Duncan Robinson.

When Williamson arrived at San Felipe de Austin, walking as he did, with his right leg sticking out behind him and with a third pants leg hiding his artificial limb, it was inevitable that he would be noticed. He was not a bad looking youth; his black hair was long and wavy, and he was five feet, nine inches tall. And though described as "of small bone and a delicate frame," he belied his looks, for he was courageous, sincere and forthright, a man to be watched.

Williamson fell right into the life of the small Texas settlement of some 200 people. He began wearing a coonskin cap and the buckskin of the settlers. There were times when he wore homespun garments and a broad-brimmed hat. Later, as he prospered, he wore more fashionable clothes, but his trademark—the pants with three legs—never changed.

WILLIAMSON soon affiliated himself with Godwin B. Cotten, establishing a newspaper called *The Cotton Plant.* His next move was to try to convince the colonists that they should resist the rule of the Mexicans. He served as a delegate from Mina to a consultation held in San Felipe about this matter.

(Continued on page 44)



NIGHT JOURNEY IN THE LAND OF WOLVES

The surveyor was scared before he started out — and what was going to happen in the next few hours would do nothing to improve his confidence!

BY HARRY N. STARKEY

Photos Courtesy Author

Harry Starkey running the center line for the Grand Trunk Railroad, 1913-14.

DURING 1911 and 1912 I was engaged as a Civil Engineer on the survey and construction of the Canadian Northern Railway, now a part of the Canadian National Railway System of Canada. We were building from Duluth, Minnesota, north along the north shore of Lake Superior. It was a wild area, made up mostly of rocks, hills and swamps, not fit for habitation.

We were there during the winter when the ground was covered with three feet of snow. Even Lake Superior was topped with ice and snow as far as one could see. It was twenty to forty below. However, when a railroad was to be built, our work went on in spite of the weather. We chopped three feet through the ice of the lake to get drinking water, and the waterhole would freeze over again before we could climb the hill to our little tarpaper-covered shack.

What the wolves, bears, rabbits and coyotes, which live in this country, do for water in the winter, I do not know. Yet they were there, for we saw their tracks and some of the fellows trapped them. One day one of the contractors came to camp with a wolf on his shoulder.

If you were a stranger traveling through from Port Arthur, Ontario, our nearest town, we would welcome you and ask you to stop over for the night. Perhaps you came on snowshoes or skis and you were tired and cold. "Put on an extra plate," we would call to "Fighting Joe," our cook, who occupied one room in our shack for cooking, eating and sleeping. We would inquire of the latest news along the line.

The "line" was the surveyed and staked route of the railroad to be built, and was divided into ten-mile "residencies," each of which was managed by a Resident Engineer. Ours was residency #5.

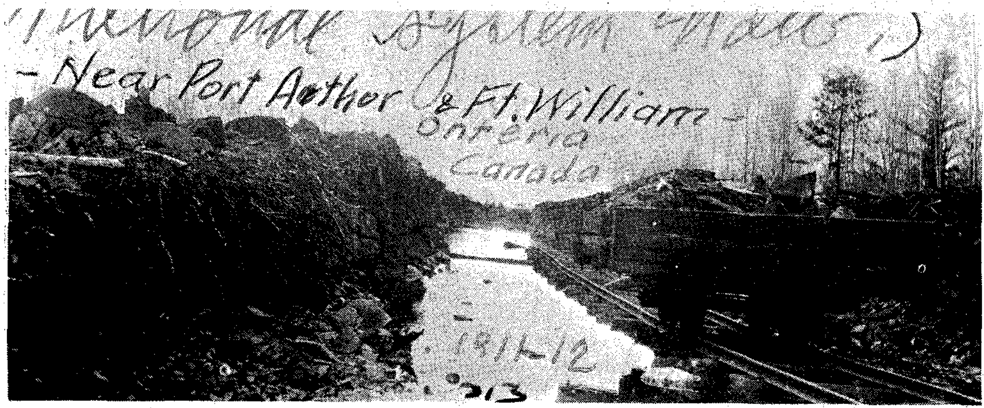
Once a week the mail carrier came through on foot with the official or unofficial mail. He also brought the latest scandal news.

After eating a hearty supper we would roll up in our Hudson's Bay blankets and hit the hay. The temperature indoors would be about the same as outdoors as soon as the fire burned down, and we had to pull our caps over our ears. In the

Above: Going to work on the Canadian Northern railroad. Notice the buildings among the trees, far right.

Opposite page, top: *Folley, Welsh & Stewart tote-road bridge for the C.N.Ry. construction.*

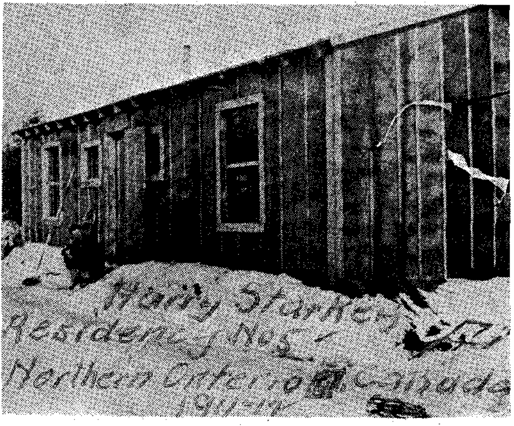
Below: Near Port Arthur and Fort William, Ontario. Work is held up on this rock cut by water. Today it is part of the Canadian National System.



Surveys we pass thru many such

Above: Many areas such as this were crossed by C.N.Ry. surveyors.

Below: Starkey seated on the steps of residency No. 5 in Northern Ontario.



morning we took turns building up the fire and getting water from the lake. After a breakfast of flapjacks, any visitor we might have would start out for a mush to the next camp.

By this time the steam shovels were digging and puffing and the hand scrapers and wheelbarrows were all working to build the grade on which to lay the rails. Tons of dynamite were used to break the rocks and the frozen earth. At the same time we were building bridges, tunnels, culverts and digging cuts and fills, all in keeping with the directions on our blueprints, for we knew that the trains had to be running by June.

It was our job as engineers to line up and supervise the project; railroads don't just happen. It all takes a lot of work in the drawing room and in the field. All curves must have a spiral at each end for smooth entry. Cross-section stakes must be set for all earth work, so that the material from cuts will balance the material for fills, without a long haulage.

I spent the week end one time with a friend with whom I had worked on another job, and at eight in the evening I decided that I had better start back to camp.

"No, you are not leaving so late at night. Do you suppose I am going to let you start back alone after dark? Not while the wolves are howling the way they have been lately," said my friend.

"Oh, there won't be any danger as long as I have a light," I assured him. "Besides, the steam shovel in the big cut down at the east end is about ready for more grade stakes, and I have to be on the job the first thing in the morning."

"Well, if you must, you must," said Austin, "but I wouldn't make that trip alone at night for anything. The wild animals are too hungry, now that the snow is so deep. Anyway, take this lantern and my revolver. You may be glad of both."

So I started, well aware of the danger along that north shore of Lake Superior. A sleighload of camp supplies coming along the ice had been attacked by a pack of wolves not three days before, and the driver and his helper narrowly escaped with their lives after shooting a couple of the wolves.

Maybe I am naturally somewhat of a coward, for I admit that I was scared when I started out. It did not seem distant in the company of fellows who were mushing up and down the line everyday, but it was a long way at night alone. True enough, the right of way was cut through the big timber at the usual 100′ width (except on the hills over the tunnels), but the criss-cross of tangled fallen trees was only cleared along the center-line area where the actual roadbed would be built later; and the cuts and fills were only partly made. The walking, to say the least, was not good. There was a fairly good path worn in the snow along the line, trod down by the workmen, but if you stepped outside, you would be up to your waist in snow. This was not a pleasant thought when you pictured yourself trying to escape from wolves, or meeting a hungry bear who would dispute your right to the trail! And what if a wild moose should come tearing across the right of way?

All this was going through my mind on that cold winter night after I left the protection of my friend's cabin camp far behind.

The moon, shining through the tall pine trees at the edge of the right of way, cast weird shadows on the snow that moved as if alive, and might have been most anything. A time or two I paused to make sure what they were. Stumps, burned black, looked like bears. Even the creaks of my own moccasined footsteps seemed needlessly loud, especially since I didn't care to advertise my presence to anything lurking in the brush.

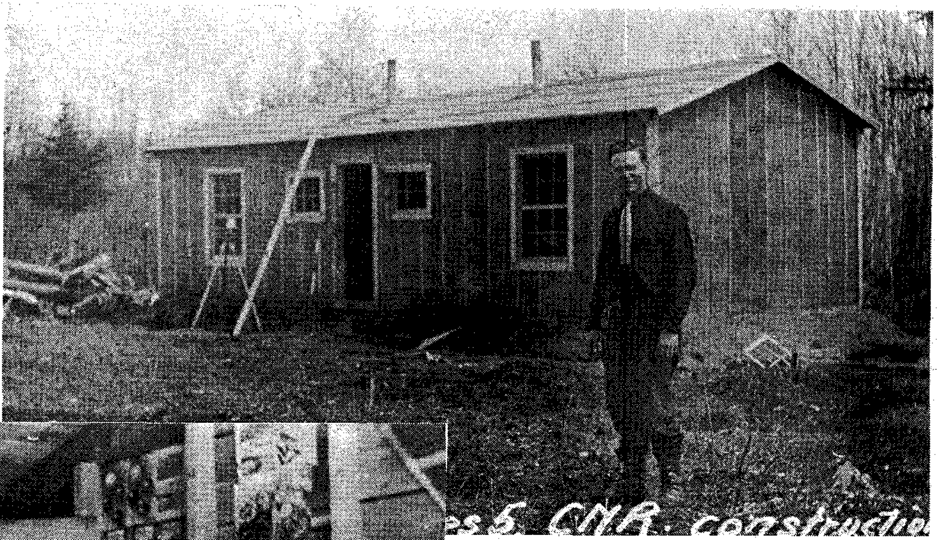
My heart jumped into my mouth when I thought I sighted a big black bear—which proved to be nothing but another black stump—or when a tree snapped from the wind and fell with a crash to the ground. Every noise is magnified when one is alone at night in a great forest.

THEN there came a different sound. It was from a distance, and echoed and re-echoed through the hills. I stopped and listened. There was no mistake. It was the hungry wail of a wolf. Were those echoes I heard the answering calls from equally hungry wolves on other hillsides?

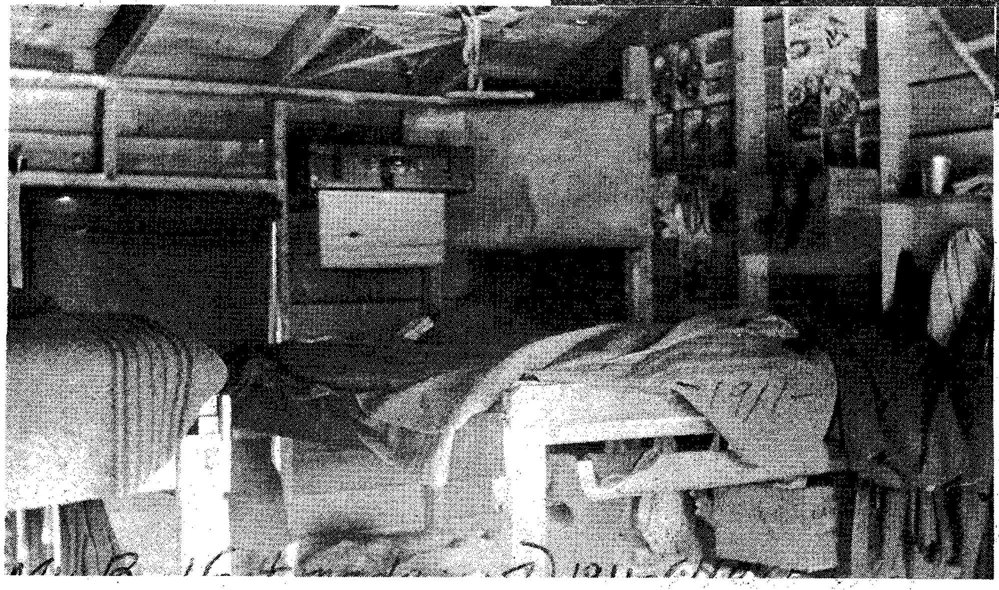
I guessed I was about a mile from our camp and felt that there was no immediate danger as long as I had a light, but I did instinctively hasten my step. But what were those tracks in the deep snow, evenly spaced at each side of my path? They looked like the even tread of a monster such as I never dreamed existed in this latitude. My imagination flew through a list of possible, or impossible, animals. There were moose in that country so large they would clear a right of way of their own with their great horns!

I stopped a moment to closer examine one of the footprints with the aid of my lantern. It did have a claw mark, right in the center. How strange! There were four marks like toes. Suddenly I recognized the marks as having been made by ski poles.

Right: Starkey at residency No. 5.



Below: His bed (unmade) and belongings in the cabin.



I chuckled at the obvious joke, then hurried on as those wolf tracks across my trail were *real*, and the dismal wolf howls were coming closer—not only closer but at one moment they would come from one side of me and then from the other. Soon, thank goodness, I came to the tunnel.

The fact that just a few days before, the excavators had met at the center with an error of alignment of less than half inch was of no scientific interest to me at the moment. All that was on my mind right then was whether to climb over the hill with increased danger from wolves or to go through the pitch dark tunnel with my lantern. In passing through the tunnel I might throw the wolves off my scent; at least I would be safe from them for a while, unless they attempted to follow me in from one end, or from both ends.

On the other hand, if I went in wasn't there the danger of meeting a bear who might be in there on a trip of inspection for a good place to take a winter's snooze? What a place to meet a bear!

Anyway, I chose to take a chance of going through the tunnel, glad to get the sound of the continual howling out of my ears. It was a rough walk over the broken rock floor of the tunnel. The moonlight from the portal I had just entered grew dimmer and dimmer as I advanced into the darkness. There was silence except for water dripping from the roof.

All went well until my lantern smashed on a projecting rock, and my light flickered out. I felt for a match in my pocket. Yes, there were matches—but they were all wet from the snow. In the meantime the darkness had become so thick it seemed suffocating. Gradually my eyes adjusted somewhat and I could see a faint light from the far end of the tunnel. I stumbled over construction equipment, smashed into a dump car used by the workmen to haul out excavated earth, and prayed I wouldn't step on a stray stick of dynamite. Such a misstep would have brought a quick end to my misery. After what seemed like hours I came out into the moonlight.

THE line just ahead crossed a small lake covered with ice and snow. There the path was not well marked, as wind had swept the ice clean for perhaps a quarter-mile. It was easy to lose one's direction, even in daytime.

Fortunately I had chosen my course well. I could see the right of way clearing where the line left the lake, but it was far from pleasant to think about wandering across the open lake at night without a lantern, while the wolves on the other side planned their attack to rush me in such numbers I would be at their mercy.

(Continued on page 45)

Work crew cutting the railbed through rock along the north shore of Lake Superior.

Cutting the Roadbed thru rock
Canadian Northern Railroad
1911

BY TOM G. MURRAY

Photo Courtesy Author

John W. Searles

BORAX KING, JOHN W. SEARLES

He was also a king of hunters, outwitter of thieves, and virtually impossible to kill!

AMONG the early prospectors in the Death Valley region, one of the most successful was John Wemple Searles. A lake in Trona, California bears his name. He was also regarded as one of the most experienced hunters of the grizzly bear when that giant beast roamed California as monarch of all wild creatures.

Searles and his brother Dennis developed gold and silver claims in the Slate Range overlooking a slimy marsh. When their mill was ready to operate, the local Indians who were at war with the whites, destroyed it. John Searles remained to recuperate his losses.

An ardent reader, Searles was reminded of the trona deposits that were first discovered in the Nile Valley, when he poured some water from the marsh into a vessel to boil it for drinking. Later he noticed the formation of crystals in the pan. He was sure it was borax, the "white gold" he had read about. With some of the samples he went to San Francisco looking for a backer. Finally he found a man who, after examining the white crystals, said, "If the claims are what these samples indicate I will get you all the money you need." An assay was made and it showed almost pure borax. When the promoter inquired, "Where are the claims located?" Searles gave a fairly accurate location.

Searles was invited to remain in San Francisco while a company was being organized, but he declined, saying that he hadn't filed any claims and wanted to return to protect his rights. His new backer brushed this aside with, "Little chance of anyone going into that God-forsaken hole," and promptly placed Searles in charge of an associate who was told to show the prospector San Francisco.

John Searles was not a rounder, and soon became bored with the night life. When his funds were almost exhausted he asked for a loan of $25. His host said, "Certainly," then stepped into an adjacent office. After a moment he returned, explaining that the cashier was out but he had left instructions to give Mr. Searles anything he wanted.

Searles made many subsequent trips to the cashier's office but he was never in. This aroused his distrust to the extent that he pawned his big gold watch and hurried home. He had hardly arrived when a stranger showed up at his camp. There was something about his dress, his equipment, and the explanation of his presence that didn't ring true. In addition, the man believed that Searles was still in San Francisco.

The stranger said he had been sent to find a man named Searles for the purpose of looking over his borax claims. "Do you know where they are?" he asked.

"Why yes," Searles was quick to say. With a stick he pointed down the valley. "They are about thirty miles straight ahead."

After the agent hurried away, Searles and "Salty Bill" Parkinson lost no time in staking out the marsh. (Salty Bill was a typical, and colorful, early-day Death Valley character.)

The two brothers incorporated under the name of San Bernardino Borax Company. It proved a great success: The Searles became wealthy, then sold out to Borax Smith's Pacific Borax Company.

SEARLES was a great hunter. While he was hunting grizzlies the same Indians who had burned his mill raided his ranch, driving his mules across the Slate Range. Searles armed himself with a rifle and two pistols.

He followed the Piutes' tracks through Panamint Valley. High in the mountains he found the Indians feasting on one of his mules. They attacked him with bows and arrows, but fled after he had killed seven of the raiders. Searles, however, paid a terrible price. An Indian arrow was buried in his eye. When he jerked the arrow out, he lost the eye also.

Characteristically, he pushed on and recovered his mules, and from that day

(Continued on page 60)

I RODE SHOTGUN

—A very little Indian "war" that showed signs of turning deadly

BY ROLF W. FREMMING

Photos Courtesy Author

A recurring hazard of frontier life—one that just couldn't be avoided—was that from time to time the woman of the family was going to be alone, the only adult on the premises.

Our place was on the Pend Oreille River in northwestern Washington, rather isolated like most homesteads. One stormy winter night big trouble came walking down our road.

My mother had completed the outdoor chores—caring for the chickens and horses, and milking the cows. The doors were bolted. My older sister Ivy and I were blowing soap bubbles with clay pipes and homemade soap. The dog had been let out for a last romp before bedding down for the night.

When I heard a slight scratching at the back door, I thought the dog was wanting back in, and I hurried over to open it. Mother tried to stop me but before she had a chance to speak I had slipped the bolt.

The door was pushed open violently and in strode an Indian, rifle in hand. He was big and evil looking. We recognized him as Jud, a renegade and reported murderer, feared by the whites and not accepted by the local Indians. He stepped over immediately to the gun rack, pulled up a chair, and sat down.

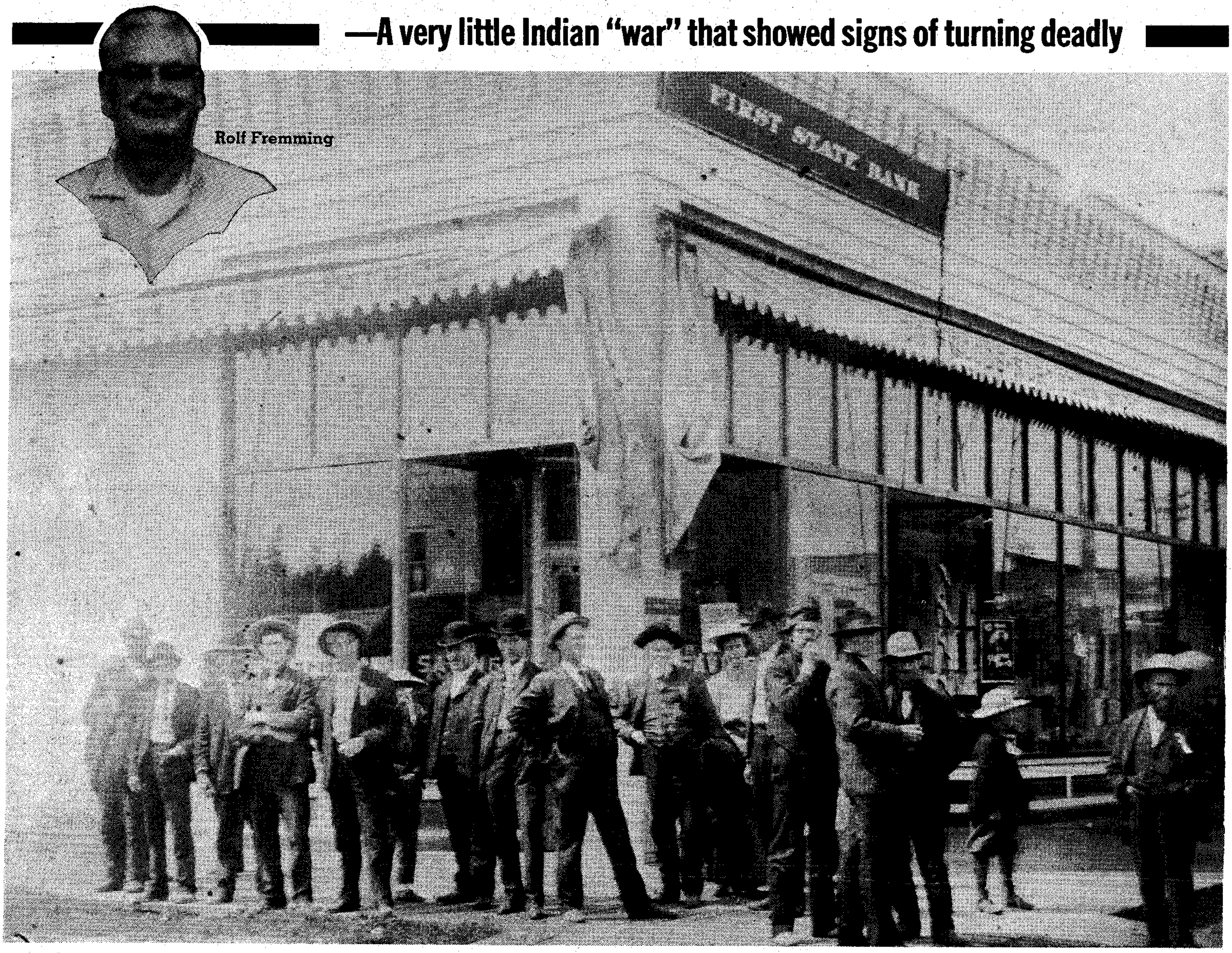
"My horse lame, put him in barn. Stay here tonight," he grunted.

Mother was terrified, I could tell. All the color had drained out of her face. And worse news was ahead.

"Saw your man in town today. He won't be home tonight."

(I would lead a not uneventful life. Besides growing up on the frontier, the big 1910 forest fire would sweep over us. I would serve in one world war in the Army Air Service, the Navy in another, spend a fair fraction of my life airborne, live in Alaska prior to and during statehood, and see the world from Europe to the reaches of the Pacific, from Alaska to southern Chile. But the hours following Jud's entrance were about as drama-packed as anyone could wish. If you don't think so, try blowing bubbles when you are sure you will have your throat cut or your head bashed in with a rifle butt. Precious bullets would not be wasted on small fry like us.)

There was no wagon road or regular trail to the nearest town and railroad at Newport, six miles upriver. A man



Rolf Fremming

on a saddle horse had to work his way up on the relatively open and flat yellow pine benches, away from the timber-cluttered draws nearer the river. It took hours and was a poor route under the best conditions. A person would certainly need a compelling incentive to travel it after dark and in a snowstorm. The river itself offered the easiest means of transportation—by steamer, rowboat or canoe.

My mother was Rose Fremming, at that time young, pretty, competent and resourceful. Hal, my father, was six feet, all muscle, fast and accurate with rifle or shotgun. He had gone to Newport to tow home some salvage lumber from a building being razed. He had planned to be home this night but since he hadn't arrived by dark, we didn't expect him until the next day.

OUR family was on good terms with most of the Indians and had little fear of them. They often camped near one of our springs and we played with the Indian children. When they traveled it was usually in groups of several families. It was rare for Indian men to travel alone and when they did so it invariably indicated trouble. The usual reason was that they were in search of liquor, and, if successful, became hard to handle. Another significant item was that these Indians did not travel at night except under the most compelling circumstances.

Like many other frontier women, Mother made her decision quickly. But the chances of its working was very slim indeed.

She put on her foul weather gear, lit the coal oil lantern and picked up the milk pail.

"Where you go?"

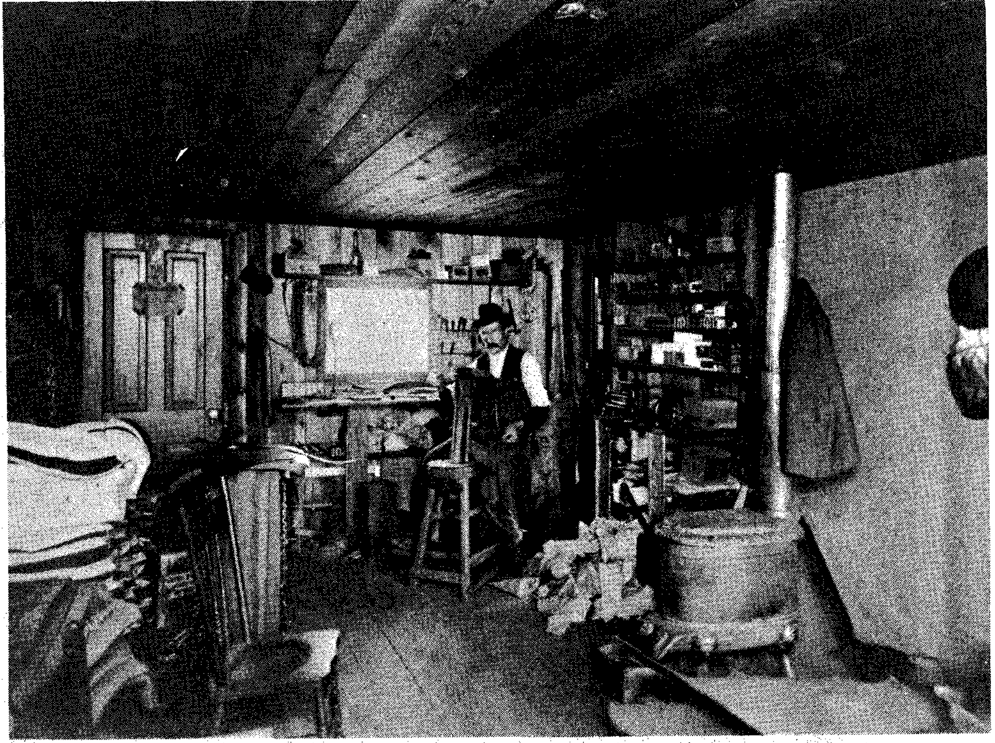
"I have to milk the cows."

An interval of suspicion and a final grunt, "Hmm."

The odds against her, of course, was that one of us kids would blurt out, "But you have already milked the cows," or that Jud would follow her to see what she was up to, or that he would kill us while she was gone.

But Ivy and I just blew our soap bubbles. We didn't make any more mistakes. Frontier kids lived with and had a keen sense of danger. They learned early that their security was bought and paid for by their own vigilance. We knew Mother wasn't milking cows and were not as surprised as Jud was at the events that followed.

After an interval the back door again opened and in walked Gust Anderson, rifle cradled in his arm, thumb on the hammer and finger in the trigger guard. Mother followed with her lantern and milk pail. Gust Anderson was our nearest neighbor, a tough mile away by snow-covered trail. Mother had run all the way in the snow to get him.



Gust Anderson at his shoemaker shop in Newport.

Opposite page: Between the two episodes this photograph was taken at Newport, Washington. Rose Fremming is the only lady; on her left, her husband, Hal; and on her right, General W. H. Byers. The author is the only child, second from the right.

A more unlikely candidate for a frontier hero could scarcely be imagined. But as many of us who have been exposed to rough spots know, you take your heroes when and as you find them. Hunchbacked (his back had been broken in a railroad construction accident), kindly, slow and deliberate of speech and act, Gust's outward appearance did not reveal the real inner courage or tenacity which only his close friends knew.

The long trip through the snow at the fast clip Mother set must have been sheer torture for him. His injured back made it difficult for him to walk at all. (Old-timers in Newport will remember him as the town shoemaker which he became after giving up his homestead.)

Mother had made her desperate gamble. Now it was Jud's move. Frederic Remington painted a picture of an Indian entitled "When His Heart Was Bad." The look on Jud's face showed twice as much hate. He would never forgive my mother or Gust.

With only a moment's hesitation Jud said, "Me go now."

"But isn't your horse lame?" Mother asked.

"He all right now."

So Gust took the coal oil lantern and followed him to the barn where Jud saddled his horse and rode off into the night.

For sheer raw courage, Gust's trip to the barn and back rated 4.0 in my book. In the flickering lantern light the advantage was all with strong, agile and angry Jud. Naturally Gust could make no move until he was actually attacked and by then it might have been too late. I think Jud guessed correctly that he could never get back in the house that night even if he clobbered Gust. The instant he was out of the house Mother had her shotgun.

THE months rolled by, with civilization moving in. A rough twisting wagon road had been chopped through to Newport. We had built up a dairy and delivered milk to town daily by team and buggy. Father was working in the mountains with a General Land Office survey party. Mother and I delivered the milk. I had reached the ripe old age of ten.

One day on the way to town we noticed a teepee pitched in the Langile pasture about a mile out from town. It was still there on our return and, as we passed, Jud came out, looked over our outfit, walked out in the field and caught up a pony. Before we were out of sight, we could see him following us with a rifle across the saddle in front of him.

Ed Miltner's place was a few hundred yards ahead. I dashed in and asked Mrs. Miltner for the loan of a rifle. She was in the house alone. She didn't know where Ed's rifle was but there was a double-barreled shotgun handy. I took it and selected a box of shells loaded with buckshot. I really wanted a rifle to match Jud's but I couldn't be choosy or let her take time to find one.

We were over five minutes ahead of Jud and dared not let him pass us for two reasons; first, it would be too easy to ambush us; and second, my sisters were home alone on the ranch unprotected and unsuspecting. From Miltner's on, there were about three miles of dense timber without habitation.

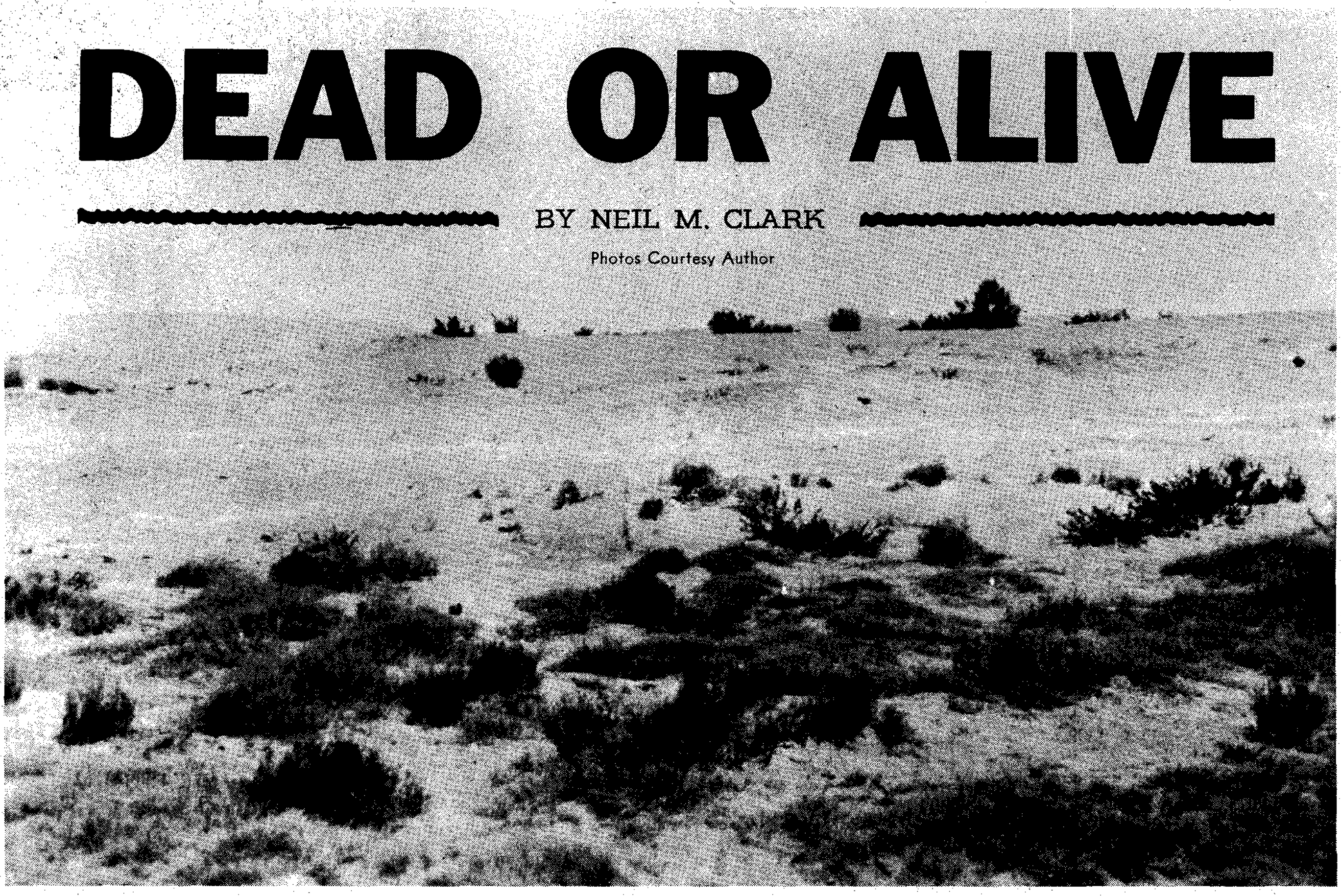
I crawled in the milk storage box on the back of the buggy, lay down inside and put the shotgun out over the tailgate, then we were off. Movies or fiction stories would have us racing at a full gallop, but a horse restricted with harness, neck yoke, tongue, double-trees and his mate could not compete with a free wheeling saddle horse. More important, our buggy would have been tipped over or smashed in minutes on a rough stump

(Continued on page 58)

DEAD OR ALIVE

BY NEIL M. CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author



The price of his head – literally – was $100 cash!

THE strange case of the man called Aariola had no immediate connection with a visit paid to the Imperial Valley of California by the Reverend John Shenk in April 1900. During that visit the recently retired minister became interested in a part of the State which many Californians then thought worthless. Indeed, he became so fully convinced of what the developers assured him would happen if and when Colorado River water was brought to it for irrigation, that he bought 1600 acres of Valley land: five half-sections, one for himself, one for his wife, and one for each of their three sons. The investment turned out well. Some of that land, which cost him $2.75 per acre, was producing profitably not many years later on a valuation of $2,000 per acre.

It also paved the way for the Shenks' youngest son, Adolph ("Dolph"), then nineteen, to prosper in the Valley at about the time it began producing crops worth hundreds of millions per year, including enough vegetables to supply 75 to 90 percent of the United States demand during certain seasons. And Dolph played a star role in the Aariola affair.

The sun had been down for a couple of hours. Three of us, riding in Dolph's car, were still wrapped in the heavy blanket of desert heat. We had eaten supper in the main kitchen of the 12,000-acre Rancho Shenk, south of the border, and were heading back to Mexicali and Calexico, the towns which neighbor each other on opposite sides of the California-Mexico line. The Cocopah Mountains, in shadowy retreat under Mexican skies, lay behind us; ahead, dim in the distance, were the Chocolates. The ranch road we were on was sandy and narrow.

Dolph, lessee and manager of the huge cotton acreage we had spent the day inspecting, was driving. I was in the back seat, my wife in front with Dolph. On the seat between them lay a loaded revolver. I had ridden many miles in cars driven by Dolph, and never without a gun in that exact spot ready for instant use—a carryover from early days when bandits prowled those parts and safety for person and property quite often depended on the threat a handy gun could deliver.

It had been a tiring day spent talking with many people and observing ranch operations, and I may have dozed momentarily. If so, I was roused in a hurry when the brakes were slammed on so hard and suddenly I was almost catapulted into the front. The car had stopped within inches of running over and almost killing a ranch hand who had chosen the middle of the road to take a nap.

I saw him waken and rise slowly to his feet. Dolph was yelling at him: *"Mil diablos, hombre!* Who are you? What's the idea, lying there to be killed?"

"Si! si!" the man mumbled idiotically, still only half awake.

"Qui es?" sharply. "Who are you? Come here!"

Taking his time, the man shuffled to the car and muttered through the open window, "José."

"You work here? What's your job? Ditch tender?"

"Si!"

"Then why the devil aren't you up there tending ditches like you're paid to do?" The answer was a shrug. "Where's your shovel?"

Sullenly, without replying, José walked to the front of the car, picked up the long-handled shovel he had dropped while napping, and came back carrying it.

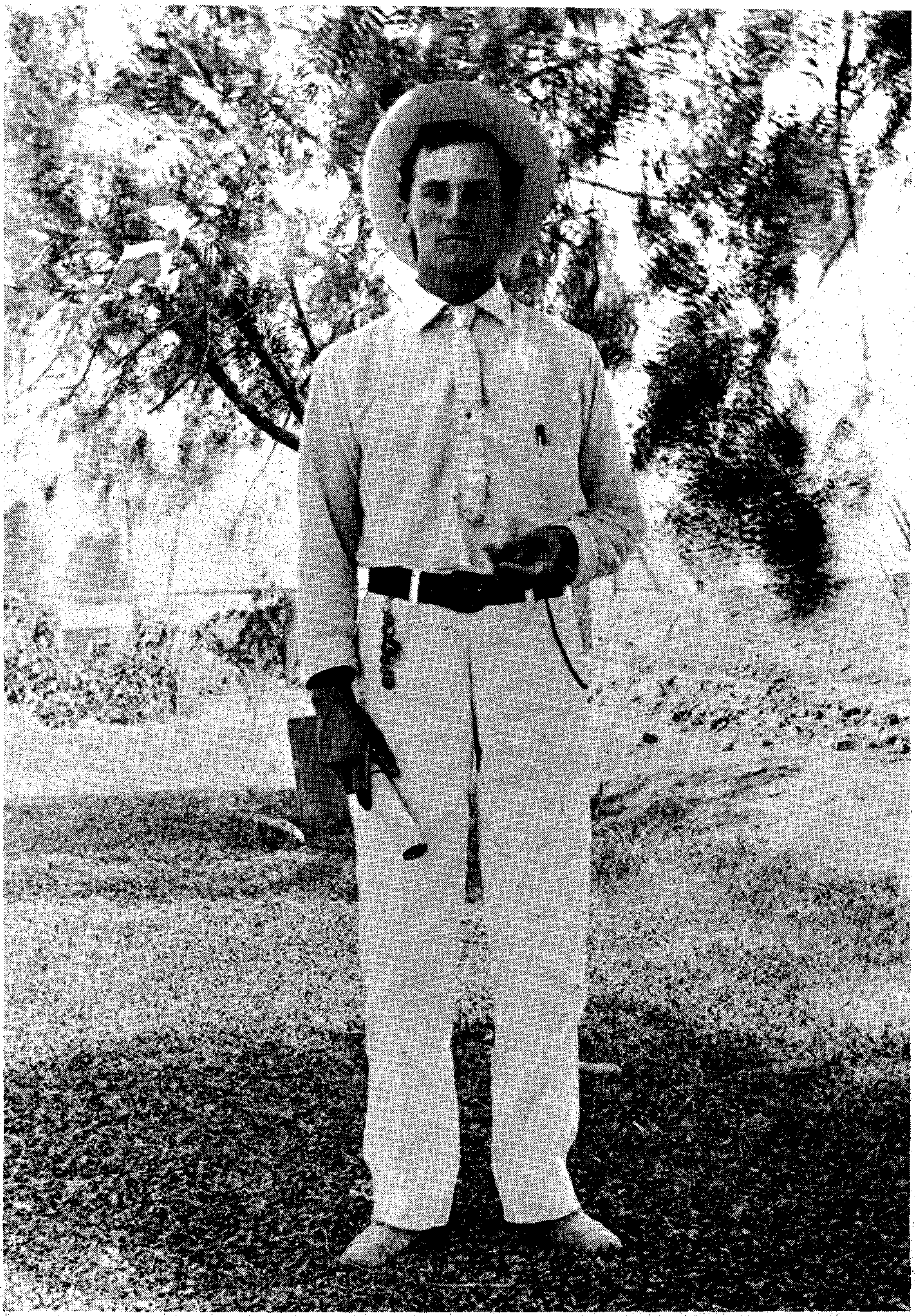
"You can get down on your knees," Dolph told him sternly, "and thank God I've got good brakes. *Vamos!* Get back on the job."

The man touched his hat, not deferentially, and we watched him climb the bank of the irrigation ditch, higher here than the road, and vanish in shoulder-high cotton.

Snorting with impatience, Dolph shifted gears and we moved again. "Reminds me of Aariola!" he muttered.

"Who was he?"

Opposite page: The desert character of Imperial Valley, California before irrigation.



Adolph "Dolph" Shenk [redacted] Courtesy Janette Elkins

"A complete no-good. Thought he could shoot. Could, I guess, if his target was someone's back. Aariola," shrugging, "without meaning to, gave me the worst turn of the stomach I ever had in this Valley—Aariola, and the quarter-breed Cocopah Indian, Chueco Lopez."

Dolph was fully occupied at the wheel for awhile, but soon ditched his cold cigar and asked: "Have I ever told you about the little burying ground we had in Calexico when the town amounted to nothing much except a few ramadas and scattered tents?"

"I don't believe so."

He grunted "Twenty or more lads, first and last, were laid away there with their boots on. I could tell you something about a good many of them. That's where we put Aariola—part of him."

"Part?"

"Yes," grimly. "Where the rest of him is, God knows—God and Chueco. Up yonder somewhere, I imagine," waving in the direction of the Cocopahs. "Lonesome country. Buzzards, coyotes, rattlesnakes."

BEFORE we reached the lights of Calexico, Dolph had told us the story of Aariola.

"The first time I saw him, I believe," he said, "was up at Hall Hanlon's place. Hall lived alone in an abandoned stage station on 318 acres of sandhills and rocks which he owned along the Colorado River. Why he ever settled there I never could figure out, but it did all right for him because it was through his land at Pilot Knob that the Hanlon Headgate was built to take water from the river for the irrigation district. I went up there one day to deliver $2,000 in gold due him for letting them build the headgate on his property. When I offered him the cash, he refused to take it. 'I don't want that stuff up here,' he said. 'Take it back and lock it up in your safe.'

"My partner and I owned a store with the only steel safe in the county at that time. 'When I need some money,' Hall told me, 'I'll come down there and get it.'

"He had a number of Mexicans working for him, grubbing greasewood and mesquite on a patch he was getting ready for planting. He and I sat for a while on the shady side of the house and chatted. Pretty soon I saw him reach for a rifle that was leaning against the wall.

"'Do you see what I see?' he asked.

"He pointed. Down there a-way was one of his workers stretched out under a greasewood bush where he probably thought he was well hidden for a nap—like that crazy José back there. 'I pay that fellow eight bits a day,' Hanlon said disgustedly, 'but not for doing that.'

"He took careful aim and fired. A branch from the greasewood bush, clipped off by the bullet, dropped on the sleeper's face. Startled and scared, he tried to get up and run, but didn't quite make it. Instead, he rolled over and over. It was downhill. A few feet more and he would have landed in the river. Hanlon yelled at him, motioning with the rifle. 'Come here!'

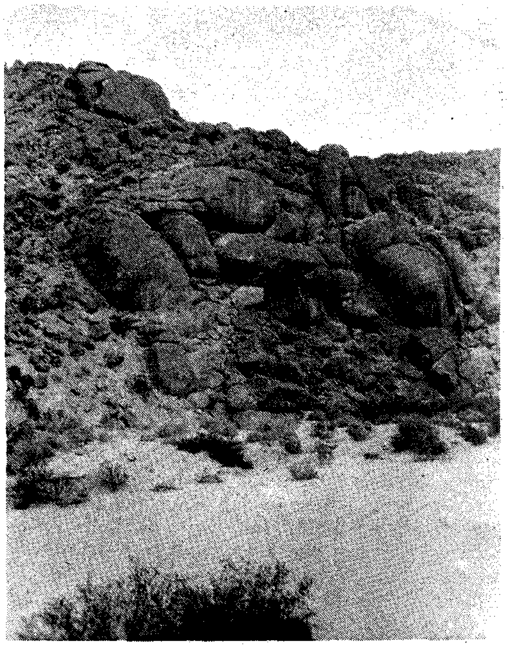
"The man came, slowly, looking sullen. He obviously hated every word Hanlon spoke to him, and would gladly have killed him if he could. I never saw anyone fired more artistically.

"That was my introduction to Aariola. Hanlon told me what he knew about him: that he lived in Mexicali, and if I wanted to save myself trouble, never to give him a job of any kind.

"Well," Dolph went on, "we were very busy on the farm, and the day came when I had to have more help. Some time had passed, and I had more or less forgotten

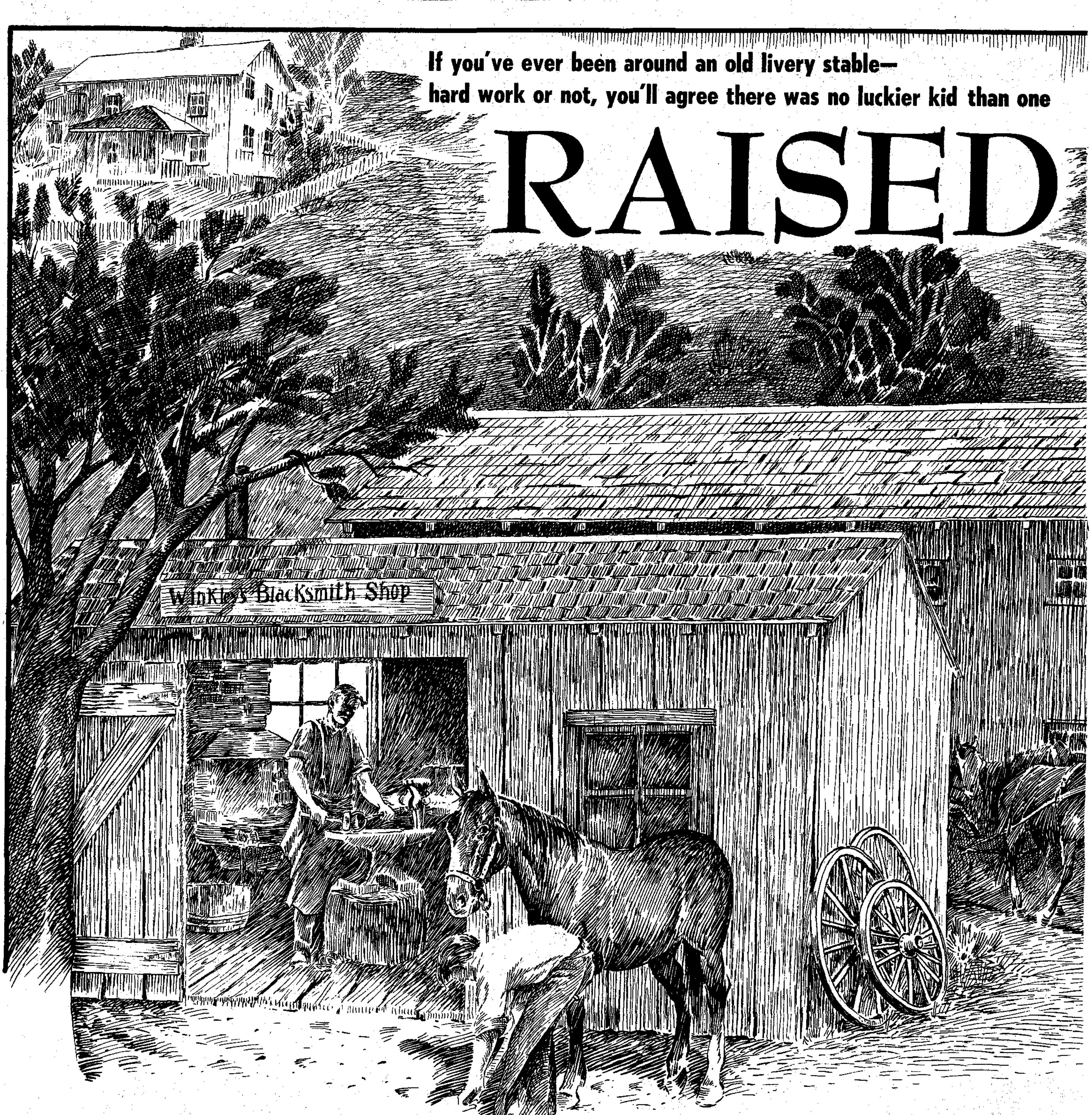
(Continued on page 54)

Below: The type of "no-road" Dolph traveled in wagons when developing the Valley.



If you've ever been around an old livery stable—hard work or not, you'll agree there was no luckier kid than one

RAISED



I HOPE nobody starts out with the idea that my father's livery barn was just a shabby place with only fifteen or twenty horses to rent out. Liverymen came from everywhere around just to look it over—it was that big and well planned.

Faribault, Minnesota was where we lived. Main street, as far as the commercial section was concerned, took up seven or eight city blocks. The street was quite wide and went straight south until it came to a bend. Then it took a sloping turn to avoid a steep hill. My father's livery barn was built on this bend so it stood in plain view from any place on Main Street. This made the location ideal as far as visibility was concerned.

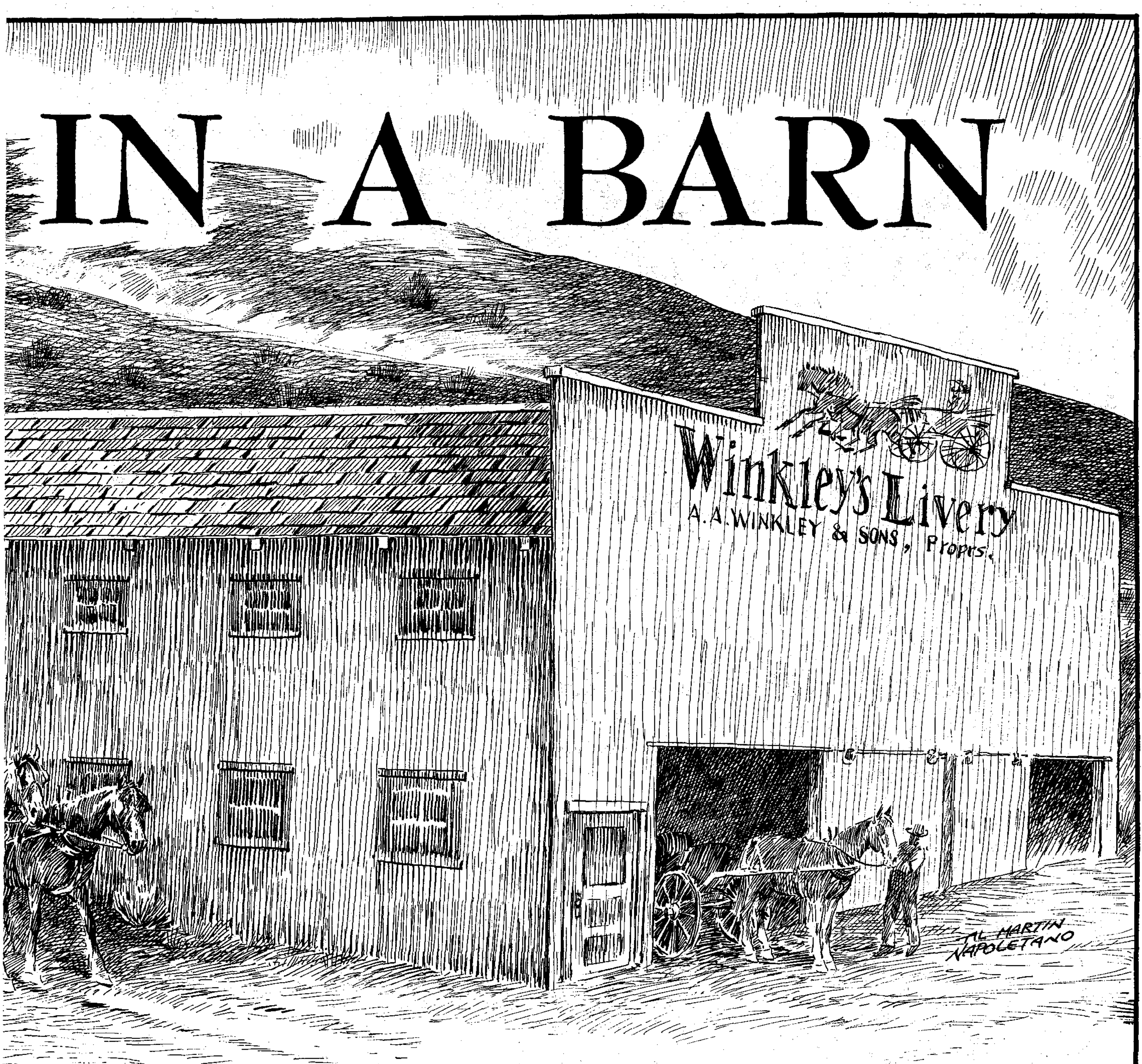
There was a gentle rising of the ground where the stable was built. From the back doors there was room for a driveway to haul feed in, then suddenly the ground took a very rapid rise. Our home was up above the barn on the hill with a large backyard on a slope, while the front yard was almost flat. This gave us a good place to slide or ski on in the winter, and the slope was also what gave my father a chance to design such a large, unique barn. It was built in such a way that it really consisted of four levels, which worked out very well.

The front part where the rigs were kept, and the horses hitched up or unhitched, was right on the Main Street level with two large doors. Then, because of the bend in Main Street, this city block was not a regular square but sort of pie-shaped. The result was that the stable could be entered from three different directions— Main Street; the extension of Main Street after it turned the corner; and a narrow street which extended straight up the hill past our house to a dead end. The various levels of the stable made full use of the ground as laid out by the original city fathers.

At the place where the horses were normally driven in to be unhitched Dad had an office, then a connecting bedroom, then a washrack, followed by a harness room where each harness was put on a labeled hook for that particular horse. This was necessary and important as each horse's harness was adjusted to fit the particular animal.

After the harness was pulled off, the

IN A BARN



BY CHARLIE A. WINKLEY

Photo and ad Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

horse was turned loose in most cases to go down a ramp and then just as the horse entered the lower level, he passed a large drinking tank where he could get a drink before going to his stall. Any exceptions to this procedure were for two reasons: One, if he was too hot he was haltered on the upper floor and not allowed to drink until he had cooled off; the other, if he was new to the stable and didn't have the ability to find his own stall. He might get kicked if, in his confusion, he'd tried to crowd in where another horse was tied, so when he got in the right one, someone would go in, slip his halter on and tie him up. This concern just lasted for a few days until he got more familiar with his surroundings.

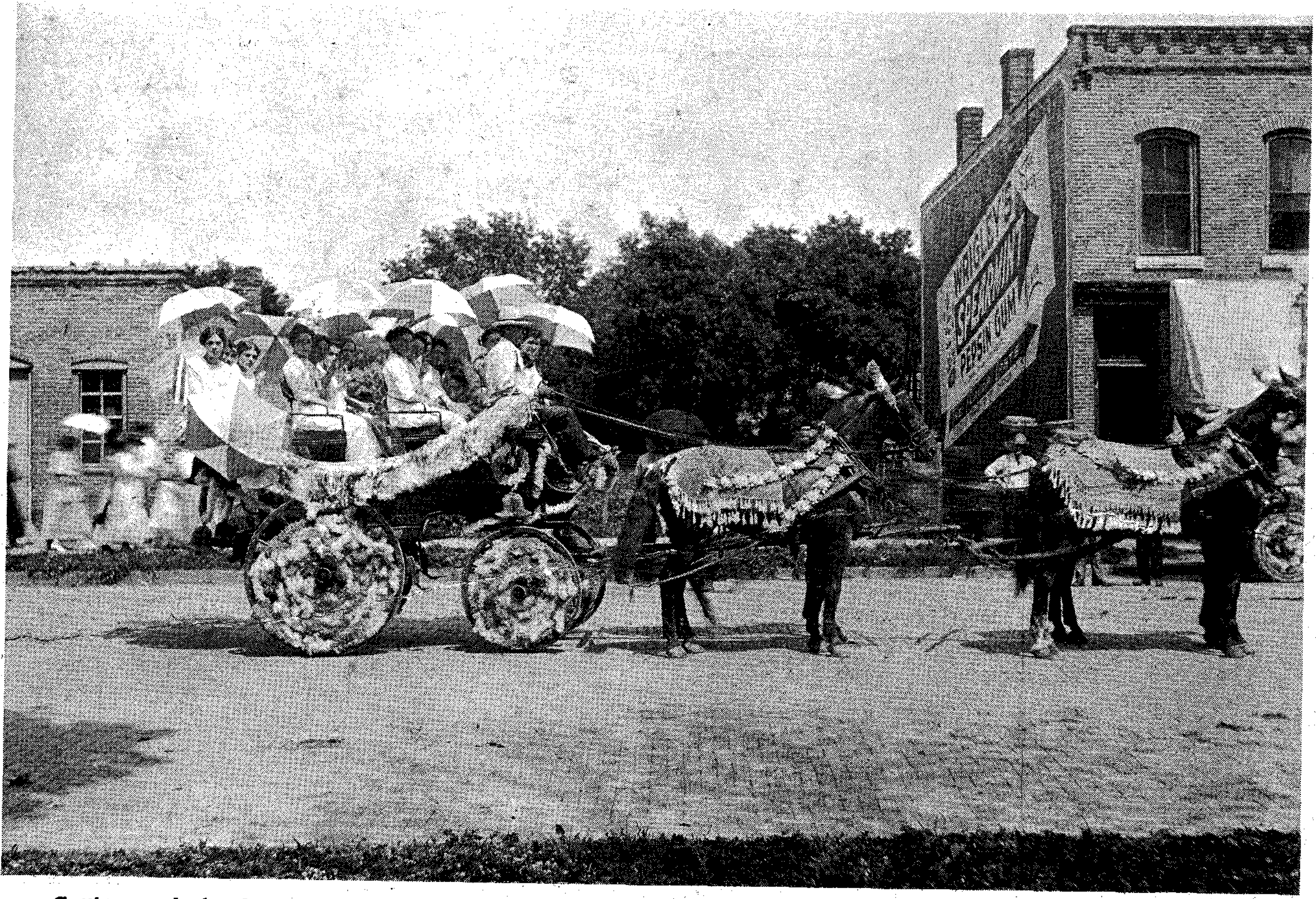
THE various rigs, as we called them, were on a concrete floor so they could be pulled and pushed by hand. Vehicles used less often were parked farther back, and those used daily kept in a handier place. All in all the parking area consisted of four rows of spaces.

The lower level where the horses were stabled was also cemented except for a three-foot square space in each stall where the horse's front feet rested when he was tied. This was done to help keep their feet from getting sore from their daily pounding on paved streets.

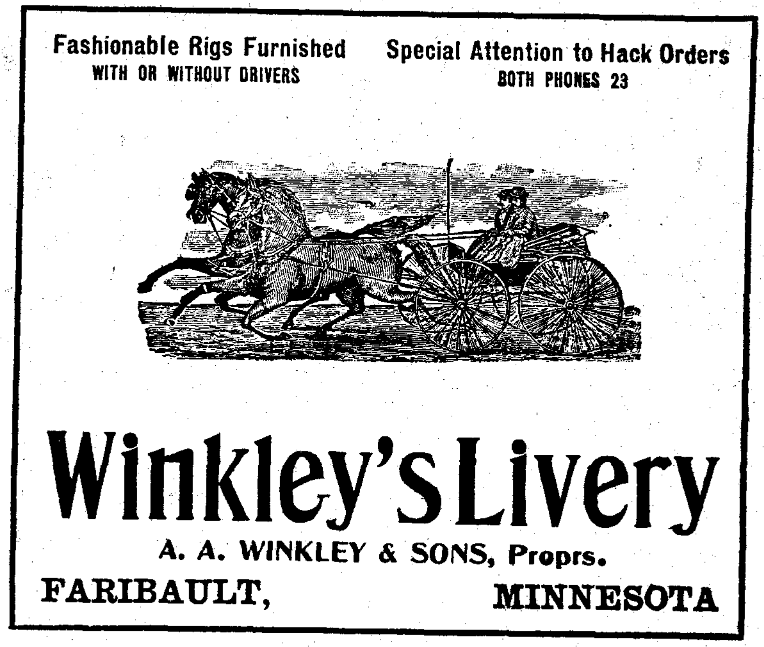
The box stalls where sick or crippled horses were kept had dirt floors, and they were large enough so that the horses could move around some. Dad had a dozen of these box stalls. The horses were not tied to the mangers as in the single stalls. Sometimes a very valuable horse was given a box stall permanently. Also the stud horse was kept in an unpaved stall.

Quite often in regular stalls a horse lying down at night would get what was referred to as "cast" in his stall. This meant he had gotten his feet under him in such a position as not to be able to rise. This minor difficulty was cured by getting hold of his tail and pulling him over closer to the partition on his rump side to give him more space to maneuver his legs.

When a horse was tied up, he was given enough rope on the tie to let his head lie on the floor but not enough so that he could back out of the stall and



Above: Getting ready for the 4th of July parade about 1913. The vehicle was imported from England. The horses are the "Bloods" and "Studebakers." Right: Ad in the Faribault, Minnesota City Directory, 1907-08.



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FARIBAULT, MINNESOTA

stand with his hind-quarters in the aisle. A horse going down the aisle might bump him and invite the extra long-tied horse to take a good healthy kick. An ornery horse might take a kick at him just for the hell of it if he felt the new horse was sort of invading his territory.

Each evening the horses were bedded down with fresh straw stuffed through a trapdoor from the haymow. Each morning any straw not soiled was thrown under his own hay and feed box, and the soiled straw and manure was thrown out in the aisle.

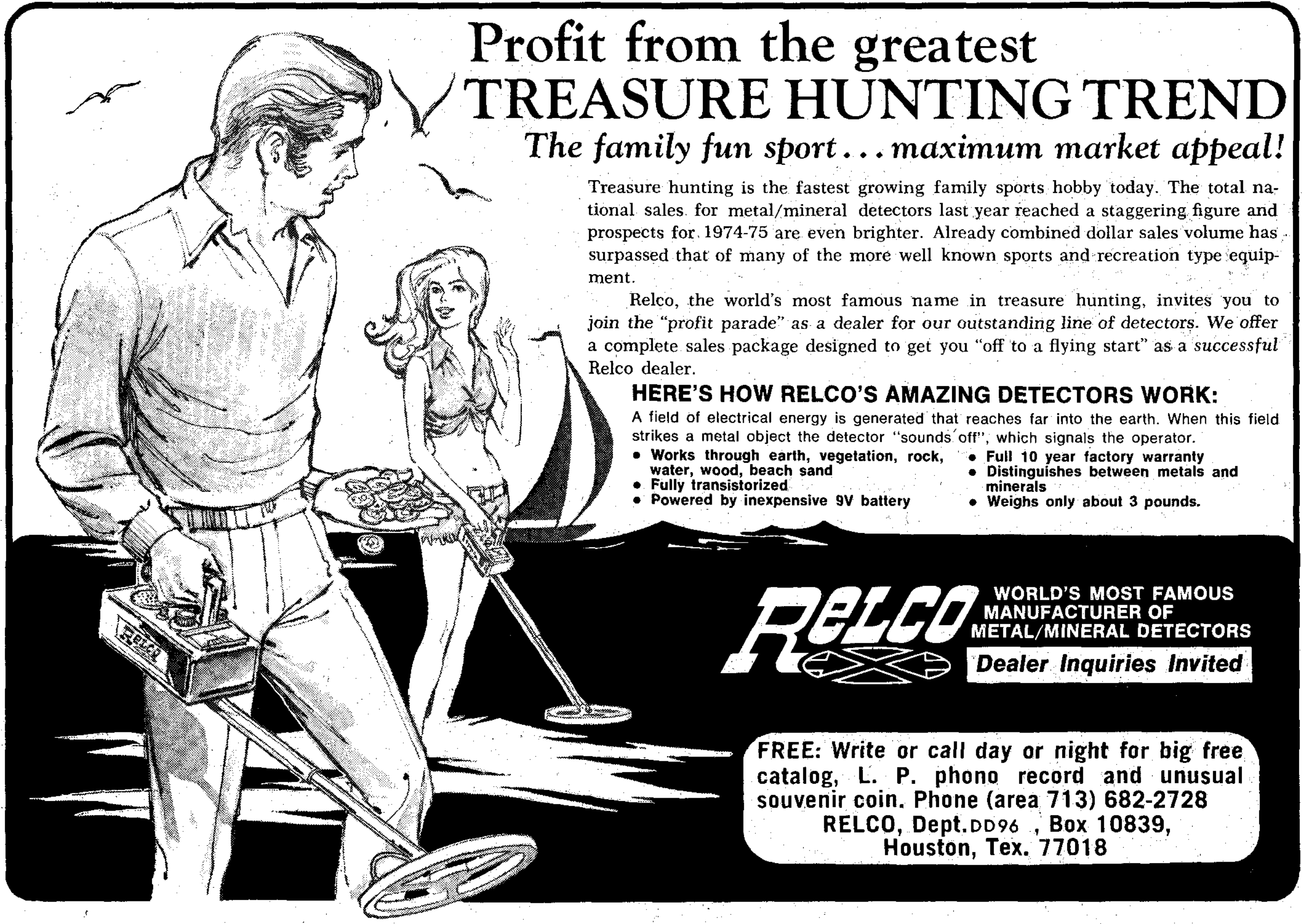
Then one of the horses was hitched to a wooden scraper with handles so that the man could guide it and push this debris from the aisles out the back door on this, the lowest level of the barn. Then it was loaded on a large flat-bedded wagon and hauled to some farm not too far from town. This was done daily so as to keep odor and flies to a minimum. In addition, every other stall had a galvanized pipe attached to the partition between the stalls, which helped to carry any odors up these pipes. The pipes went up through the haymow and then merged into a sort of large galvanized cupola on the outside.

The barn also had a speaking tube or pipe whereby a man in the office could, by opening a flap controlled by a spring, blow through it to get the attention of someone down in the stable sections. It was used to give orders to bring up a horse or team for rental purpose, or some other chore such as picking up a trunk or two. (Practically everyone traveled by train if the distance was over fifty miles.)

In the street level area there was also a large counterweighted elevator pulled by ropes to raise or lower vehicles from a large area used to store vehicles when not in constant use—for instance, winter rigs. This area was about the same size as the haymow and had a sort of drawbridge which could be let down to the four-foot lower level of the haymow, whereby the rig could be hauled out of this room, through the haymow by horses if on sleighs, or if for any other reason it was too hard to move onto the elevator by manpower only. Maybe this description gives you an idea of the size of the building and also the many secluded places we kids had to play in.

My oldest brother drove a four-horse hitch composed of a pair of horses we called the "Studebakers" and another pair we called the "Bloods." The Studebakers were so named because they were bought from the Studebaker buggy and wagon manufacturers, by far the predominant company in this field.

The Bloods were so named because they came from pure bred stock. People re-



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ferred to such horses as pure blood instead of pure bred. Anyhow, all in all they made a very classy four-horse hitch and came high-priced when Dad purchased them. My brother was an excellent horseman and handled them expertly without any serious mishaps.

I remember a shopping trip my parents took to Minneapolis in a single-seated buggy. It was about sixty miles each way. They drove a team called the High-Flyers, a good fast-driving team but not particularly high-priced. The horses were very high-strung and nervous, without a pound of extra flesh on them, and they had to be driven with a tight rein. Mother and Dad drove up in one day, then spent a day shopping and sightseeing while the horses rested. The following day they came back in six hours, which was such good time for a long drive by horses that it was talked about a good while afterwards—a sort of record. Had the horses been a high-priced pair, I doubt whether Dad would have let them go that fast for such a distance.

They were not kept by the stable too long as they were just too willing to go without urging to use as rental horses. The average horse renter was not a good enough judge of a horse's capacity, to be trusted with this team.

MAKES me think of one horse called Tom—a fine looking horse and kind of large and always butter fat. Tom was coal black, and when a customer was watching Tom being hitched up, he was elated.

Now, the customer on leaving was always warned about old Tom. He was told it was all right to flick the horse a little with the whip but not to really abuse him, otherwise they wouldn't get along too well. Just remember that.

"Oh, sure," the man would say.

Now Tom had his own speed, which was passable, but he wouldn't have made a good fire horse. Tom had a slow jog. You could give him a flick or two with the whip and he'd spurt up a little for a short way, but soon he would be back to his slow jog.

Occasionally some driver would get aggravated and start to lay the whip with some really hard stinging blows. When this happened, Tom would balk and come to a complete stop. This would generally bring a few more whip lashes from the driver, in which event Tom would start backwards and put the rider and buggy in a ditch. Sometimes it tipped over. Anyhow after a while if the driver was willing to accept Tom's gait, they got going again; otherwise it was a stalemate. If the buggy was skinned up when the customer returned and a whip mark welt or two showed on Tom's rumps, the customer would be asked to pay for the damage besides the rental feel.

This action might bring on a physical hassle, and Dad would reach in the buggy and pull the man out. By that time, Dad had reinforcements from my older brothers or some of the men working there. Old Tom was generally the coolest one around by that time.

There was one pretty bad fist fight I saw from start to finish. A man called Peeky Curon came back with a horse he had rented. He was half drunk, enough to act pretty ugly, and there were several whip welts on the horse. Peeky had either been discharged or was home on furlough from the Navy. He had his Navy suit on, anyhow.

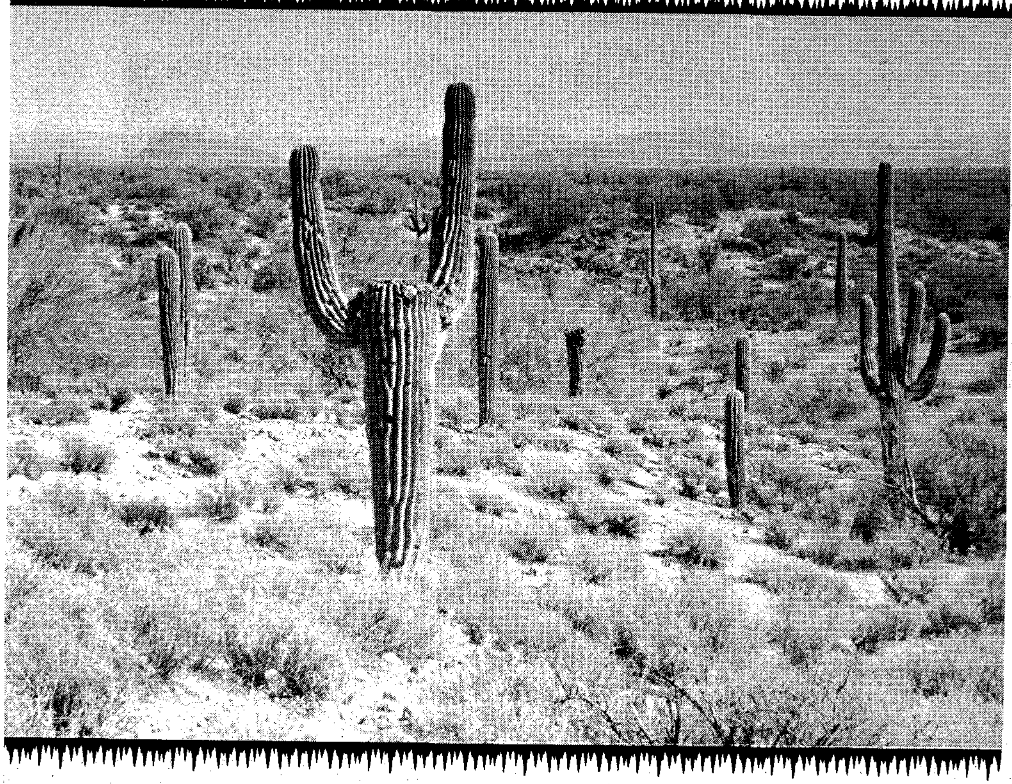
Well, Dad commented on the horse's condition and Peeky told him to go to hell. One thing led to another and soon the action started. My oldest brother was about twenty-four, and he and Peeky were soon exchanging blows and wound up finally in front of the barn on a cinder patch where the ashes were dumped.

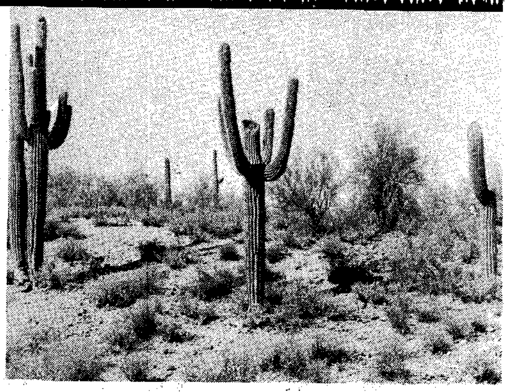
It was about an even match. My brother was a little taller, but Peeky was real husky and tough. They rolled around on the ground with one on top and then the other. Dad was excited and angry also. Finally when Peeky got on top again, Dad hollered at my brother, "By God, if you don't whip that pea-soup so and so, I'll disown you." My brother gave an extra effort and finally got on top again and Peeky gave up and said he'd had enough. I was about ten years old. (We referred to Frenchmen living in our time and community as "pea-soupers.")

OUR rigs were converted to sleighs during the long winters. A party gotten up for a sleigh ride—mostly high school kids—was exciting and the sleigh was especially constructed with high backs and room enough to sit up and

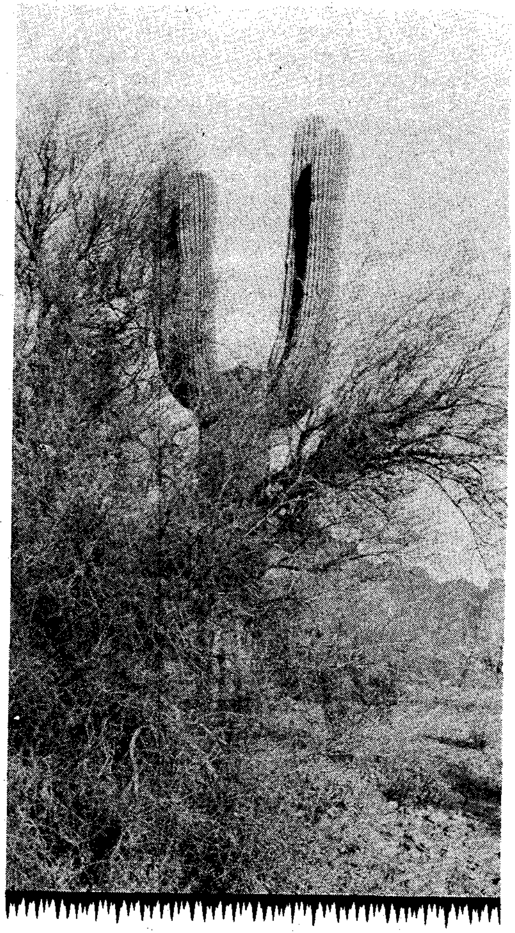
(Continued on page 48)

NUGGETS





Above: Two of the topless giants in the Wickenburg area. Left: Topless saguaro near the Mazatzal Mountains. Below: A giant topped saguaro, with Superstition Mountains in the background.



THE CASE OF THE TOPLESS SAGUAROS

By Agnes M. Pharo

FOR well over a hundred years the case of the topless saguaros has remained one of the unsolved mysteries of the desert Southwest. Found only in southern Arizona and northwestern Mexico, plus a few isolated spots in California, the spiny giants are a source of constant wonder. They will stand fifty feet tall at maturity and, when filled with stored-up water, weigh up to ten tons. They look invincible. Nevertheless, many of them have lost their heads—the upper portion of their central trunks.

Considering the vast stands of saguaros in the Southwest (in some places they average 10,000 plants to the square mile), there are relatively few topless ones. But where you see one, you usually see several. These keep alive the mystery—how and why did they lose their tops? As yet no one has come up with an answer; at least, not to anyone else's satisfaction.

Since saguaros may live for 150 to 200 years, it's not inconceivable the topping may have been done in the early days by Indians or gold seekers, as some people believe. Others suggest that, since all cacti store gallons of moisture in their pulpy cores, the saguaros might have been topped by desert adventurers short of drinking water. This theory is pooh-poohed by another group which asks, "Why would anybody top a fifty-foot saguaro to get a drink when a three-foot barrel cactus stands nearby?"

Many naturalists hold that nature itself is responsible. Gila woodpeckers, they say, drill through the outer skin of saguaros to get at larvae on the inside. In so doing they chisel out pocket-like cavities which the saguaro, in order to keep from "bleeding" to death, seals over with hard scar tissue. (Injured tops seal over in the same manner.) Later the birds build nests in the cavities. A saguaro often has twenty or thirty such nest holes in its massive frame. Then, naturalists believe, when the fierce though infrequent desert storms come, wind and lightning topple the central trunk which has been weakened by woodpecker attacks.

ALL well and good—but how to explain those saguaros in the same area which have an equal number of nest holes, which have faced the same storms, and still have retained their tops?

No matter who's telling the story, everyone agrees on one thing: there are more topped saguaros in some areas than in others. This would lend credence to the belief that, in certain places, they have been topped deliberately. Driving west out of Wickenburg, Arizona one day, I counted several dozen topless giants among the thousands along the way. Then, interestingly enough, the topless ones became more numerous as we neared the town of Quartzite.

This fits in nicely with the theory of many history buffs who say topped saguaros are old Indian signs. They believe Indians used this method to mark the path to waterholes and desert springs. As evidence they point out that Indian tribes once lived near Quartzite. One of their favorite camping grounds was at the locality now known as Dripping Springs. They also state that you'll find topless saguaros leading to creek beds and arroyos which still hold water at times. Indians might well have wanted to mark such places.

Perhaps the most exciting version belongs to students of Southwest lore. "Early-day gold seekers," they explain, "topped saguaros to blaze trails to their mines."

To prove their point they'll show you topless saguaros in former mining areas such as the Agua Fria River north of Phoenix; the Superstition Mountains where the legendary Lost Dutchman is located; and the old Vulture Mine south of Wickenburg.

There's no denying there are a lot of topless saguaros in these areas. I've seen them, as well as many others near the Mazatzal mountains some miles north of the Superstitions. Here, following instructions from an old-timer, I once sighted between the upraised arms of one topless giant. Sure enough, I could see another one on the nearest hillside. Who knows? Maybe there were still other saguaros just over the hill, with treasure at the end of the trail!

Were the saguaros topped to get water, or by desert storms? Topped to mark the trail to gold mines, or to lead those who knew the signs to waterholes? The choice is up to you. I believe nobody really knows the answer except the spiny giants, and that the case of the topless saguaros will always remain a mystery.

SEA MONSTER REPORTED IN NEBRASKA LAKE

DURING the early 1920s, Alkali Lake near Gordon, Nebraska had the distinction of being the reported residence of a sea monster. While such tales have been popular at various times and places, it seems unusual to find one associated with this State. Unusual or not, many people were apparently convinced of this creature's existence, and for a time the Alkali Lake Monster became rather world-famous.

Credit for the monster's existence was due largely to John G. Maher, prominent in Nebraska business and political circles until his death in 1939. In addition to his other activities, Maher was the western correspondent for the New York *Herald*, a paper which had a flair for sensational stories.

To meet this demand, Maher often fabricated elaborate hoaxes, many of them associated with northwestern Nebraska where he spent his early manhood. His inspiration for the Alkali Lake monster probably came from such tales existing in the folklore of this area.

Maher was certainly responsible for the publicity the monster received in the national press. The *Herald* and other papers such as the Boston *Transcript* carried his stories of the monster's fearful depredations. Another of Maher's accounts appeared in the London *Times*, along with a drawing of the monster which bore the following caption: "By far the most vivid picture of the actions and features of a medieval monster which for three years has been terrifying the natives of the vicinity of Alkali Lake near the small town of Hay Springs, Nebraska, U.S.A., was received from our Omaha correspondents today."

A Nebraska folklore pamphlet in the Nebraska State Historical Society Library recounts some of the reports of the gigantic creature, but no dates or sources are provided.

"Its head was like an oil barrel shiny black in the moonlight."

"When it rears and flips its powerful tail, the farmers are made seasick."

"It eats a dozen calves when it comes ashore," and ". . . . flattens the cornfields."

An Omaha man reportedly saw the creature and related that "the monster was 300 ft. long and its mouth large enough to hold the Woodmen of the World Building."

On March 23, 1923, the Hay Springs *News* called for an investigation of the lake and proposed that "If the land owners consent and it is possible for the townspeople to finance the undertaking, which will take from $800 to $1,000, the work of capturing the monster will proceed. It is a big undertaking to drag a lake 3/4 of a mile wide and nearly a mile long."

The proposal was never carried out, however, and on July 6 the *News* reported that "the Hay Springs Investigating Association has, after due consideration, practically given up the idea of dragging Alkali Lake in an effort to locate the sea monster which has been seen by several of our citizens on various occasions. Land owners want $4,000 for a three months' lease, and a certain percent of exhibition money of animal if found. Considered excessive, the Investigation Association concluded to go no further."

This apparently spelled *finis* to the Alkali Lake Monster.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

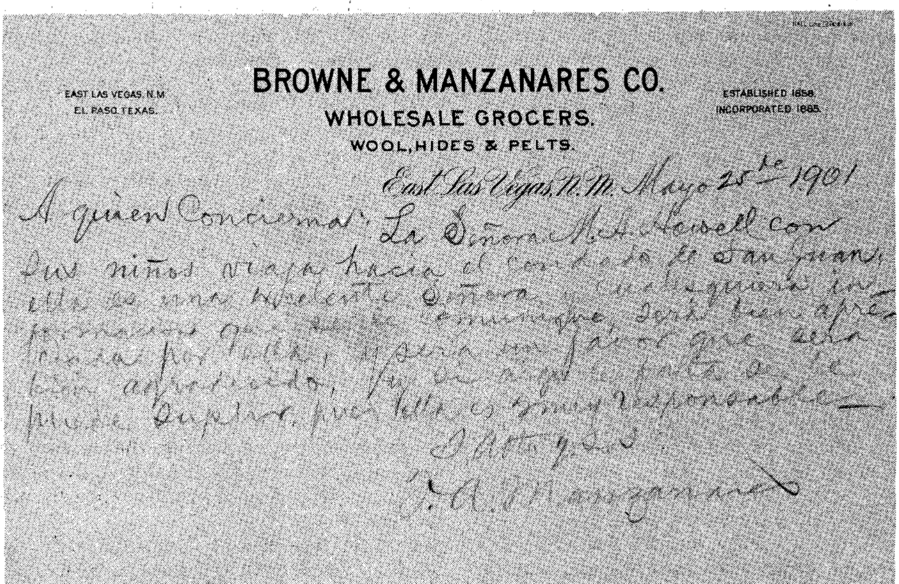
ROADS WERE LONG AND ROUGH

By May Howell Dodson

WE LIVED on a cattle ranch some twenty miles north of the Eden post office, now the town of Santa Rosa, New Mexico; but following my father's death in 1895 Mother moved to Las Vegas, New Mexico where she built a home and put me in school. From the ranch she brought along a milk cow, and a young gentle horse which she drove to a buckboard.

After school was out in May, Mother would load the buckboard with a camp bedroll, a box of food, a suitcase of clothing, and oats for the horse. Thus equipped we took short trips into the country. Our trips verified the saying, "You can take the boy (or girl) from the country, but you can't take the country from the boy (or girl)." Mother was

Letter of recommendation Mr. Manzanares gave the author's mother.



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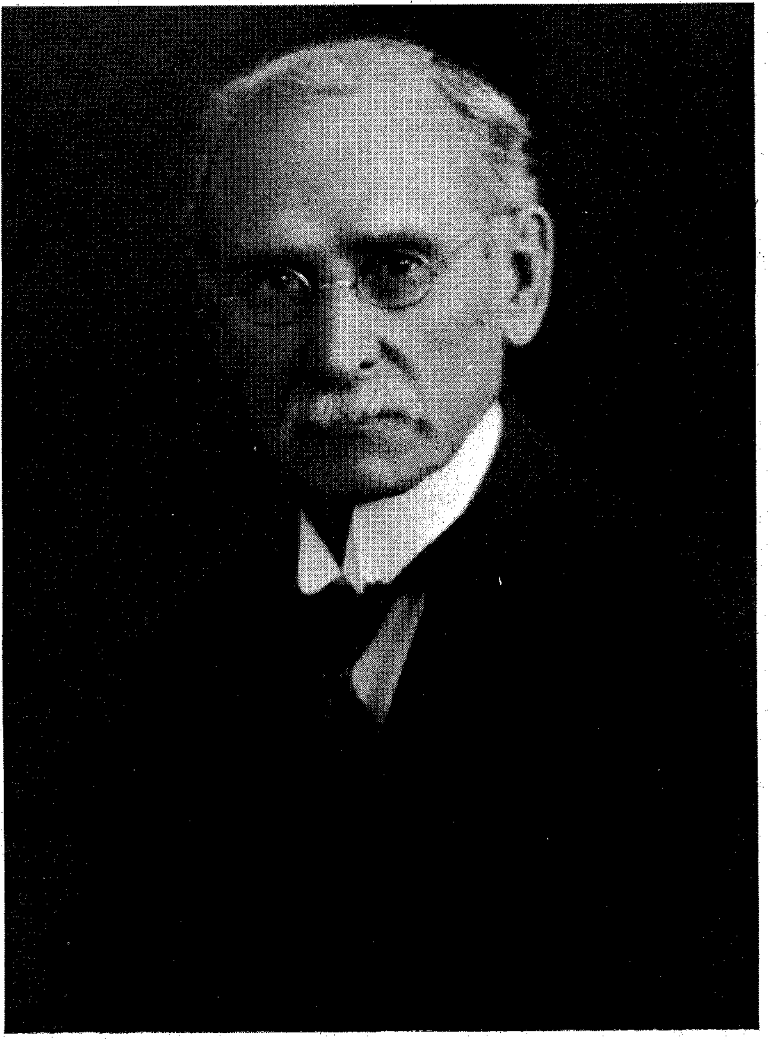
sus niños viaja hacia el condado de San Juan,
ella es una excelente Señora y cualquiera in-
formacion que [illegible] comunique, será bien apre-
ciada por ella, y será un favor que sera
bien apreciado, [illegible]
[illegible] suplir, pues ella es muy responsable —
S. Atto y S. S.
F. A. Manzanares



Professor Wood

never happier than when we were out in the open.

One summer she decided to visit her parents in Farmington, New Mexico. For the trip she went to Browne & Manzarez to purchase the needed articles. When she consulted with Frank Manzarez, he strenuously objected to her undertaking such a hazardous trip, telling her that she would have treacherous streams to cross, might encounter dangerous characters, or even get into bad storms in the mountains. But Mother was not to be discouraged. After all, her life on the lonely cow ranch had been subject to countless hardships.

When Mr. Manzarez found she was determined to go, he wrote her a letter of recommendation, adding that if she needed help to "give it to her" and he would pay the bill. This letter, though written in Spanish, was not much help, for few of the natives in those days could read even their native language.

One bright, sunny morning we left our home in care of a neighbor, and Mother, my small brother, and I were on our happy way. The roads were only wagon tracks with no grading or culverts. Our way led around soapweeds (Spanish bayonet) down into arroyos and out on a steep bank on the other side. However, our horse was a faithful, dependable animal, and all went well on the first day. We did not make much mileage, but that was no worry. School was out for the summer and we had three months of holiday.

The first night we came to a little settlement called Bernal. Mother remembered Mr. Manzarez's warning—horse-thieves were numerous. So, for protection, she drove to an adobe house, showed her letter of recommendation, and asked if we could camp nearby. Although the letter was of no use—they could not read—the man of the house took the horse into his stable, fed him corn, and closed the gate.

We were invited into the house, but Mother preferred to camp out. Later a little girl came out to us with a bucket of goat's milk. The next morning she returned with more.

After bidding them goodbye and expressing our thanks, we resumed our journey. A few miles on we encountered a herd of cattle. Knowing the custom of the road, Mother pulled aside and waited for the cattle to pass, undisturbed by our movements.

It was a pleasant meeting with the herder. He was an old friend, so we had a short visit. When told where we were headed, Mr. Leonard opposed strenuously, reminding Mother that she must cross the Pecos River at San Jose and snow was melting in the mountains. The river was running full from bank to bank and was really dangerous.

MOTHER was not afraid. When we reached the river, we found it as described. Just as we started to cross, a horseman rode up. Mother expressed fear of the crossing, and he offered to drive us as he was familiar with the currents. He fastened his horse to our horse's bridle, climbed in the buckboard and guided us safely across, then went on his way.

We drove out onto a higher bank and unloaded. Our clothing, and any food not in cans, were soaked. We certainly spent an uncomfortable night. When morning came we spread our clothing on bushes and, while we were having breakfast, the warm sun dried them. Luckily the oats were on top of the load and escaped wetting.

On the third night we had reached Santa Fe (now only fifty-one miles on a double-paved highway from Las Vegas, but at the time a distance of seventy-five miles). In Santa Fe we were welcomed by old friends. The horse and buckboard were fastened in the corral at the Woods' home.

Professor Wood soon informed my mother that Santa Fe absolutely must be the end of our journey. Travel through the mountains, he said, was impossible. The Chama River could not be forded and part of the road on the narrow-gauge railroad track had signs up; "Pass on this track only at your own risk."

Professor Wood then sent me with a note (no telephones then) to Max Frost. After reading it, Mr. Frost, a stockholder on the D & R railroad, gave me an order for a pass to Durango, Colorado. The next morning we boarded the train going over Cumbres Pass along the crest of the Rocky Mountains. At one point we passed a monument commemorating the assassination of President Garfield. When we arrived in Durango, we took a mail hack to Farmington.

We had a grand summer. Fruit was abundant—cherries, apples, grapes—and gardens were producing all kinds of vegetables. While there we attended an Indian festival. A contest was put on for the Navajos. I shall never forget my shock when a rooster was buried in the ground with only its head out. Riders then galloped by at full speed and each attempted to pull out the fowl. The Indian who succeeded was given a prize by the Fair officials.

All too soon the calendar said that summer was gone. We packed our baggage, said goodbye to our grandparents, aunts, and cousins. Again we made the stage ride to Durango and train to Santa Fe. There we found that our horse had been well cared for. The ride back to Las Vegas was uneventful. Snows had melted and streams were running low.

I thought of that summer when I passed cars in line waiting for gasoline, several months back. Were our days then really so difficult as we now think they were? I wonder.

THE BLIZZARD OF 1871

IN the latter part of November 1871, a severe storm struck the Plains causing a variety of difficulties for both residents and travelers. This report on the blizzard in western Kansas was printed in the *Kansas Daily Commonwealth*, Topeka, November 24, 1871:

"Hon. John H. Edwards and wife arrived from Ellis yesterday and . . . Mr. Edwards kindly furnished us with the following facts concerning the late storm. The storm began last Friday at 10 o'clock and at 2 p.m. the snow was so profuse and the wind so fierce that it was impossible to see objects a few feet distant. The trains which arrived at Ellis on Friday were detained until Saturday evening when one train started east with snow plows and four engines ahead to clear the track. On Sunday morning another train started west preceded by the similar outfit. . . . The Kansas Pacific Company have been most successful in fighting these storms and the trains have not been delayed longer than 24 hours at any time.

"Mr. Hamilton of Ellis who was out in the storm during its prevalence reported that a great many settlers for the winter were totally unprepared for such a storm and he feared many must have perished. He and his party were compelled to leave their whole outfit, mount their mules and make haste for Ellis, where they arrived on Monday evening in a starved condition. . . .

"The danger to life and property did not result from the quantity of snow that fell but from the hurricane that blew, covering all roads and trails and filling to a level with the plain all ravines and cuts. Travelers would plunge into these and sink entirely out of sight and before they could extricate themselves, they would perish from cold and exhaustion. Large herds of cattle which have been grazing in the Saline and Solomon valleys were scattered by the storm and as the train came east squads were seen crowded together at different points. Many of them will undoubtedly be saved but a larger number must be lost.

"Hundreds of antelope were seen by returning hunters in the ravines and the more they struggled to get out the deeper they sank in the treacherous snow. Buffalo were driven toward the settlements for protection and large herds were within one-half mile of Ellis. A party of Eastern excursionists who arrived at Ellis on Friday were very anxious to see the buffalo which were just beyond the hill north of Ellis. Notwithstanding the fierceness of the storm . . . they persisted in having horses. It was only a half mile and we will risk getting back, said they all. The horses were furnished and the party left Ellis.

"Hour succeeded hour and nothing was heard from the 'buffalo interviewers.' Ellis was all excitement. The passengers who remained sought information with bated breath. The locomotive whistle was blown continuously, guns were fired in rapid succession. At last the party came . . . .The party would not confess that they were lost but their return route was

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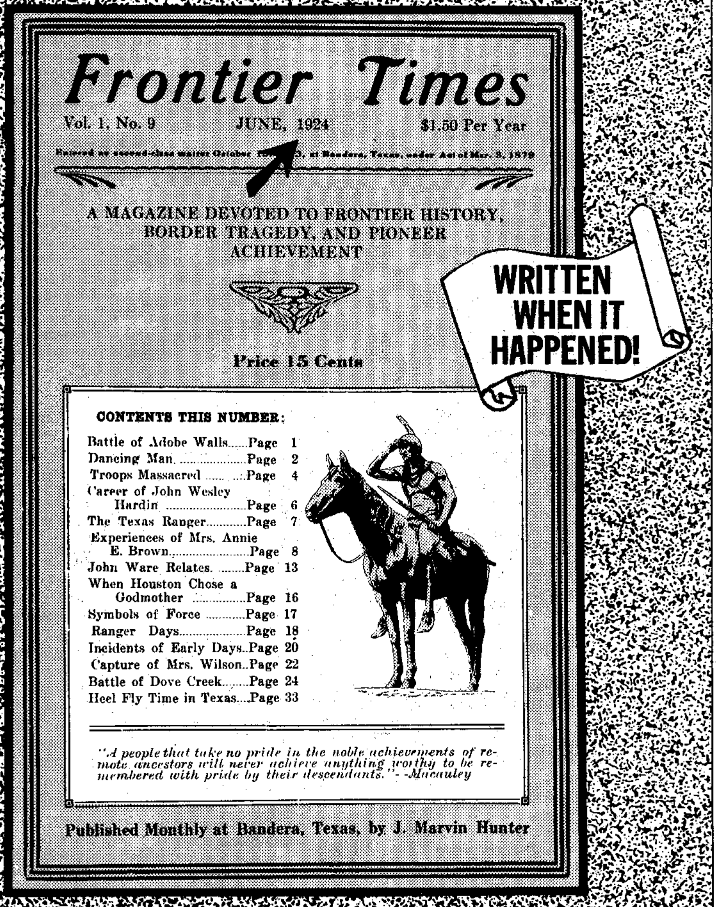

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thought to be somewhat longer than would be selected by experienced travelers in such a storm.

"Along the railroad the snow was drifted in the gulches to the depth of 25 or 30 feet. At Hays it was reported that 12 men had been frozen to death from exposure on the plains, three of whom had already been brought in . . . ."—*Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.*

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 4)

Barney, John and Theodore (my father) and two daughters, India and Lila—all now deceased. He was probably engaged in farming around the Centerville area. All letters will be answered.—Ted Williams, 847 Gravenstein Avenue South, Sebastopol, California 95472

Bulin

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has information on Sterlin Bulin. He was born in Alabama (?) and married a woman with the last name of Hopson. She died in Alabama and Sterlin came to Texas (Freestone County). If possible, I need information dating back before 1875 (approximately the date he moved to Texas). Sterlin was my great-great-grandfather. I would like to hear from anybody.—Brenda Bulin, 1128 Zelda Drive, Hurst, Texas 76053

Russell

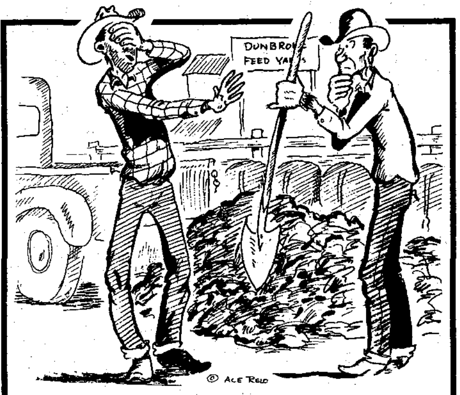
We are searching for information on my husband's grandfather, Columbus Enoch Russell. He was born around 1890 at Kingston, Madison County, Arkansas. He lived for some time around Claremore (Rogers County), Oklahoma and later moved to Fullerton, California where he married Daisy Whorton. They had two sons, Carl and Virgil. Columbus Russell died around 1947 at Fullerton, California.

His father was Stephen Russell; his mother was Susan. They were both born at Kingston, Arkansas. Stephen had three children—Solomon, Columbus and one other. I will be happy to correspond with anyone who knew these people or might have information concerning them.—Shana Russell, Deep River, Washington 98618

Dryer

I would like to hear from anyone with the surname Dryer, namely the descendants of William H. Dryer. He lived in Greene County, New York in the early 1800s until 1879. He was married to Caroline Scutt and they had five children: Lodema, who is supposed to have married first a man named Frank Burham and second a man named Chevalier; Aaron B. Dryer, born March 10, 1839, married a Jane Sharp. They are both buried at Oliverea, New York. They had two daughters, one married a man named John F. VanValkenburg who was living at Halcott, New York about 1903. The other daughter married a man named Kaufman. They were living at Kingston, New York about 1903; Ambrose, a son of William H. died in the Union army November 21, 1864 and is buried at Oliverea, New York; Elizabeth, was born about 1846 and married a man named Higgins. They had a daughter who married a man named Harry E. Lowe. They were supposed to have lived at Saugerties, New York. There were two Lowe girls whose names were Dorothy and Margaret, I believe; William R., was born April 4, 1850 and married a Libbie Aley who came to Nebraska in 1879. William H. came with them and died somewhere in Nebraska in 1885. William R. (my grandfather) moved to Wyoming in 1886 where he raised a family of four boys: Frank William, died in 1927; Eugene Adelbert, died in 1945; Orval John (my father) died May 16, 1970; Omar Aaron, died 1945 and is buried at Mitchell, South Dakota.

I will answer all letters I receive.—William R. Dryer, 9916 Logan, Thornton, Colorado 80229



"I'm allergic to anything with a handle on it—'cept a eatin' fork!"

Fagan

I would like to hear from any descendants of Simon Richard Fagan, born June 2, 1813 at Loretto, Pennsylvania, and Catherine Anne Yost, born November 25, 1818 in Carrolltown, Pennsylvania. They were married in 1838. They had ten children: Felix, Charles A., James, Mary Catherine, Peter S., John F., Emma B., Annie E., Francis Felix (my grandfather), and George Fagan. The parents came west in later years and are buried at St. James Acres, Vancouver, Washington, next to my grandfather. It is my understanding that one of the daughters (elder) married a General Logan and the other a Gaynor. Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Anita J. Neilson, 360 Eckloff Road, Tillamook, Oregon 97141

Barber-Ray-Lewis-Barfield

I would like to hear from anyone who can tell me something about the parents of Charles Egbert Barber, born July 2, 1880. He married Anna Estelle Ray, June 14, 1903. Charles had a son, Joseph Warren Barber, who worked on Yellow House Ranch in Texas. Charles' father's name was Josiah Woods Barber. When was he born? When did he die? Who were his parents?

Also need information on parents of Charles Lemuel Ray, born March 4, 1884. I believe he might have been a Texas Ranger. Also need information on the parents of Cynthia Ann Lewis, wife of Charles Lemurl Ray. Cynthia was born February 12, 1856.

I need information on parents of Dora Adeline Barfield, wife of Josiah Woods Barber. Anyone having this information please write.—Kenneth W. Townsend, R.R. 3, Box 172, Bentonville, Arkansas 72712

Parkey

I would like to hear from descendants or anyone who would know anything about my great-grandfather's brother, Peter Parkey, and wife Sarah, who went from Hancock County, Tennessee after the Civil War to Denton County, Texas or nearby.

Peter died between 1872 and 1880 and is thought to be buried in the Chappell Cemetery near Grapevine, Texas. This might be only a family graveyard, since the widow's nearest neighbor in the 1880 census was a Chappell family.

I would especially like to know the date of Peter's death. I cannot find it on his Civil War record and since his widow remarried (to a Wilkerson), there are no pension records. Nor can I find a record of this cemetery.—Mary E. Parkey, Route 1, Box 225, Jonesville, Virginia 24263

Marshall-White

I would like information on the Marshalls and Whites who came from Virginia to Jackson, Kentucky. I believe the Whites came from Tazewell County, Virginia. The Marshalls could have too. They came to Kentucky in the 1800s. I will exchange any information I have.—W. R. Marshall, 621 Reid Road, Building 14, Apt. 5, Grand Blanc, Michigan 48439

Jones

I am seeking information about Newton Jones and Hershel Jones, father and son. They may have been known as Horton or Norton. Someone told me once, long ago, that Newton was in some kind of trouble and changed his name. He showed up in Alabama with his son, Hershel, and married my grandmother—in Jasper, Alabama, I believe. Hershel ran away at the age of fourteen and was never heard from again. Maybe there was a wife and other children somewhere.

The story was that he and his son came from overseas, but I don't know where. Perhaps Hershel had a family of his own and used his real name after he ran away.

My father, Fred Jones, tried for years to find his half-brother, but was unsuccessful.—Mrs. Bettie Wren, 1237 S.W. 37th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73109

Copples

I am looking for families of Copples. I have information on Daniel Copple who fought in the Revolutionary War of 1776. His brothers Nicholas and Peter were from Germany, the Black Forest area. Daniel was buried in Old Dutch Cemetery, Adams County, Ohio. Who were his children? Nicholas and Peter are buried near northern North Carolina.

From there I have found Copples in Indiana, Illinois and some have moved into Missouri and Oklahoma. One family seems to have moved on West. Where? Are there descendants who can help me? —O. A. Copple, 712 Lord Street, Osage City, Kansas 66523

Applegate

I would appreciate information on the Applegate family who ranched in South Dakota during World War I. I am particularly interested in information on Thomas E. Applegate whose age would be around eighty. Last known, he and his sister (name unknown) went to California.—Mrs. Emery Remmers, Melvin, Iowa 51350

Williams

I would like to hear from my cousins but I don't know their married names. They were the former Dorthy, Pauline and Hazel Williams, of Flora, Illinois. Our grandparents' names were Richard Andrew and Eleanor Williams, also of Flora. They had a son, Andrew, whose wife's name was Mamie. We also had an Aunt Susie for whom I was named. Another daughter was Jessie Blanche Williams who married Edgar Arthur Halterman and homesteaded in Hayden, New Mexico in the early 1900s. Jessie was my mother. She died a few days after my birth, February 5, 1922. I also had older brothers, Cecil, Roscoe, Gerald and Nathan Halterman, and a sister Eleanor who was named after our grandmother Eleanor Williams. I would appreciate hearing from my cousins or anyone who knows them.—Mrs. Susie Winona Singleton, 1718 Laurel Street, Chico, California 95926

Scully

I am seeking information about the family of Maximillian Charles Scully. He was born around 1884 in Alsace-Lorraine Province of France. He came to the United States at the age of twelve years, by working on a steamer. He is said to have lived with a sister (first name unknown) Janazek (Janazik) in the Chicago area. He later came out West to Miller, Nebraska to farm. Max married Bertha Julia Yohn and later homesteaded on Northfork of the Crazy Woman Creek near Kaycee or Midwest, Wyoming in the early 1900s. He also worked in Wyoming oil fields. He moved his family back to the Mason City-Ansley, Nebraska area around 1917 and lived there the remainder of his life. He died in 1951. I am trying to make contact with his sister's family—last known address was Ida, Michigan during World War II. I am his granddaughter and am very interested in learning more of his family. I would also like to hear from anyone bearing the name of Scully. Could possibly be some connection as the name is not often seen spelled as my grandfather's was—the name is of Irish origin. —Mrs. Richard L. Payne, RFD #1, Box 838, Cody, Wyoming 82414

Byrnes

I am interested in contacting descendants of William Wallace Byrnes, who was the first sheriff in Nevada (Utah Territory), Mormon Station, 1851.

Byrnes was born in Maine about 1823, lived in St. Louis during his youth and was in the Texas Rangers at the age of seventeen. Later he was captain of the mounted guards at San Quentin Prison under General Estall. He was married at Monterey, California to Marion Ross.

When the California Rangers were organized in 1853 he was a second Lieutenant, and a friend of Joaquin Murietta. Some say Byrnes killed Murietta. Due to many bullet wounds which continually pained him, he was committed to the insane asylum at Stockton, California in 1873 where he died in 1883. Byrnes was known to have a daughter, Mrs. Nellie J. Abbott, who ran a variety store in Berkeley, California in 1892.—Ron Donoho, 4624 Lilliput Lane, Las Vegas, Nevada 89102

Swank

My father, Jessie David Swank, had a brother, Russell Jacob Swank, who left home in 1908. He was born in 1887 and was twenty-one years old when he left. His father's and mother's names were Newton M. and Margaret Anderson Swank of Carroll County, Missouri. His father's middle name was Morrell. He was related to the Morrell family of Ohio. The last contact from Russell was in San Francisco, California. Any information would be appreciated.

My oldest brother, Clifford Swank, son of Jessie David and Maude Lee Tucker Swank of Carroll County, Missouri, was married to Mildred Cadwaller or Cadwallered. I am not sure of the spelling. They married in 1928 or '29 and had one son, Herbert Gaylon Swank, born in 1930. Mildred and Gaylon went back to Iowa before my brother Clifford passed away July 7, 1933. They could be in either Davenport or Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mildred was related to the Cochrans, of the above-mentioned towns. Herbert Gaylon Swank was my nephew. All information will be appreciated and all correspondence answered.—Donald Ray Swank, Sr., R. R. 1, Carrollton, Missouri 64633

Custer-Winner

Geo. Custer or Winner was last known of in Calgary, Alberta, Canada in the fall of 1919. He was working for the CP Railroad. There was one daughter, Eula. She would be around seventy now. These people were from the United States and the only place I can remember them talk of is Thermopolis, Wyoming. Anyone who may know anything of these people, please write.—Herb Herriman, 41 Grand River Street, N A2, Paris, Ontario, Canada N3L 1KO

Shipman

Does anyone remember a William B. Shipman, born around 1813; killed by Indians in 1870 in the West. He resided in Wisconsin and moved West. He married Louisa —?— and had at least one son, Harvey Shipman. Harvey Eaton Shipman, nephew of William was born February 7, 1823 at Rochester, Vermont and died October 11, 1846 in Wisconsin. About 1844 Harvey went to Wisconsin via the Erie Canal to visit his Uncle William. He caught a "fever" and died there. I was told there was a story in one of the Western magazines telling

(Continued on page 49)

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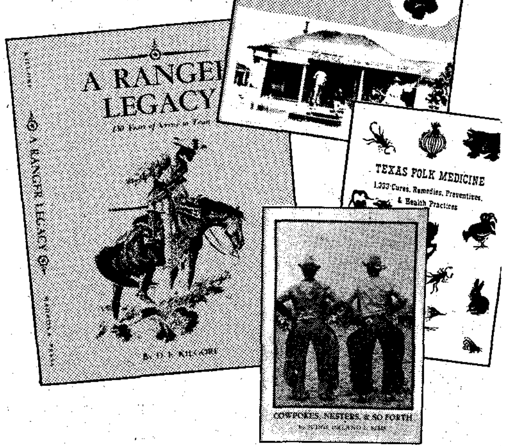
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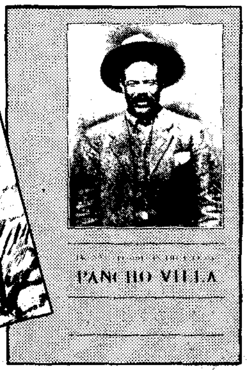

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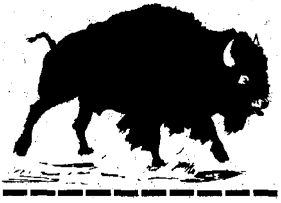

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Last Wilson Creek Roundup

(Continued from page 15)

the roper had to know what calf belonged to what cow, and there were cattle belonging to several different owners.)

George Green was doing the roping that day. Not everyone could do the job, as a roper had to be quiet in a bunch of cattle. He never swung a rope or rode out of a walk, because the cattle were half wild.

When Fred told VanBuskirk they were wasting time Dud said, "How would you like to do it?"

Fred answered, "I would just go in there and grab a calf and carry it out to the fire to brand him."

Fred was a pretty husky man so Dud said, "I suppose you could hold a cow by the tail?"

"I sure could," Fred said.

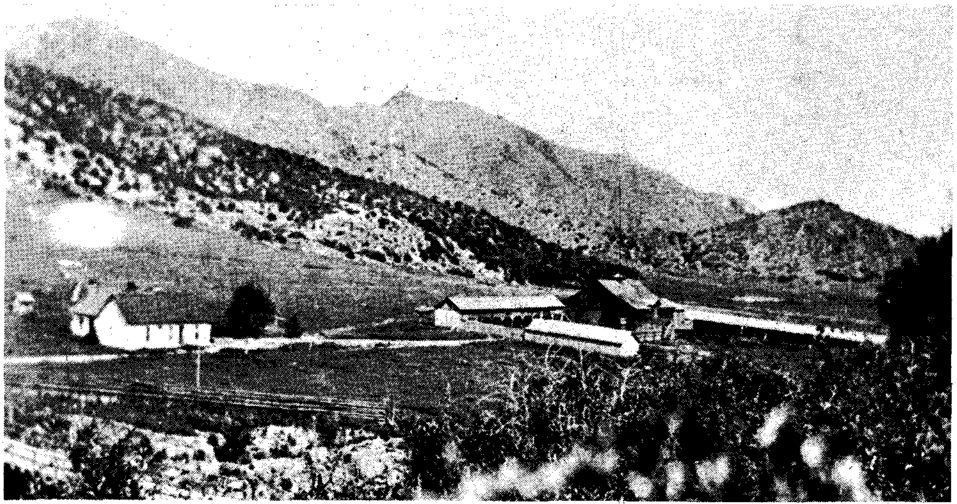
So Dud bet Lon Gribble that Fred could hold a cow by the tail for five minutes. When Fred went into the cattle he had a little trouble getting close enough to grab a tail, but pretty soon he grabbed a two-year-old heifer. They were near the edge of the bunch right along the corral fence. This heifer broke out of the cattle up along the fence just as fast as she could run, with Fred hanging on to her tail. When the heifer got about a hundred feet along the fence she decided she had better get back to the rest of the herd. She just stopped right quick and turned back down the fence. Fred, however, just kept going—about ten feet to a step—till he fell and lit on his face.

He got up mad, ran back into the bunch, and grabbed a three-year-old steer by the tail. Fred hung on to the steer's tail, just clearing the ground, with his legs on each side of the steer's hind legs. The steer was so hemmed up among so many cattle he couldn't get a chance to run very fast, and finally just stopped and bawled. Why the steer didn't kick Fred, I don't know.

One of the cowboys said, "Let Huntley ride the steer!" So I had to get on, and I rode him. He didn't buck much. But that one incident seemed to set the mood for all the crazy stunts we did the next week or so.

That evening we went back to camp at Badger Gribble's cabin. There was a wire fence around the yard, and Lon bet Dud that Fred, the cook, could jump this fence, which was about four feet high. Helmer Foster had just cleared it with chaps and spurs on. That made it look easy to Fred, so he just backed off a-ways and made his run. We darn near lost our cook right there; Fred caught his feet in the top and lit on his head.

That evening Bill MacKenzie decided I needed my hair cut. (By the way, I never saw the inside of a barbershop till I was nearly thirty years old.) Several of the men grabbed me, two on each leg, one on each arm. They stretched me out on the ground. Bill got out his knife, got on my belly with his knees, then reached down and cut off hunks of my hair with that knife. He laughed all the time he was doing this, but I didn't think it was so funny.



A 1915 view of the old Gribble ranch on Current Creek, Colorado.

After Bill got a good amount of my hair cut, they noticed Shorty Irwin who was as bald as a person could be. They decided Shorty needed my hair so they got some syrup, spread it on Shorty's head, and then stuck my hair in the syrup. That seemed to be enough for that night.

Our roundup was made up of men from Garden Park, Current Creek, Wilson Creek, Shaw Park, High Park, and the Green buttons from Lower Four Mile. These two boys were twins. The real good cowboys from Garden Park were Robbie Nelson, Clarence Chess, Willard Biddix, Bill Canterbury, Walter Nelson, and Erick and Cap Freek.

From High Park was Boss Stump; Lon Gribble from Current Creek; Guy Foster and Helmer Foster, Bill and Rodrick MacKenzie from Upper Wilson Creek; Paul Estab from Cripple Creek; Dud VanBuskirk from Shaw Park. I was the only one living in Webster Park at that time. There were a few more that I can't remember. Some came for a few days, then left when we moved out of the range where their cattle ran.

One time Willard Biddix and I were driving some cattle when Robbie Nelson came to meet us. He had been to town and was carrying a pint of whiskey in his inside vest pocket. Willard was really needing a drink. When Robbie opened his vest pocket the bottle swung out and hit his saddle horn, and the bottom corner got broke. The whiskey started running down the horse's shoulder and from there to the ground. Quick as a flash Willard jumped off his horse and ran and stuck his mouth under that stream of whiskey so it wouldn't go to waste. Willard and Robbie were brothers-in-law.

One day on this roundup we were riding the West End, as we called it, and there were a lot of real wild cattle there. Dud VanBuskirk had a big seven-year-old steer in the bunch. Ray Giem and Harve Caywood were taking the cattle out to some flats. When Dud's old steer saw open country, he broke back and they let him go. I was quite a-ways behind, with no cattle, when I met this steer. He broke downhill. I was riding a real good rough-country horse so I took out after him as fast as my horse could go.

He turned around a big bushy piñon tree with my horse right behind him, and there lay two big old dead logs about eight feet apart. My horse just sort of squatted and jumped both logs, and I nearly fell over his head. I lost both bridle reins but the horse just kept right on after that steer with the reins flying back along his neck until I finally got hold of them. This scared the steer right back where he came from, but now he went through the cattle that Ray and Harve were driving. Ray tried to get his rope on the steer but his horse just wasn't fast enough. Monte, my horse, could catch any steer about anywhere.

I soon got to him and caught him by the horns. About this time Harve also caught the steer. Dud had said to butcher him if we couldn't do anything else. We were in a little park and I asked Harve, "What shall we do with him?" Harve said, "Well, the way to bleed him good is to cut the jugular vein and he will be all right to eat." So we drug the steer up againt a little tree, where I held him tight with my horse. Harve got out his pocket knife and cut his throat on one side.

We were about two miles from the Webster camp. I told someone to get a wagon to haul the steer to camp. Harve and I butchered him right there with two pocket knives, which was all we had to work with. We left the hide on him; he wasn't very fat.

While we were waiting, George Green's old hound dog was hanging around. The old dog would grab and swallow about anything you threw to him. One day we fed him nearly a whole pumpkin—he got things down so quick he didn't know what he was eating. (This same dog would pick up your hat or gloves and carry them along until you stopped.) We had the steer's insides lying there and were just waiting, so we started feeding the dog. We'd cut off a piece and throw it to him and watch him swallow. We just kept on till he got bigger and bigger, then he walked over by a tree and threw it all up. It was sort of sickening.

Finally they got there with the wagon and we loaded the steer and hauled him to camp, the Badger Gribble ranch on Wilson Creek. But he wasn't good eating after all.

After they cut my hair that day, everyone who did the least thing wrong would get chapped. This is done by someone holding you down and someone else taking a pair of leather chaps (usually with conchos on the legs) and beating your backside good.

Dud VanBuskirk was a big man. He thought they wouldn't tackle him, but one day Charlie and Clarence Chess—they were both big guys, too—decided to show him. They got Dud close to a bed, then grabbed him. They fell back and someone gave him a chapping.

We moved camp up to the Switzer place, about five miles up the creek from the Badger Gribble place. From there we rode out east on Rice Mountain. Thompson Mountain was west of Rice Mountain; the Switzer flats were north of the Switzer place. Some of us slept in the cabin on this place. The day we rode out on the Switzer flats, old Paul Estab complained of his side hurting. Paul was about fifty years old and he had a big moustache that hung way down. I guess some of the guys thought if they cut off half his moustache he would forget his side; so they grabbed him and cut it off.

The next day Paul was trying to turn a cow that had broken out of the bunch. His horse stepped in a prairie dog hole and fell, and the saddle horn ran right into Paul's side where it had been hurting. He was really in pain then. Someone went horseback to Current Creek where they phoned for the doctor.

Dr. Herman Graves came that night and looked at Paul and said he had appendicitis. When they rushed him to the hospital in Canon City, everyone was sorry about cutting off his moustache. He got all right after his operation but did not come back to the roundup that fall. Paul's ranch was over in sort of a hole just south of Cripple Creek.

We were ready to move from the Switzer place when George Green got the horses in and found that some of them had broken out and gone back to Webster. George saddled up the cook's buckskin and loped him all the five miles back down there to get the horses. He found them and brought them back as fast as he could. About the time he got Fred's horse unsaddled and turned loose, Fred came to catch his horse which he always kept saddled and tied back of the cook wagon.

When Fred saw his horse, wringing wet with sweat, he asked, "Who has been riding my horse?"

George was quick thinking and said, "He just rolled in the creek."

Fred said, "Oh he did, did he?"

I don't know what would have happened if he had known that George had been riding the horse. We probably would have been without a cook—and roundup is no time to have that happen. What did a cook fix for fifteen or twenty hungry cowboys? We always had plenty to eat—beef, spuds, beans, syrup. The only bread was biscuits. In the chuckwagon we also had canned milk, butter, sugar, mincemeat for pies, dried fruit, coffee, and lard. A big tin coffee pot, tin plates and cups.

All this country we were riding was infested with rattlesnakes. One day at the Switzer place, at noon, we had all filled our plates and sat down, cross-legged, with our plates of spuds, beans, meat, and biscuits in our laps. We were in a circle about thirty feet across. All of a sudden there was a big old rattler right in the middle of us and he was getting out of there.

He headed right for Willard Biddix, and you never saw a man get up so quick. He just dumped his plate of food on the snake. The rattler never coiled up or anything; it was real rocky with big sandweeds growing there, and the snake got away.

The roundup moved on to High Park, and then it was over. These were the best years of my life. It wasn't long till the nesters took up about all the land that was open at all; they left the real rocky and steep hillsides but they ruined it for a cattle range. They didn't plow up too much of this part of the country, but they fenced most of it and proved up and got a deed for the land. Even so, most of them couldn't make a living on these places.

The Federal Land Bank started lending in 1916. Some of the nesters got a loan of $5 an acre. I know some who, when they got the money, just loaded up their wagons and left. I met one and he told me, "I just sold out to the Federal Land Bank and it is theirs now."

Years went by. Now cattlemen have bought up these homesteads, or most of them, and the land is going back to grass like it used to be. Cattle are better taken care of now. Roundups are a thing of the past. Trucks and trailers haul your saddle horses miles to where you want to ride. You can go home nights, sleep in a bed instead of on the ground, eat at a table where dirt doesn't blow in your plate of grub or a rattlesnake make you move. Yet I am glad I lived through those days. It was carefree and a lot of fun. Very few who were on the roundup are living now. Erick Freek and myself are the only ones that I know of.

Wild Old Cherokee Nation

(Continued from page 12)

and were waiting for the "legger" down in a thicket just below the big spring.

"'Andy had told me earlier they were going for more firewater as everyone was about out. He also told me that for once his Uncle Dave was getting too much to drink. Andy thought this was a good joke on his uncle. He told me later that he and Cooie were waiting for the bootlegger, and about the time they heard footsteps from the direction they were expecting him they also heard footsteps coming from the direction of the store. There was thick woods and underbrush on each side of the trail and they moved back into this cover, not wanting to be seen by the unknown person coming from the store. The men on the path met directly in front of the two boys and only a few steps from where they were hiding. Dave Ridge was the man from the store and the others were Sampson Rogers and Wilson Towery.

"'When the three met, Andy told me Sampson Rogers said to his Uncle Dave, "I hear old Baggett has been shot and that you're the one who did it." Dave Ridge replied, "You know I saw you shoot Baggett from where you were in the barn." Rogers turned red and then

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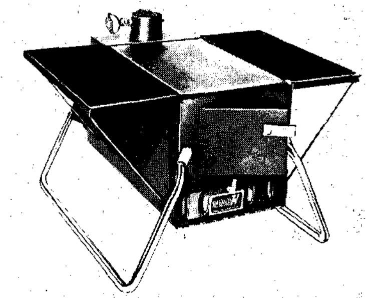

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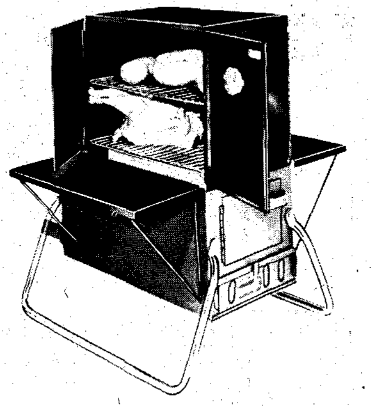

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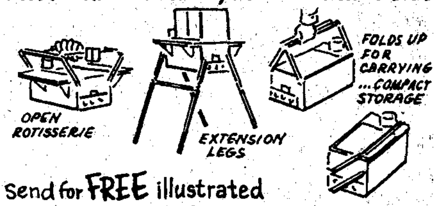
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his face went pale. "So that's the way it's gonna be, huh?" He then struck Ridge on the head with a bottle of whiskey and Ridge fell like a pole-axed steer. Andy knew that his Uncle Dave was pretty well drunk and that there was bad blood between the two men. He rushed from the thicket to stop Rogers from hitting his uncle again and Rogers turned on the boy telling him, "If I ever hear of you even mentioning what's happened here you'll get worse than your uncle!" He started to hit Andy also, but Wilson Towery got hold of him and begged him to go away and not get into more trouble.

"'It was suspected by many at the time, me included, that Sampson Rogers planned the whole thing by shooting Baggett while Ridge was arguing with him—perhaps to get the blame laid on Ridge and thus getting rid of two men he did not like. Rogers had had pretty serious trouble with each of the two men.

"'Wilson Towery kept walking Rogers down the path away from where Ridge lay, after which Cooie Bolin came forth to help Andy with his uncle. They picked him up from the trail and placed him on some grass under a big tree. Ridge lay very still except for great difficulty in breathing. Within moments he was dead.

"'As soon as Ridge was made comfortable as possible, and before he died, Andy started down the trail to tell Dave Ridge's wife of the shooting.

"'SHERIFF SUNDAY was over on Ulm Prairie with a prisoner he had put in irons and was spending the night at Tom Grider's home. As soon as Baggett was shot, someone went for the sheriff. Sheriff Sunday at once appointed Tom Grider as a special deputy, leaving the messenger in charge of the shackled prisoner, and he and Grider rode hard for Saline Courthouse. They arrived about midnight and the sheriff at once began asking questions. He did not yet know that his half-brother Dave Ridge was dead or even hurt. He just knew that Dave had caused a disturbance at the Baggett store and that Baggett was dead. But Sheriff Sunday was too smart to be taken in by a lot of talk, so he deputized Jim Millerburg and Gib Stop to help him search out the truth.

"'When Cooie Bolin arrived and told Sheriff Sunday that Dave Ridge was dead, the sheriff deputized Cooie also. He and his men fanned out all over the countryside searching for Sampson Rogers, as well as several others the sheriff wanted to question. Sheriff Sunday took Cooie Bolin with him and sent the other men in pairs in different directions.

"'Someone in the milling, excited

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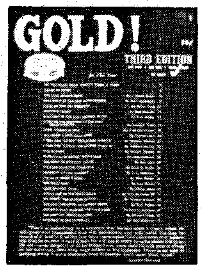
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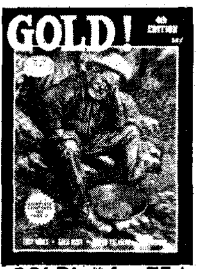
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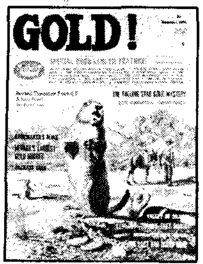
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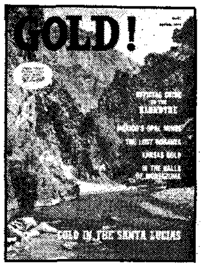
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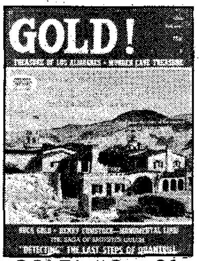
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crowd soon accused me of killing Baggett; and several, including the sheriff, knew I had had trouble with Baggett. I didn't like him. He was a big-headed know-it-all sort of fellow. But Sheriff Sunday said he'd talk to me first, and he and Cooie came over to the Teehee home where me and John were still sitting on the porch. I knew the sheriff would be over to ask questions sooner or later.

" 'John had his Winchester lying across his lap and later they made a big to-do about that, but everyone was carrying firearms as we never knew when someone would try for us. Just like everyone else in the whole country felt, we wanted to be ready to defend ourselves if need be. Of course we both had our .45s. A .45 was just part of your dress back then; *you'd no more go without one than you'd* go without your britches.

" 'Cooie Bolin and Sheriff Sunday come up to the porch after getting off their ponies at the yard gate, and Sunday asked me what I knew about the killing of Baggett and Ridge. I told him I was in the barn feeding the horses when the shot rang out that killed Baggett, and hadn't left the place since. He then asked me if I knew it was being said I had killed Baggett. I told him no, I knew nothing of what was being said or done for I hadn't left the house or talked to anyone but John.

" 'He then said, "Well, I want you to know, Martin, right now that you are under suspicion of murder. I want you to come in with me." I told him all right but I wouldn't have a bit of trouble proving I was at the Teehee home all evening. He said, "That's fine, Martin, and I believe you. Let's go." I got off the porch and started toward the front gate with him but I'd already made up my mind I was not going to be locked up in jail to get railroaded to the Execution Tree if I could help it.

" 'Just as we got to the front gate Sampson Rogers came up out of the darkness and offered us a drink from a bottle with just a little bit of whiskey in it. Rogers did not yet know he had killed Dave Ridge when he had hit him. We drank the whiskey and I said to Sheriff Sunday, "Sheriff, that's no drink. I've got a couple of bottles of good stuff stashed away right over there in the thicket." He said, "Good. Let's get it and have a drink. I'm bushed from sixteen hours in the saddle." I led the way with Sampson Rogers and Sheriff Sunday following close behind me. "There's a pint there by that big tree root, Sheriff," I told him. "You get it and I'll get the one on this side."

" 'Sheriff Sunday had not told Sampson Rogers yet that he was wanted for the murder of Dave Ridge. He had his own way of doing things and I always thought he planned to just let Rogers trail along and wait till we got to the jail before putting him under arrest. Or, it could have been he wanted to wait until some deputies were around, for Sampson Rogers was a mean and wily one and that's for sure.

" 'The sheriff and Rogers started pushing the leaves around hunting for the bottle, which was not there, and I walked around the big tree. As soon as I got that tree between me and them I broke for the underbrush which was thick as the hair on a dog's back. Sunday shot three times at me when he realized he had been tricked, but came nowhere near hitting me.

" 'JOHN was still on the porch when he heard the shots and he figgered what had happened. He struck out through the upper end of the thicket carrying his Winchester. He kept giving a bird call he knew I would recognize and pretty soon we got together. We laid low for half an hour or so and then we decided to make a break for it.

" 'The posse heard, or saw, us and shots flew from both sides. The posse was all around us and it seemed a miracle that more men were not shot in the melee for we all were just shooting at shadows and noise. It was about as dark as the inside of a polecat, except right on the edge of the thicket, and I don't think anyone could have possibly known who he was shooting at. Anyway in the shooting Sheriff Sunday was struck.

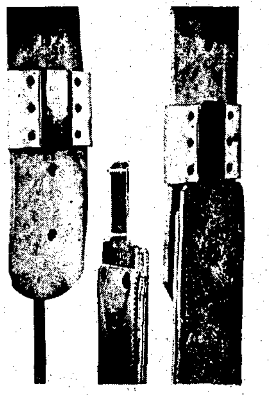
" 'In the darkness all was confusion. Sampson Rogers was locked up in the little jail at Saline Court for causing the death of Dave Ridge, and Cooie Bolin quickly gathered a posse to search the woods for me. When I ran away the sheriff had gone back to the Teehee yard and got his horse. The posse was all mounted, with the sheriff leading the search for me and John in the thicket, before he was shot.

" 'When day broke, the sheriff's horse was standing at the barnyard gate at his own home, and young Andy spied him there when he got up at daybreak. He went out to the barn to see what his father was doing, and found the saddle all covered with blood. A lot of blood but no father.

" 'This was the first inkling the family had that the sheriff might be in trouble. In fact, they never knew the sheriff had been sent for and assumed he was on his way to Tahlequah with his prisoner. Young Andy ran back inside to tell his mother, and also Dave Ridge's wife who was spending the night there after the tragic death of her husband.

" 'Andy then started for the courthouse to see what he could find out about his father. The Sunday home was some two miles away, and young Andy was hurrying along the narrow saddle trail when he suddenly came upon his father, wounded and dying beside the trail. The sheriff had propped himself up against a tree just a short distance from the Teehee home. Andy carried him to the Teehee home and he was put to bed, but he died that night. Right at the last he was supposed to have said that I shot him.

" 'When my good friend was buried I was in handcuffs and leg-irons and on my way to Tahlequah accused of his murder. I was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Later new evidence was presented to show that it would have been impossible for Sheriff Sunday, or anyone else, to have identified a man in the darkness. The sentence was commuted by the National Council and by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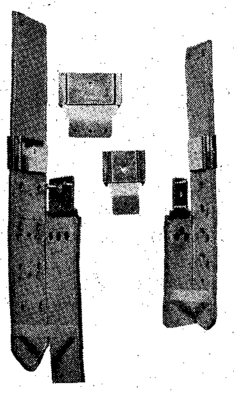
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Sam Mays, the Principal Chief of the Cherokees. I was to serve ten years in the National Prison at Tahlequah.

"'I had been there behind bars for three months when the chance of escape came. I took it. I made my way to West Texas where I found work on a ranch for several months. One weekend I rode into a little town and saw two men from Tahlequah. I knew they were hunting me so again I took off, not even taking time to collect my pay. I wound up at Quanah, Texas and there I enlisted in the army as the Spanish-American War was on. I served until the war was over.

"'During the time I was on the dodge and, later, serving in the army, the marshals were investigating the killings at Saline Court. Sampson Rogers was finally indicted for the killing of Sheriff Sunday, it being supposed he was looking for a chance to kill the sheriff because of previous bad feelings. Rogers was brought to trial but so bad was his reputation that witnesses were afraid to testify against him. He went free.

"'I certainly don't know if he killed the sheriff. I don't think anyone could know, the wild way that posse was shooting. I was cleared of all charges, and at last I was free. I came on back home and have lived all my life right here near the old Court.' So ended Martin Rowe's memory of the tragic killings.

"At the time I talked with Martin Rowe a few years ago he was living all alone in a small house in Stilwell, Oklahoma. He was getting way up in years. I doubt if Martin Rowe is still here to tell of the day of September 30, 1897 when three men died," Wildcat said.

IN 1894 the last Cherokee Strip payment was made to the Cherokees. The Cherokee Treasurer, E. E. Starr, left Fort Smith with $1,000,000 in cash, on his way to the scattered Cherokee Districts. As would be expected, this paymaster's wagon was accompanied by a strong guard of lawmen.

Uncle Jeff and my dad often repeated the doings of the paymaster's trail to me. The wagon first went to Fort Gibson, then on to Tahlequah, the capital, and here the payments began. Great crowds were gathered and much drinking and gambling—with slugging, robberies, murders and confusion in general—occurred but no trouble developed at the treasurer's office because of the strong guard of U. S. Marshals. However, away from the wagon or treasurer's office, trouble was everywhere; the human vultures who feed on the life savings and earnings of others swarmed the whole countryside and woe to the poor Indian who got his payment and took on too much firewater.

From Tahlequah the wagon made the circle through the Cherokee Nation, stopping at each appointed place for payment and usually remaining for three days to a week at each. They called at Vinita, Claremore, Webbers Falls, Flint, Sequoyah, and on Wednesday August 3, at Saline Courthouse. This was the last payment made. On August 28 the largest amount paid at any single place was made at old Saline Court. And here at this final payment, two more—and last—graves were made in the little cemetery.

In 1907 the Cherokee Nation became part of the new State of Oklahoma and the great Courts of the Cherokees were no more.

The stepping stone at the front of the old Saline Court was once the property of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. President Davis, according to old-timers, had the stone hauled in by wagon when he and his wife visited the District before the new building was erected. The stone was later moved from the little log cabin known for so many years as Saline Court to its present position. Wildcat Williams says the stone was at one time given to him but he preferred to leave it where it belongs.

I sat on Mrs. Davis' stepping stone in 1966 in the shade of the Ghost Trees. History crowds close in this place. The old building has had just three occupants since the Courts of the Cherokees were dissolved in 1907.

Mrs. Florine Ransom, the owner of Saline Courthouse, took me on a tour of the high ceilinged rooms and I stood before the wide fireplace where Cherokee justice was meted out for three-quarters of a century. She told me of the former owner, Dr. S. W. Perkins, who so loved the place that in his will he set aside a small knoll overlooking the old Court and its grounds for his final resting place.

The clear, cold, sparkling spring still runs; the lichen-covered jail and springhouse stands as sturdy as when erected long ago. Breezes whisper among the trees and stir the tall grasses that cover the paths to Snake Creek and the sand-filled pools of the Cherokees.

Just a mile away the black ribbon of Highway 33 carries an endless procession of automobiles, some of them loaded with vacationers seeking historic places in far away states—all unaware that history is here, with all its drama, under their very feet.

Three-legged Willie

(Continued from page 19)

When a provisional government was set up Williamson was commissioned a major on November 29, 1835 and asked to form the first company of Rangers. His withered leg did nothing to deter his active participation in the army for he rode well and he took part in the battle of San Jacinto as a member of the cavalry.

The Georgian was a complex man, a man of many moods, of strong feelings and convictions; and he became a legend in his time, not only because of his handicap, but because his decisions handed down as a judge were fair and sometime unique, and for his aptness as a campaigner and orator.

He was elected by the first Congress of the Texas Republic as judge of the Third Judicial District which was made up of Mina, Washington, Austin, Milam, Gonzalez and Colorado Counties. One of his chief claims to fame is that, lacking a suitable building, he held court in Columbus under a spreading oak tree, a tree which has withstood a couple of centuries of weather and abuse.

When Judge Williamson held court there, the small town of Columbus had seen hard times. The Alamo had fallen, and the city had almost been destroyed by fire, deliberately set by its citizens to keep what they had from falling into the hands of the enemy.

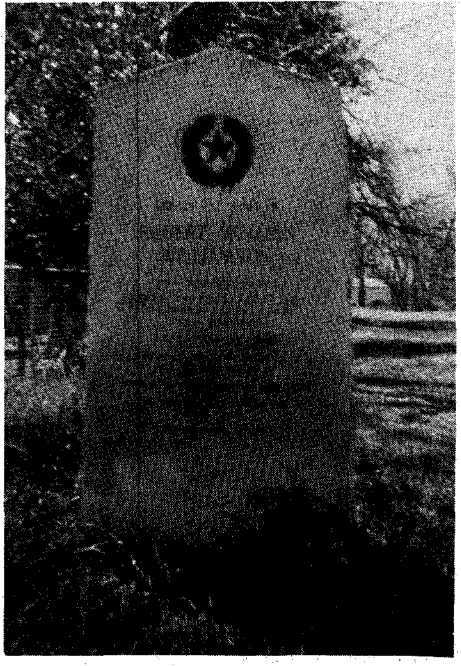
After the victory at San Jacinto, one by one the settlers returned to start over again. But Columbus epitomized the frontier; it was rough and swift in its justice and Robert McAlpin Williamson was the sort of judge it needed. It isn't known who first suggested that the oak was a good place to hold court, but soon Williamson's gavel was ringing out and court was in session there.

In the very heart of the city, the tree still stands just east of the present courthouse, its spreading branches still shading the street. When a pale moon casts eerie shadows through the old oak, one can easily imagine that Three-Legged Willie is presiding at its base as he did so long ago.

In his lifetime Williamson was a major of the Rangers, an alcalde at San Felipe, a judge, a commissioner of records, and a state senator. After he was defeated in a race for Congress in 1849, he retired to his farm at Independence to give time to his family.

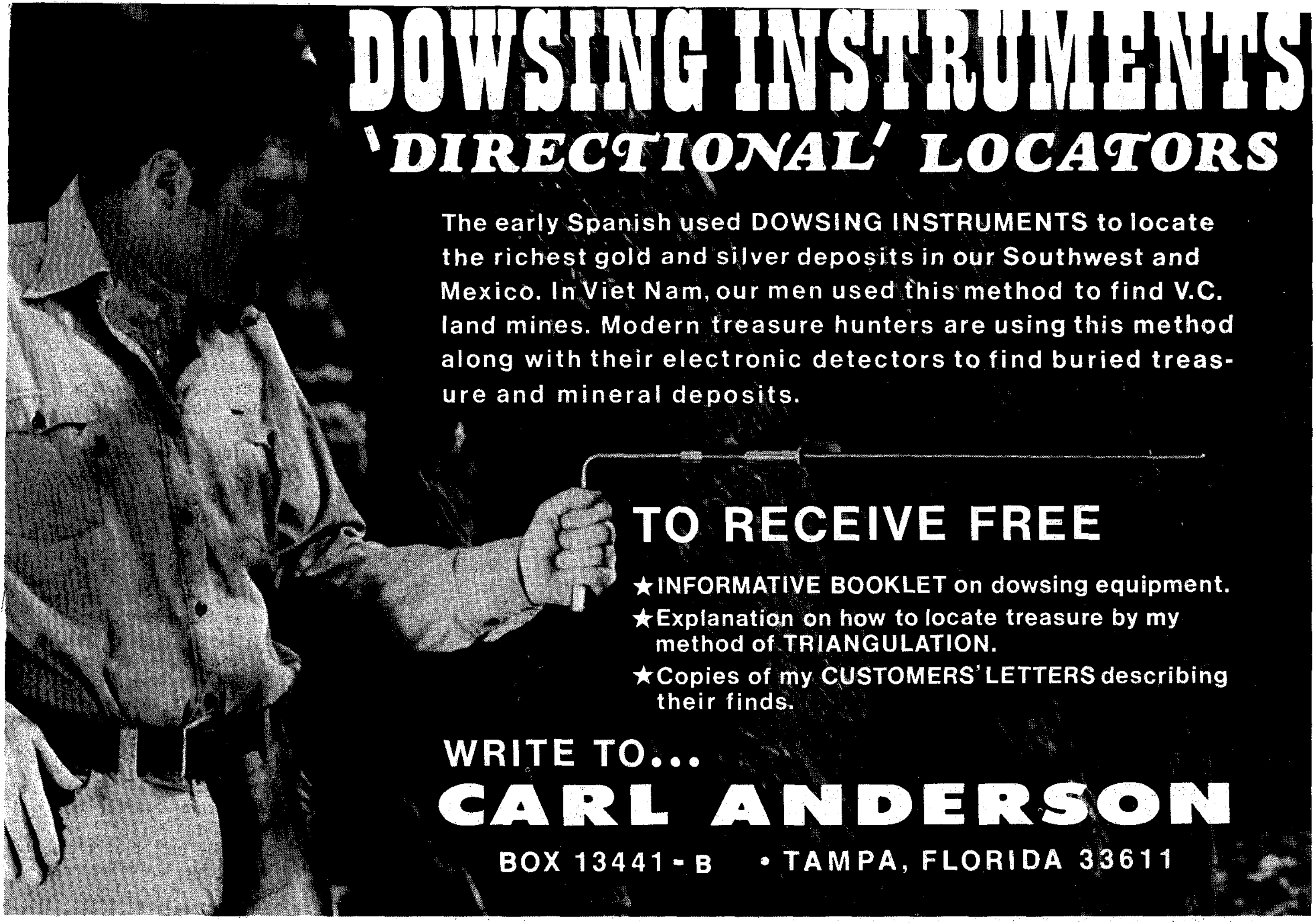
In 1857 Williamson suffered a severe illness, one which affected his mental capacities. With the death of his beloved wife he really began to fail. In 1858 Williamson died at the home of his father-in-law in Wharton and was buried there.

But the man from Georgia was not forgotten. Williamson County, created in 1848, is named for him and an historic marker was erected at his home in Wharton. Of course, he is remembered for his three-legged trousers, but he is remembered too for his kindness, his sincerity, and his great love for his adopted state. He died a man who said he had rather be called a Texian than any other name.



Marker on the site of the Williamson home located in the 200 block of East Burleson Street, Victoria, Texas.

His eloquence as a speaker for liberty during the days prior to the Texas Revo-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lution made him a partner to those men who made Texas history exciting. And above all, he was a man who rose above personal affliction.

In 1930 his body was moved to the State Cemetery in Austin, where he rests with so many other fellow-adventurers. At least, that is his "formal" resting place—but one can hardly travel through Columbus town even today without feeling the presence of Three-Legged Willie standing beside the old oak tree just off the square.

Night Journey

(Continued from page 22)

To excite my imagination further, a heavy black cloud passed over the moon. Even my friend, the moon, had gone back on me!

I determined to go back into the tunnel and stay until morning—or until a searching party came looking for me. But the chance of the latter was slight, because the boys at camp would naturally assume that I had stayed with Austin for the night, and there were no telephones up in that country. I figured that if I went back into the tunnel I would at least be out of the wind, and by walking back and forth I could keep from freezing until daylight. With all this in mind, I turned back to face the tunnel—that black hole in the side of the mountain.

Suddenly I saw three pairs of gleaming lights side by side back in the tunnel. And they moved! It seemed as if my heart sank into my stomach; a chill ran up my back; if my fur cap had not been down over my ears so tightly, my hair would have stood on end. I knew what those pairs of lights were. They were the eyes of three hungry wolves, who had tracked me through the tunnel and were now ready to welcome my return.

Yes, I had Austin's gun with me, but who can tell what a borrowed gun will do? I found out one time when we were building the Great Trunk Railway in British Columbia! I saw a bear knocking fish out of the Skeena River, and I climbed down to get a picture of him. But I changed my mind when I got close, and I ran back up the hill for safety. So I did the same with the wolves. I ran for safety with a revolver in one hand.

I doubt if the trains that are now making regular trips through those woods on steel rails make much better time than I did that night alone in the dark. Even so, my four-legged companions were still after me; I could hear them skampering through the brush. I climbed as far as I could up the side of a cut.

I didn't want to shoot for fear the sight of blood would antagonize them and they would climb up after me. Perhaps they were waiting for me to fall in exhaustion. I was soon running again as fast as I could. Camp, by then, was only a quarter of a mile down the line around the big curve. If I could only hold out!

My breath, coming in short difficult gasps, had frozen to my coat collar in white crystals, so I must have resembled a ghost. The cold air cut my lungs, and my fingers tingled in spite of my mittens. I was a mental wreck but the proximity of those creatures thirsting for blood gave me supernatural strength. I had run the mile in a college track team, but it was nothing like this! My only thought was to cover ground—then I tripped over a stake and hit my head on a projecting rock.

THAT moment's pause in their pursuit gave me an opportunity. I gave one bound for a tree. It was a tall poplar, the kind that grows fifty or a hundred feet tall in that country. How I got to the top I will never know, but there I was, up where the branches were frail and brittle. Then I climbed down to a comfortable position in the fork of a good-sized limb.

I was temporarily warm from my exertion, but I realized that I would freeze if I had to stay there long. Yes, the wolves stayed there too, and kept an eye on me. They glared up at me, mad because they let me escape. So, thought I, now is the time to try the borrowed gun. I took a good aim at the biggest of them and pulled the trigger; there was no shot. I snapped it two or three times more with no result. I have never had any luck with a borrowed weapon.

I was so disgusted I threw the gun at them; and strange to relate I hit one of them and the gun went off and killed another. He fell kicking and spilling blood all over the white snow. Then, since I was so successful throwing the gun, I tried throwing the engineers plumb bob in my pocket. This killed another, and the remaining wolf started eating the other two. It was a frightful thing to watch.

Once he looked up at me as if whetting his appetite for human blood, but he finally curled up and fell asleep. He seemed to be tired with the excitement of it all.

Although there seemed no doubt that he was asleep, at intervals his lips and his feet twitched. When he finally became quite still, determination came over me to, in some way, take advantage of his condition. What a feather in my cap it would be if I could capture him alive! Wouldn't my name look good in the newspaper in large headlines: "Local man captures wild wolf alive in Canada." I decided I might be close enough to camp to arouse the boys, even though they were in bed by this time. So I called and called—but got no response. After considering all the possibilities carefully, I concluded that the best procedure would be to take off my mackinaw, climb carefully down from my perch, and then when in jumping distance, I would spring on him, coat first, and envelop him before he could regain his senses. It sounded easy, but there were some "ifs." What if he had one eye open and would spring at me before I could get my coat over him?

Slowly and quietly I climbed down the tree. The wolf did not move. I sprang at him and in an instant had him pinned in the snow. He struggled and I threw all my weight on him. For a time I was afraid he would wiggle out from under my coat, but I soon succeeded in tying his mouth shut with my handkerchief, and his legs together with my suspenders.

"There he is! There he is!" I could feel someone shaking my shoulder. I opened my eyes. The fellows from camp were there with lanterns.

"Yes, where is he?" I asked. "Where is the wolf I just killed?"

"You didn't kill any wolf," someone said, "but you came near getting killed by them. We heard all the unearthly howling and decided we had better see what was the matter. We found you lying here in the cut. You must have fallen down the bank there. See where you rolled down through the snow?"

"Yes," I said, sitting up. "I remember it all now. I stumbled over a stake. After that, it is hazy to me except for the big wolf I caught."

"Tell us about it," they all chimed in.

Just then I didn't feel like telling much, but I got up, felt myself all over, and was apparently none the worse for my experience, except for a bruised head. We started walking toward camp and as we walked I told them of my experience up in the tree, and later my struggle with the wolf—all of which had been a dream. A nightmare.

The next morning I related the story of my whole lonely trip from Austin's—how my lamp went out—how the wolves followed me through the tunnel. It *did* make a good story. I wrote home and told my folks about it. Funny thing—the tree episode which did not happen has remained just as vivid in my mind as the events which actually took place. I'm eighty-eight years old now—that's a long time to remember things.

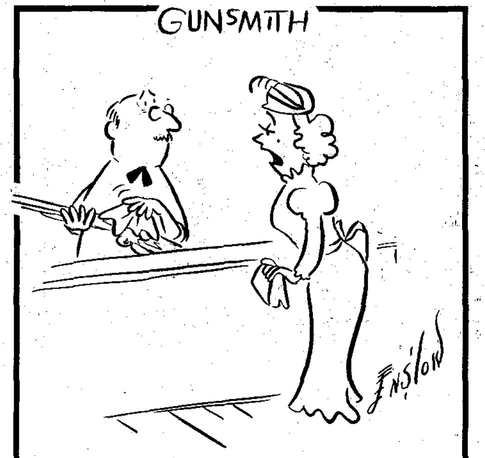
Gold! Gold! Gold!

(Continued from page 13)

into it. "Over here," he instructed. "We'll see how much gold's in a bucketful."

We followed this unbelievable mining man to a tubful of water. He dumped the sand into a nearby gold pan. His left hand and the hook on his right arm swirled the pan with unbelievable dexterity. He then showed us such a string of gold along the groove of the pan that I just couldn't believe it. Certainly no one could skim rich gold off the top of a sand pile that looked as though it had not been disturbed for years.

"Beautiful, ain't it?" He showed it individually to each of us with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.



"I'd like to purchase one of those fast guns I've heard so much about."

Then he said, "Watch!" While he balanced the gold pan against his hip with his hooked arm, he ran his forefinger over the gold. "Gone," he exclaimed. Running his finger over the gold had caused it to vanish.

"Flour gold. It's beautiful but don't weigh nothin'. Just shows how much gold is here. C'mon." He dropped the pan and started off among the trees, motioning us to follow and setting a pace that almost made us run to keep up. "I'm over seventy. That's why I want t' sell. I'll show you the richest quartz ledge you ever did see."

But he evidently was going to leave that till later. Three or four hundred feet from the tent, he produced a sack that I had not noticed stuck in his belt. Bouncing around like a crow picking up kernels of corn, he filled the sack with brownish red rocks which lay scattered on the surface. Back at the washtub, he pestled several of the rocks in a mortar, then washed the ground-up dust. "That's heavier gold." He showed us. "It's all over the place."

Turning to Cornu, he suggested, "I'll show you the rich vein. Just you. Don't generally show it to strangers." He picked up a ten-foot ladder, removed what looked like a trap door in the earth back of the tent, then up-ended the ladder till it stood nearly vertical. Procuring a flashlight from his tent, he said, "Come on," and disappeared down the ladder. Cornu, who was the only one invited, looked at us and shrugged, then also disappeared down the ladder.

After fifteen or twenty minutes, Cornu came up first. Jim, immediately behind him, guided the doctor to the tent where we could hear them talking, but not loud enough to distinguish the words. Then Cornu reappeared and announced, "I guess I've seen everything. We might as well get started."

When I was driving again, Knouse asked the doctor, "What did you see down there?"

Cornu laughed. "He's definitely found a rich gold vein. He's got visible gold pointed up in a hollowed-out room down there like a specimen of a fortune. It almost looks as though he's taken some out and wants to keep the rest intact. There's no question that it's a genuine vein, but it's narrow and somehow leaves the impression that it's just too good to be true. He admits there's no natural water here. He hauls in what he uses for panning and drinking. I'm not going to take a chance on the thing—but did you ever see a fellow like that?"

Knouse and I agreed we had never seen a fellow like Jim Corbin. Neither had we ever seen gold like he had shown us. We were in accord, too, that the gold was genuine, that there was no fake about it, and yet we all had the feeling that what we had just experienced was not real.

Now looking back from a distance of thirty years, I would give a twenty-dollar gold piece, even at today's high prices, just to be able to remember exactly where I was that day. If given a second chance, I wouldn't be so skeptical. I'd be willing to believe my own eyes.

She Saw Jed Smith Die

(Continued from page 18)

watched one another's children grow up, and one afternoon Neihardt stopped by to ask Mrs. Boyles' opinion about letting one of his daughters work away from home for the summer. Neihardt gave the following account of what happened that afternoon:

"When I talked to Mrs. Boyles I had no intention of consulting her on the place of Jed's death. I had been working, off and on, for several years on *The Song of Jed Smith*, but I was not then actively engaged in the work. I had gone to visit her as an old friend, and we had been talking about our children for some time when she suddenly said, apropos of nothing in particular, 'I know all about that feller you are writing about.' And I said, 'What about "that feller"?' And she said, 'He didn't die down there in that dry river—'"

Neihardt then asked her who said he did die down there. Mrs. Boyles apparently did not know Smith's name, but she insisted that he didn't die quite the way people thought he had. "It was then," Neihardt said, "that she gave me the meticulous description that I gave in the ending of *Jed Smith*—it is quite literally as she told me."

Mrs. Boyles explained the incident as follows: "I said, 'Don't talk—I see, and I went back in time. . . . I am now back on that train going over the . . . river and saw the place where Smith was at and I saw a large tree laying cross a gorge up the river a mile and a half. Time passed. I only knew this was a wide-awake vision and me back in time."

She traveled backward in time, not once but twice, to be once again on that train from San Francisco, looking out over the dry river, and before her eyes passed the dying of Jedediah Smith, as it happened more than a century before. She described the scene and the setting in great detail, and told Neihardt if he would go there he would find the spot exactly as she described it.

Of course, one questions whether such a thing could really happen, if some kind of hoax were not involved. When I first heard the story from Neihardt in 1966 I was amazed, but drew back from it as people do from events that seem unexplainable. Yet Neihardt, while interested in the mystical, was in many ways a hard-headed realist; an extremely intelligent man who was always careful *not* to speculate but to present *only* the facts of what happened.

I asked him to retell the story several times over the years. He never changed his version one whit (nor the version of *any* story he told). He said this was because he told the truth, and only had to remember what happened. He said Mrs. Boyles simply had powers that he could not explain. I could make of the story what I would.

Then, by a stroke of luck, a friend of mine, Dan Borengasser, had occasion to go to St. Louis. He had become interested in the story and wondered if he could track down Mrs. Boyles or anyone who knew her. Neihardt had been living for some years in Nebraska and had not been in contact with her—indeed, did not even know if she were alive. Dan opened the phone book and found her name. She was not only quite alive and alert, but still giving "readings" even though she was now eighty years old.

Dan and I conferred and decided to make separate appointments with her, a week apart. We both lived near Chicago, almost two hundred miles away, and didn't see how she could check either of us out—or even why she would bother. Her fee for a reading was two dollars, hardly a sum large enough to make it worth her while to do any detective work on us.

Neither Dan nor I wrote to Neihardt of our discovery of Mrs. Boyles or of our intended visit. Nor would we tell her we knew each other, or that we were coming to check out the Smith story.

Dan, an engineer who cut his teeth on a slide rule and who prides himself on his logic, came back from his interview with Mrs. Boyles a bit stunned. She had not only told him the same story Neihardt had, but showed him letters from Neihardt substantiating it. She also demonstrated her powers by telling Dan more about his past and present circumstances than he thought she could possibly know. She had only hit one false note, as far as he could see—she told him about a member of his family who had been badly frightened by a horseback riding accident. That, he said, wasn't true, but she had called almost every other shot perfectly. (He was even more amazed, on a later trip home, to find out his younger brother had seen such an accident as a child and was still terrified of horses as a result.)

In short, Dan didn't see how Mrs. Boyles had done it, and I wasn't convinced she had. The next weekend, a sunny October morning, I made the long journey to Leona Boyles myself. She lived in a modest house in the suburbs. I entered her consulting room with some trepidation, for I wanted the Smith story, but didn't want to tip my hand. We sat down across from each other at a large table covered with a blood red cloth. In the center was a crystal ball.

She took my hand and stared past me. She then told me, to my utter astonishment, where I was born, how many were in my family, that my uncle had just been dangerously ill and that my father had been similarly ill some time before. She told me what I did for a living, that I had just changed jobs, that I had *almost moved to the mountains*, that I had one son, what his hair color was, where he was right then, and whom he was with. She was right on all counts, and on others. She told me I liked to write, and said I sometimes did.

And then she said, "I knew a feller who wrote," and proceeded to tell me the whole story of herself, Neihardt, and Jed Smith.

"Fate" she said, had linked her journey from San Francisco to the earlier death of Jed Smith and her later contact with Neihardt. Such patterns, she said, rule our lives, bringing us into contact with one another for purposes we don't always understand, but must carry out. Had Fate, I wondered, really linked Leona Boyles, John Neihardt, and Jed Smith—linked a woman with a fourth-grade education and psychic powers to a poet and professor, and a mountain man?

NEIHARDT used Mrs. Boyles' vision of Jed's death to conclude his poem. He wrote, "There was no definite understanding as to where Jed was killed except that it was somewhere on the Big Bend of the Cimarron, *which is rather vague*." No white man saw Jed die; he had gone alone to seek water and never returned. The *Comancheros* who turned up with Jed's guns in Santa Fe reported that the Comanches said that fifteen or twenty of their warriors had surrounded him. They wounded him in the shoulder, but he killed their chief, then finally fell beneath their lances. They killed him and stripped him of his guns. This was the version given in *The Illinois Patriot* when it reported his death.

Josiah Gregg, who talked with the Mexicans, had a slightly different version, the one that Neihardt had used in *The Splendid Wayfaring*. Smith found a trickle of water in the Cimarron and hurried to slake his thirst. While digging

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in the sand for more water, he was ambushed by Comanches and shot with arrows. He turned and managed to fire several times, killing a few of the party, but was finally overcome by them.

Mrs. Boyles described the scene differently. She said that downriver from a twisted tree was a sandstone point jutting over the dry riverbed. On the point was a boulder, also somewhat pointed. In the shadow of the rock ledge, Jed dug with his knife in the dry stream bed. One of a party of Indians lying hidden threw a knife which struck him in the back. Then, as Jed tried to crawl away, they slowly and systematically filled his body with arrows. But Jed Smith was a strong man. He kept trying to crawl, his body bristling with the knife and arrows, leaving a trail of blood behind him on the sunbaked mud. He could not make it past the shadow of the sandstone ledge, but still he did not die. The Indians swarmed over him, taking his guns. Then several mounted the sandstone ledge and pushed down the boulder lying there to crush and pin Jed's dying body. Afterward they took his horse and rode away.

This is how Neihardt ends his poem. He has one of the narrators, Robert Evans, see Jed's death in a vision, just as Leona Boyles did. It is a fitting end to a poem of both violence and vision, of harsh realities and elusive mysteries.

And yet, one still wonders if Leona Boyles somehow had traveled back not once, but twice in time, to see Smith's death—first to her childhood sight of the dry river, and then to an event that happened some sixty years before she was born.

Neihardt went to check for himself. While in the Southwest on a lecture trip, he stopped along the Cimarron to see if such a place did exist. He asked a rancher if he knew of a pointed sandstone ledge along the river, and the rancher said no, no such formations existed. But Neihardt struck out on his own.

Within forty-five minutes he found a sandstone point precisely like the one Mrs. Boyles had described. The stream bed was dry and showed no boulder. He climbed down and began brushing away debris and sand. There, under the growth, and barely covered by a century of sand and dirt, was the pointed boulder she had described to him. There was no trace of a body, but over a hundred years of wind, rain, and foraging animals had passed over the lonely spot. Neihardt knelt in the sand, staring at the boulder she told him he would find there, the boulder that had sealed Jed Smith's death.

"I don't care what authorities may think about my reason for accepting Mrs. Boyles' opinion," wrote Neihardt, "but I accept her description as accurate. The matter of the boulder below the sandstone point was not invented by either Mrs. Boyles or me."

One question remains. Could Leona Boyles have passed over near that spot on her return journey from San Francisco? If she traveled on the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe, she might very well have done so, for the tracks cross the Cimarron at its Big Bend. But like Jed Smith's story, this one too must end in mystery. Only one thing is certain—the peculiar and intriguing pattern of events in the lives of John Neihardt and Leona Boyles helped bring Smith's story back to light. Dale Morgan, the foremost scholar on Smith, wrote that Neihardt's early biography and epic poem "contributed largely to a revaluation of a neglected American hero."

Jed Smith is neglected no more. But the revival of his story was brought about in part by strange forces and bizarre patterns. The American West was both real and mysterious, a place in which forces larger than life seemed to have moved, a land in which forces beyond those of mere reason helped to shape. And Jedediah Smith was one of the men who helped set those forces in motion.

Raised In A Barn

(Continued from page 31)

stretch your legs out toward the other side. Couples would alternate with other couples by some facing one way and some facing the other way. The bed or seating was covered with hay for comfort and warmth, with buffalo robes for our laps.

The sleigh we had for hire would hold thirty or forty kids and took four horses

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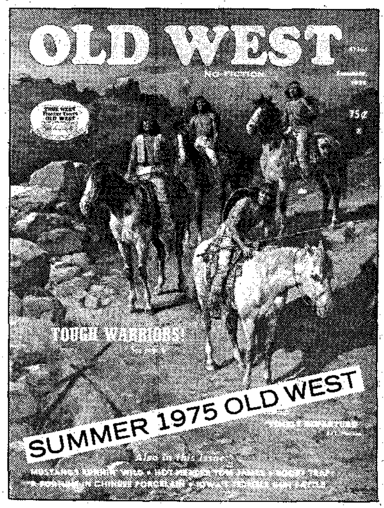


to pull it nicely. It was gaily painted, and a string of sleigh bells were buckled around each horse and plumes were attached to the horses' heads, so all in all it was a colorful sight mixed with laughter, girls, giggles, and songs.

After the ride it was customary to have oyster stew, hot chocolate, cookies and cake. Many a high school romance was started this way, but most of them were terminated as we graduated and went different directions.

Of course, livery stable vehicles had their more solemn uses. I well remember how the small town or country preachers handled the funerals. The lead-off vehicle was the pallbearers' rig. This held six men in a carriage somewhat like the buses that met the trains. It was painted black and had a long seat on each side so the stalwart coffin carriers sat sideways facing each other.

The driver's seat was wide enough for two people, and the preacher generally sat up front with the driver. This set him apart from the pallbearers—sort of making him the "lead-off" man in the procession. Of course, the driver was on the same seat but he did not share the direct contact with God the preacher had.

However, in case of rain or snow, material comforts came into play and the master of ceremonies or preacher crowded into the covered part of the vehicle with the pallbearers. Protocol was forsaken if it was just too damn wet or cold up front with the driver. After all, they didn't want a preacher who might lose his voice for next Sunday's sermon because of a cold. There were always some poor souls that he really had to bear down on in a loud voice. They had to be convinced to seriously consider their ultimate destiny, at least until the next Sunday when they could get another dose of straight talk from their guide to eternal bliss. These backsliders were a lot of work and took a lot of constant attention to keep on the right road. However, indirectly they did make the preacher permanent. Otherwise he would just talk himself out of a job; there'd be nobody left to save.

To get back to the procession from the home to the church and the graveyard, the hearse was next in line to the pallbearers' rig. It was black too, of course, and usually pulled by a pair of black horses but bay horses would do if necessary, because the horses that pulled the hearse were covered with black netting with holes for their ears.

The sides of the hearse were glass so you could see the pretty coffin inside. The coffin was often purple with a wreath or two on it. I don't know whether the deceased ever knew it, but he was getting a fancier ride than he had ever had while alive.

Next came the principal mourners in black hacks. The gravity of their thoughts was apparent and their grave expressions easily maintained unless the deceased was leaving a lot of worldly possessions behind. In this case it took more self control to keep their expressions so solemn while their minds kept racing with the contemplation of how much they individually would share in the estate.

On one occasion when I heard the preacher giving his eulogy about a wealthy man, I was a confused fourteen-year-old boy. The grown-ups had always spoken of this particular man as an unscrupulous old skinflint, with other very unfavorable adjectives as to how he had made his money.

I tried to reconcile the two different versions of the deceased's background. My first thought was that maybe the undertaker had gotten the bodies mixed up. However on second thought, looking and seeing his own family there, that couldn't be right. No mix-up.

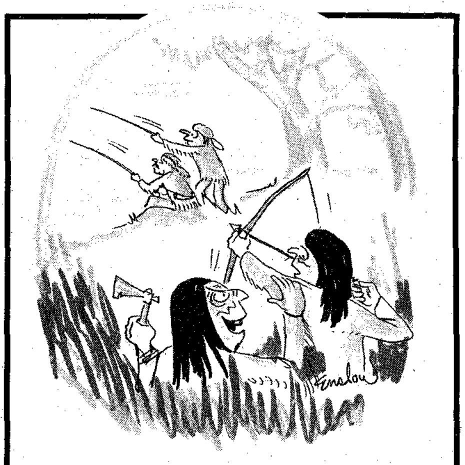
As the preacher was sort of long-winded and me being a little light on mental equipment at the age I was, also having read a few Indian stories, I concluded the Indians were right that white man speaks with a forked tongue.

It had been a long, inactive, tiring day for one my age. I was looking forward to when we got a respectful distance from the cemetery and could then, with no disrespect for the dead, jog the horses back home to the barn.

My oldest brother outlived my other brothers. A few years ago he and his wife were getting ready to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary. They wanted me to come to Minneapolis for the event but I couldn't go. So I dedicated a little homespun poem that seemed to please him.

One of the verses was:

"But we can remember the funeral drives
On top of a two-horse hack.
Shieldsville today and Walcott tomorrow,
Walk 'em goin', jog 'em back."



"Hold it, Little Crow! Wait 'till they catch something!"

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 37)

about his grave.—Rita Shipman Carl, Box 91-A, R. D. 1, Athens, New York 12015

Simpson-Wilson

I am looking for descendants of Robert Simpson who married Louisa Wilson. They had seven children. Francis, born 1861, married Clint Blanchard; Josephine, born 1862, married Jim Dorsey; Robert, born 1866 spouse unknown; John Henry, born February 27, 1868, married Mary Elizabeth Oglesby; Will, born 1871, spouse unknown; Sam, spouse unknown; Jane, born 1874, spouse unknown.

John Henry and Mary Elizabeth Oglesby had seven children: Francis (Fannie); John Henry, Jr.; Arkie Jane; Levi; Ellen Elizabeth; Rebecca Ann (Becky); and Melvina (Vina, my mother).

Mary E. died November 15, 1909 at Pocasset, Oklahoma. Fannie, Henry and Levi died before reaching adulthood. John Henry (my grandfather) moved to Temple, Oklahoma after the death of Mary and lived for a few months before leaving his four surviving daughters to look for a better place to live, telling them he would be back as soon as he found a place for them. Within two weeks of his departure the eldest daughter (Arkie) married a widower with six children, taking her three sisters and leaving the country. Upon his return, John Henry had no family and no forwarding address. He was last heard of in 1910. He was a blacksmith and also went from town to town showing still pictures. He was known for his whistling and could imitate any kind of bird. I feel that my grandfather remarried and raised a second family. I would appreciate hearing from them or anyone who knows what happened to my grandfather. —Lavina Riggle, Box 366, Ringling, Oklahoma 73456

Murphy-Ledbetter-Ferguson

Lizzie Beth Murphy was born in 1848, I believe, and died in 1930. She married Jack Ledbetter, born in 1840, died 1928. They were my great-great-grandparents. Were they from Alabama? Their children were Dave, Albert, Edd, Willie, Henry, Lee, Clyde, John, Lillie, Jenny, Myrtle, Sara, and my great-grandmother, Betty Lizzie Beth Cynthia. She was born 1877 and died 1967. She married McMillian Ferguson December 12, 1895. My grandmother's name is Bertha Owen Meeks. She is seventy-nine, but I don't know the names of any of her brothers and sisters. Betty and McMillian settled in Oakland, Oklahoma.

Any information on the above people would be appreciated.—Dale Eubanks, 1300 South Hutchings, Longview, Texas 75601

Murphy

I would like to hear from descendants of my great-great-uncle William Brown Murphy, born February 14, 1853 in Salem County, New Jersey. He emigrated to Texas sometime around the year 1884. He may have lived in Newton County, Texas; and died of yellow fever. Whom did he marry? Were there children? When did he die and where is he buried? William's father was Thomas Murphy and his mother was Elizabeth. Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. H. Grady Harrell, Box 174, RD #2, Monroeville, New Jersey 08343

Tritt

I would like to learn the origin of one of my ancestors, Hans Peter Tritt. He arrived in Philadelphia from Rotterdam, Holland on September 3, 1739, on a

(Continued on page 52)

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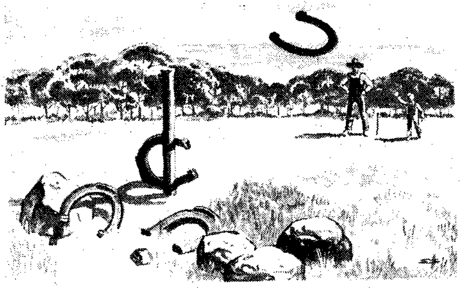

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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LAND BARGAIN!

John Adams and the Spanish Border Crisis (Humbug Gulch Press, P. O. Box 204, Amarillo, Texas 79105, $5.00) by Don Turner lets the public in on the international intrigue that led up to the Louisiana Purchase. Louisiana Territory served as a pawn between France and Spain for decades. England had designs on this American heartland and the young American Republic wanted it to control commerce on the Mississippi River. Future president John Adams started wheels cycling for the eventual purpose of buying the huge Louisiana Territory. The booklet contains an exchange of correspondence between officials of the United States and those of France and Spain. In 1803 France sold the Territory to the U. S. for $15 million or four cents per square mile. Napoleon needed cash to finance a war against England yet he told Frenchmen the money would be used for digging canals and for making other improvements. While Adams started the negotiations, the actual purchase was made under the Jefferson administration. Complaining members of the U.S. Federalist Party bitterly compared this deal with the skin-game price of $24 worth of beads for Manhattan Island.

GAME IN THE FAR NORTH

Alaska Hunting Guide (Alaska Northwest Publishing Co., $3.95) by the editors of *Alaska* magazine is the annually revised manual for big game hunters interested in testing their skills in the Alaskan wilds. The book is a treasure house of information for the novice and the veteran alike. Covered is general information on size or area, mountains, rivers, climate, physiographic regions, communications, and transportation. Additional chapters discuss wildlife, outfitting, trophies, ways to hunt, current game laws, butchering, sports, fishing, and incidental activities like clam digging and berry picking. An index helps search out specific facts. Intended for hunters, *Alaska Hunting Guide* will also be of interest to wildlife students or nature lovers.

ROBIN HOOD OF THE SAND HILLS

Until recently Doc Middleton's infamous history has been barely kept alive in the shadowy folklore of Nebraska's past. Harold Hutton's new book, *Doc Middleton, Life and Legends of the Notorious Plains Outlaw* (Sage Books, $10.00) presents the most comprehensive discourse that has been written about the life and times of the old horse thief, murderer, and Nebraska Robin Hood. Born to a poor family in Bastrop County, Texas, James Riley ("Doc") ran with sticky-fingered friends who appropriated other people's property, particularly horses. An expert horseman and cowboy, Doc took a turn at trail driving and drifted north to Nebraska Sandhills along the Niobrara River. With a small gang of outlaws he stole hundreds of horses from Indian reservations and ranches. Driven far away to markets, the horses sold readily at good prices to settlers homesteading Nebraska's virgin acres of grass. Doc's public relations program kept him in business. Gifts to isolated ranch families and aid to the sick and needy gained him a reputation as a friend and benefactor. These people provided him a hideout, food, and fresh horses when posses crowded him. The law finally caught up with him and he spent five years in the penitentiary at Lincoln. Changing names several times helped cover his trail of horse stealing and murdering. After the stint in the pen, he settled down and engaged in various businesses. Three wives and several children became part of his legacy. The first two wives divorced him during his absence while in jail or in hiding. Though not a facile writer, Hutton is a diligent researcher who has dug up an amazing lot of information, much of it from people who knew Doc and from letters, newspaper accounts and court records. A Nebraska Sandhill rancher himself, Hutton lives where Doc operated. Judging from many of the quotes from old-timers, the author must have taped their rambling stories before he died. It is obvious Hutton was fascinated with his subject and even partially sympathized with him when he said Doc only killed in self-defense. This book clarifies a segment of Great Plains history that has remained more mysterious than real. Middleton was a far more accomplished outlaw than many who have received greater notoriety.

GUNMEN!

Robert Elman does a rather thorough job of debunking the legends of many of the *Badmen of the West* (Ridge Press/Pound Book, $14.95), with the dust jacket subtitle "The first complete book of the American Outlaw, The Lives and Times of Renegades, Bandits, Rustlers and Gunfighters who Made the West Wild." After a brief survey of the badmen of the colonial period and the first years of the Republic he has his say about Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, Ben Thompson, the Earps, Clay Allison, Tom Horn, the Starrs, the Daltons, the Doolins, Black Bart and the Wild Bunch. There are chapters on "Some Badwomen" and "Border Clashes" that add to the overall picture. The book is handsomely illustrated with paintings by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, William R. Leigh, O. C. Seltzer, J.N. Marchand et al, and with well chosen photos. This is the historian at work and Elman has done his work well—no Robin Hoods emerge and only a few kind words for the Wild Bunch and Black Bart interrupt his cutting through myths, legends, hearsay and lies to tell us what our Western Badmen really were. Recommended.

Herman Toepperwein did a series of vignettes on gunmen some years ago for *Texas Parade*. Now the forty-five episodes have been gathered into a book, *Showdown, Western Gunfighters in Moments of Truth* (Madrona Press, $9.50). The author wrote an introduction to the series and Austin artist Charles Shaw did a pen and ink drawing for each of the episodes. Billy the Kid, Clay Allison, Bill Longley, Ben Thompson, Buckshot Roberts, "Killer" Jim Miller, John Wesley Hardin, John Selman, Black Jack Ketchum, Belle Starr, Sam Bass, Hendry D. Brown and Tom Horn are among those you expect to and do find in *Showdown*. But there are other surprises, too. Topperwein unearthed some dandies about some of the lesser known practitioners. Snappy but good.

WE THREE . . .

William A. Owens, native Texan, Professor Emeritus of English and Dean Emeritus of the Summer Session at Columbia University and author, knew Roy Bedichek, J. Frank Dobie and Walter Prescott Webb quite well. Bedichek specified "The editing of my letters and documents will be assigned to William A. Owens" as a condition of the gift of his personal papers to the Archives Library, University of Texas. Owen's book *Three Friends* (University of Texas press, $3.95) was first issued by Doubleday in 1969 and it provides an insight into the depth of character and great affection of these three great Texans for one another from their letters to each other. It is good to have this classic back in print.

ON THE TRAILS WEST

The westward hegira has challenged writers ever since emigrants trundled toward the Rockies and Pacific Ocean in search of land, gold or a place for independent worship in the 1840s. *Eye-Witness to Wagon Trains West* (Scribner's, $7.95) is smartly edited by Irishman, James Hewitt, who selected the writings of those who were there, and prepared the background commentary supported by a list of sources, index, 8 maps, 23 photographs, drawings and other illustrations. The book deals solely with the northern trails from St. Louis and other Missouri River points of departure to Utah, Oregon and California. The three followed about the same route to the Green River Basin where the Oregon Trail branched northwest. The California Trail left the Oregon route at Ft. Hall and wound southwest to the Humboldt River westward. The Mormon Trail split off at the Green River and passed Fort Bridger and on to Salt Lake City. Some of the Oregon traffic drove to Fort Bridger and later joined Sublette's Cut-off south of Cokeville. A road, but not shown on the map, ran from Salt Lake City to Fort Hall and Soda Springs. Another, but infrequently used, route to California, called the Hastings-Donner Cut-off, went south of the Great Salt Lake and crossed the perilous salt flats to Pilot Peak and on to the Humboldt River. The Donner-Reed party which followed Hastings Cut-off became snowbound in the Sierra where half of the number starved to death and the remainder survived on the flesh of dead comrades. While much of the overland experience is not included, the reader will be pleased with an overview of the following: The Bidwell-Bartleson party to California, 1841; Emigration to Oregon, 1843; The Donner-Reed party, 1846; The Mormon Exodus, 1846-47; and the Gold Rush, 1848-49. Very good.

TEXAS DIGGINGS

Even if the legends, tall tales and "they says" are discounted fifty percent there are many lost diggings in Texas. Jesse Rascoe's *Texas Lost Mines* (Frontier, $3.50) calls the role county by county of the minerals to be rediscovered. You don't have to be a treasure or lost mine hunter to enjoy the spritely accounts of these legendary (and actual) diggings.

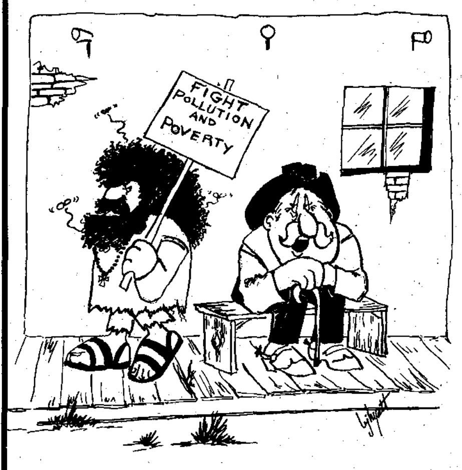
REFUGE IN MEXICO

Across the Rio to Freedom (Texas Western Press, $3.00) is the story of U. S. Negroes in Mexico, by Rosalie Schwartz. It is Monograph No. 44 in the great Southwestern Studies series and one of the best as it explores one of the least known facets of the U.S.-Mexican relations. Long before the Rio Grande was a common boundary, Negro slaves from the South found sanctuary in Spanish Florida. The 1819 Treaty closed this door when Florida became a part of the U. S. Some slaves escaped from the Louisiana plantations into Spanish Texas before the Revolution. The Anglo colonists took slaves into Texas, although the Spanish, and after the 1821 Revolution, Mexican authorities did not encourage the practice. Slavery was abolished in Mexico in 1829 but Texas was exempted—the law of 1830 forbade the introduction of additional slaves but did recognize existing slavery. After Texas won independence, slavery increased greatly north of the Rio—so did the escapes to freedom south of the border. Two of Sam Houston's slaves were among those who fled to Mexico. The annexation of Texas to the U. S. did not solve the problem—there were more slaves and more escapes. The slave owners pressured the U. S. in attempting to extradite their runaways but despite numerous attempts, Mexico remained firm. The Civil War ended the extradition moves but not the flow of the slaves to Mexico—the Emancipation Proclamation did that. Recommended.

"THE WESTERNERS" WRITE

There are sixty-two local organizations of *The Westerners* in the world at present, including five in West Germany, one in Sweden, one in England and one in Mexico. Most of the groups adopted the name "Corral" but "Posse" and "Society" are also used. In addition to lively monthly dinner meetings at which some phase of Western history is discussed, many of the groups have active publishing programs in Western Americana.

(Continued on page 55)



"I can remember when folks had a solution for it. We called it 'Bathing and Working'."

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 49)

British ship, the *Robert and Alice*. He soon settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania where he raised a family of five boys and one girl.

I am a descendant of one of the boys, Jacob Tritt. I believe he was the youngest child. He was a soldier in the American Revolution in Colonel Swope's "Flying Camp." He became a captain and on the muster rolls his name was changed from Tritt to Dritt. Until just recently we felt he was an only son—until we learned of the name change.

The person who gave me the above information feels as I do, that Rotterdam was just a port of embarkation for families from as far east as Switzerland. So far as I know, these families came West long ago.

My great-grandfather was Jacob Dritt Dosch. He was the grandson of Captain Jacob Dritt. In 1849 he left Pennsylvania by wagontrain for Richland County, Wisconsin with his family and settled there before Wisconsin became a state. My mother and one of his granddaughters were born there.

Can anyone give me any information on the Dritt or Tritt families? This name is not too common. Does anyone know the origin?—Robert J. Leach, 133 Hillside Drive, Fairfax, California 94930

Holland-Cadle-Lee-Harrell-Trammell

I would like information on Sallathiel Holland, born 1822 in Tennessee. In 1842 he married Mary Merrill, born 1816 in North Carolina. They came from Tennessee to Labette County, Kansas, probably in the 1850s. Where did they die and when? Who were their parents? They had children, Letishea, Isabella, Marcus Lafayette, Henry Benton, Louisa, William Albert, Marryan, Maranda and George Washington. Isabella and Maranda married brothers, William Franklin and Luke Lea and moved to Newton County, Missouri. Louisa married (?) Brown and lived in Galena, Kansas. Where did the others go?

Elizabeth Cadle married William Lea in Claiborne County, Tennessee about 1819. She was born in Virginia in 1797. William Lea was born in North Carolina in 1791. They both died in Newton County, Missouri, he in 1892 and she between 1860 and 1870. Who were their parents?

Wiley B. Harrell was born in Tennessee in 1797 and died in Washington County, Arkansas around 1860. He married Sarah D. (?) around 1820. She may have been Cherokee Indian. They had seven children: Sarah Ann, John, Susanna, Enoch, Paschal G., Robert and Nancy. Who were their parents and from what county in Tennessee did they come?

Philip Trammell was born between 1765 and 1770, possibly in Fairfax County, Virginia. He died in Washington County, Arkansas in 1840. He had a son, Gerrard, born in 1791 in Tennessee and another son, John born in 1804 in Kentucky. He also had other children, possibly Philip, Jr., Sarah, Rachel, Harrison H., Minerva, Susan, Bersheba and Jemima. He was in the militia in Kentucky in 1798 and 1801, in Howard County, Missouri from 1816 to 1831, in Saline County, Missouri from 1831 to 1833 and went to Washington County, Arkansas in 1833. He married Sarah - - - around 1790. Where? Who were their parents? Was Philip Trammell a grandson of Gerrard Trammell who died in Fairfax County, Virginia in 1785? Was he the son of Gerrard Trammell, Jr., or of Thomas Trammell, both sons of Gerrard Trammell, Sr.? Any information on the above people will be appreciated. —Mrs. George E. Ryder, Ozarks Methodist Manor, Marionville, Missouri 65705

Custis-Days

I seek information on Martha Park Custis born in Washington, D. C. circa 1817, and her husband Woolberton Days, born in Dunkirk, New York circa 1814. They were among the earliest settlers in Nevada County, California. Martha claimed to have been a close relative of Martha Washington and received an annuity from her family in the East until her death in 1898. The Days were married in 1848.

Woolberton claimed to have been the first white child born in Chautauqua County. When he was nine months old the family moved to Pittsburgh, then to Fredericktown and then to Baltimore.

(Continued on page 62)

WANDERLUST #6

ANACONDA ADVENTURE

WANDERLUST is the only magazine being published which is devoted **strictly** to true swashbuckling travel adventure all over the globe!

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The Curse of the San Andres

BY HENRY JAMES

By popular request we'll be running this long out of print, hard to find book about a treasure that has been in the headlines for the last two years. As reported in the Gallup, New Mexico *Independent*, August 8, 1974, "There's probably gold in the hills of White Sands missile range . . . Currently publicized guesses on the value of the treasure, if it exists, run as high as $225 billion. 'They've got the decimal point out of place,' says Henry James [the author]. But he did not say how many places the decimal may be off. James, a mining engineer, did a geological investigation of the Victoria Peak area in 1949 and returned in 1950. 'I went 85 feet down into the fault, as far as I could go,' he said. 'Where there's smoke, there's usually at least some heat. There's bound to be *something* there'."

✶ ✶ ✶ ✶

Other articles will cover a wide area of treasure activities both in the Continental U.S. and abroad. Don't miss it!

(See GOLD! back issues on page 42)

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Dolph Shenk (pointing) and his foreman, taken the day Shenk told the author about Aariola.

Dead Or Alive

(Continued from page 27)

Hanlon's warning; so one of the men I found and hired was Aariola. While he was working for me he stole, loafed, and quarreled with every mule I owned. He finally finished himself with me when he picked up a rock and threw it at my best mule, hitting it on the knee and crippling it so badly it couldn't be worked for a week. There were no laws to deal with things like that and it was more than I'd stand for. I took my gun and marched Aariola into the stable. I got my best rawhide whip and told him I going to give him twenty lashes—through his shirt. On his bare back, such a licking would have been a lot tougher. I told him if he tried to run, I'd shoot him.

"I meant every word of it. And was Aariola mad! Sullen and mad. I saw the hate grow in his eyes like it did when Hanlon fired him. What made it worse for him, the whipping wasn't done in private. At least half a dozen witnesses, all well acquainted with him and his ways, saw it and agreed that he got what was coming to him. Of course, the news spread.

"WELL, Aariola went back to Mexicali across the border, where he had sleeping quarters in somebody's shack, and he began to talk—big. He bragged that I'd better not be seen south of the border again, ever, if I wanted to go on living.

"It was about two weeks later when I found I had to have more farm help, and the only place to find workers was in the saloons of Mexicali. I decided to go and get them. Jim, my store partner, advised against it.

"'Better not,' he said. 'Aariola is still hanging around over there and has been doing a lot of talking. His friends have heard his threats, and he's got them to live up to. If he sees a chance, he'll try to get you in the back.'

"Jim and I had a habit of doing a lot of practice shooting whenever we had a few minutes to spare. Bandits were a problem we had to think about, as stores were favorite game for hold-ups. We used to toss up nickels and dimes for each other to shoot at. Jim favored a rifle; I preferred handguns. Jim could score at least eighteen hits in twenty tries every time.

(Dolph, I gathered, was also pretty good. "Our store," he once told me, "was never held up.")

"But Jim didn't like the idea of my going over there alone, and said he'd go with me. I did have to get some extra workers.

"You know how Mexicali and Calexico are," Dolph went on, "like two eggs in the same fry pan. We crossed the line and started up the main street. Nearly every other place was a shacky saloon. I visited them one after another. Mostly they were deserted except for the bartenders. Finally we came to one where, judging by the racket inside, everybody not at work gathered. That looked like the place to find my workers, and I went in. I no sooner stepped through the door than all the talk stopped. It got as quiet as a church. I soon saw why. Aariola was sitting at a table. The crowd moved to one side, leaving the space between him and me unoccupied. He half rose, and his hand started moving toward the hip where his gun was. I stood there, trying to judge how far I'd better let him go before I reached for my gun.

"I was almost ready to reach when a funny thing happened. Aariola's hand stopped moving. And suddenly every customer in the place seemed to be pointing toward the ceiling. I looked around and saw my partner, Jim. He was standing there, not saying a word. But he had a six-shooter in each hand.

"I laughed, and walked over to Aariola. His black eyes turned green, if such a thing could be, when I took his gun. I emptied it of cartridges, and tossed them and the gun behind the bar. I told Aariola he'd better cut out the kind of talk I'd been hearing about; if he didn't, I said, I might have to use my whip on him again. That was rubbing salt in the sore, and I knew it. But I meant it. Jim and I left the place and went back to our store.

"THE only way I can account for what happened next is by assuming that this little incident shamed Aariola before his friends and drove him completely out of his senses. News of what he did wasn't long in reaching us. It seems he got crazy drunk, and when the saloon closed for the night he started home. The man in whose place he was living probably realized the condition he was in and how mean he could be, and he locked the door and wouldn't open it for Aariola to get in. I suppose that was the final straw. Aariola had recovered his gun, of course, after we left, and reloaded it. And when he found that door locked, he started using the gun—shooting through the door. His first shot wounded the man inside. The second one killed the man's daughter.

"Apparently Aariola came to his senses sufficiently to realize that his friends, who had more or less sympathized with him against me, wouldn't stand for that. He left town and made his getaway, heading for the mountains which he knew well.

"News of the shoot-up reached Calexico a few hours later. We all knew that officers would never catch up with him or even try to, so a few of us made up a purse and offered to pay $100 to anyone who would bring him in, alive or dead. I never dreamed how that would turn out.

"A month or so passed. Nothing was heard of Aariola. There was so much to attend to that the whole situation sort of passed out of my mind. Then one night half a dozen of us were sitting in the store by lamplight, too hot to do much except talk, and not much of that. Somebody looked out and said: 'Here comes Indian Joe.'

"I saw Chueco Lopez—Joe for short—heading toward the store. He wasn't often seen in town, and when he did show up he never had a great deal to say. None of us knew a lot about him, but he was supposed to be an expert tracker. When he came in, I said hello, and his answer was a grunt. He had a gunnysack slung over his shoulder. I asked what we could do for him.

"'*Quero mi ciento* dollars!' he said.

"'A hundred dollars!' I repeated. It sounded like a stickup. 'What for?'

"Without a word of reply, he swung the sack around and up-ended it. When I got a good look at what rolled out, I came as near losing my supper as ever happened to me.

"Yes," Dolph said in reply to my question, "Chueco got his hundred dollars. And Aariola, as much of him as we got for the money, was given a burial spot down in Calexico with the other ones."

That's the story Dolph told us after coming so close to running over José, the sleepy ditch-tender. For the preacher's boy, as for many others, pioneering had its unforgettable moments.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 52)

Under the leadership of Paul Galleher, long-time member and former sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral, The Arthur H. Clark Company of Glendale has compiled a fine little booklet—*The Westerners, A Mini-Bibliography and a Cataloging of Publications 1944-1974* ($3.50) which for the first time lists all known books, booklets, and periodicals issued by The Westerners everywhere. Clark has many of the publications available so the catalog is priced. This is a distinctive contribution to Western Americana bibliography and a fine tribute to The Westerners on the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the first Corral in Chicago.

COW PEOPLE

Cowboy Life (University of Oklahoma Press, $9.95) edited and with an introduction by William W. Savage, Jr. is an exercise in reconstructing an American myth—the cowboy. Savage believes that we have rather neglected the supports necessary to sustain the image that we created. In fact, through movies, TV and many books we have tarnished the image. Savage points out some notable exceptions and follows his searching introduction with selections from the writings of those he believes produced the most accurate prose portraits of the cowboy. Joseph G. McCoy, Richard Irving Dodge, Charlie Siringo, Andy Adams, Richard Harding Davis are among the better and longest known writers that Savage selected. This reviewer was pleased to find that he has also included Baylis John Fletcher whose recollections of an 1870 drive from Texas to Wyoming were first published in 1968 as *Up the Trail in '79* (University of Oklahoma Press) and Frank Collinson who remembered much in pieces for *Ranch Romances* and *The Cattlemen* and whose book *Life in the Saddle* (University of Oklahoma Press) first appeared in 1963. If your faith in the most American of all our folk heroes has wavered in recent years, a reading of Savage's book will do much to restore it. The photos are for real and greatly enhance the book. Recommended.

It has been many years since this reviewer really needed *Chuck Wagon Cookin'* (University of Arizona Press, $4.95) by Stella Hughes. That was the summer I started out as a "wood boy" and dish washer and ended up as cook for a traveling thresher crew as we followed the harvest north from Texas—the cook was a drinking man with the disposition of the roundup cooks described by Mrs. Hughes in her chapter "Kitchen on Wheels," and the boss fired him before we crossed the Red River. Despite having no "cooking" need for the book it has to be rated as very entertaining reading and the drawings by the author are pretty good, too. The recipes were gathered from the author's friends and associates in the Arizona Cowbelles, and provide some helpful hints to the kitchen cook as well as the outdoor types. Give this one A plus for the yarns about roundup cooks and other cow people.

VICTORIO VERSUS THE U. S. AND MEXICO

Apache Lightning—The Last Great Battles of the Ojo Calientes (Oxford University Press, $8.95) is primarily the account of the Victorio Campaign of 1877-80. The author, Joseph A. Stout, Jr., a member of the history faculty at Oklahoma State University, sets the stage for the final thrust against Victorio with a summary of the long conflict between the Apaches and the Spanish and, later, the Mexicans and Anglos. Victorio and his band played hide and seek with the U.S.-Mexican boundary, fighting the black "buffalo" soldiers north of it to a standstill and raiding settlements and ranches south of it for food, horses, and loot. The pressure of the reinforced U. S. forces finally drove Victorio into Mexico where he was finally trapped and killed along with most of his warriors by the Mexican forces led by General Joaquin Terrazas. Colonel George P. Buell's troops had forced Victorio's band across the border and followed it into Mexico. It was Buell who located the Indian camp only to be told by Terrazas that his troops were not needed for the final battle or wanted in Mexico. A handful of Texas Rangers were with Mexican troops at the showdown. This is good, tightly written history and reads well. Recommended.

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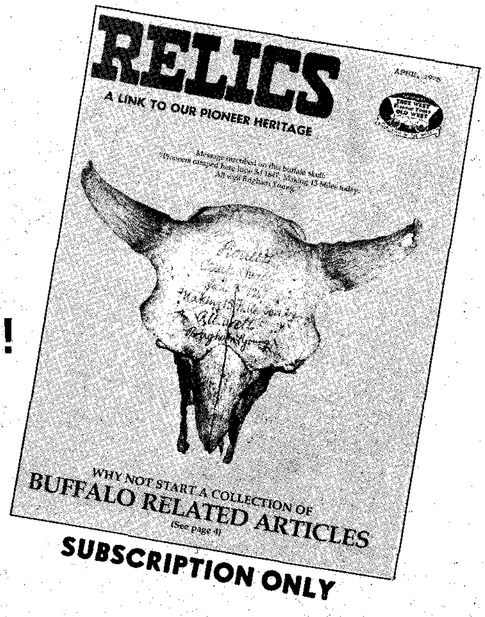

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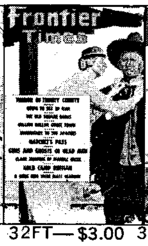
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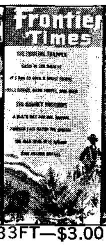
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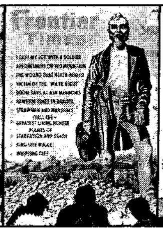
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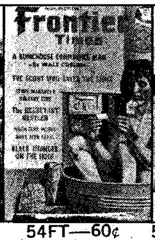
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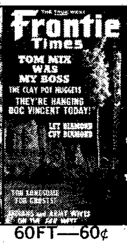
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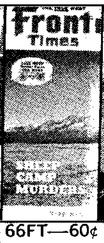
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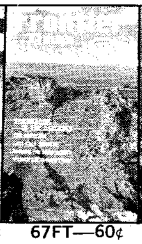
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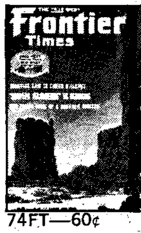
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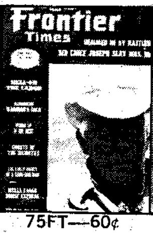
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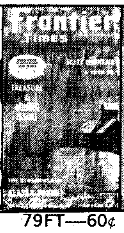
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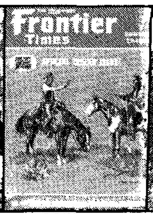
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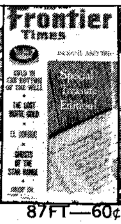
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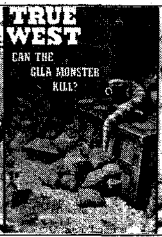
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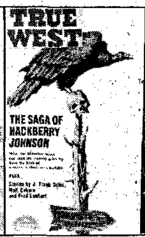
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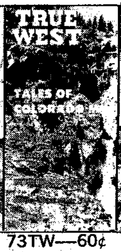
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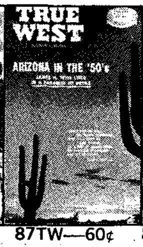
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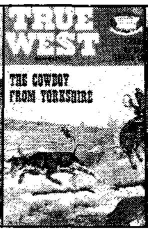
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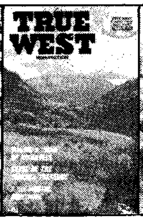
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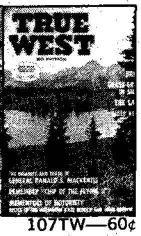
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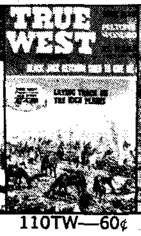
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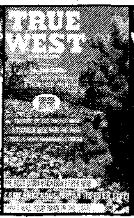
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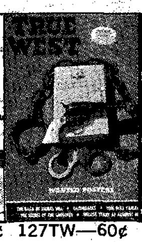
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I Rode Shotgun

(Continued from page 25)

road such as we had.

There were two items in our favor The woods were a jungle of trees, brusl and down timber, so Jud could not hop to circle us or pass us except on th road.

The road had been hacked out by han by volunteer labor, and full advantag was taken of the terrain for grade an the easiest chopping. That made it s crooked that there were no long tangents. Visual sight distance was mostly i buckshot range. Another factor in ou favor was the fact that I had been usin a shotgun for over two years, killin ducks, grouse and rabbits for food, an had a keen sense of shotgun range.

In the densest part of the forest, Ju caught up with us just about where w thought he would. He was coming u fast. The pretzel-like hammers on m gun went to full cock. My trigger finge tightened on the front trigger. The ai was on the horse's head. I knew exactly what I had to do. I couldn't do Jud much damage at that distance but I coul spook his cayuse so that he couldn't ge an effective shot at us.

If he raised and aimed his rifle I woul shoot and continue as fast as I could fir and load. If he didn't raise his rifle bu tried to pass us, I set about twenty-fiv yards as the final firing line. ("Fina firing line" was a term I would lear a couple of wars later but the idea wa correct.) I would warn him, but I woul shoot him before I would let him pass.

IT would be nice to state that I wa doing this coolly and calmly withou fear, but it wouldn't be the truth. I wa plenty scared, knowing full well ho much depended on me, the disparity i effective range between shotgun and rifl and the chance that I would be killed o knocked out before I could inflict an damage on Jud.

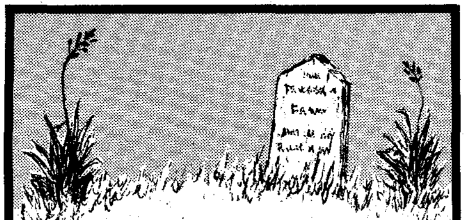
Just as I thought he was coming i for a showdown, he apparently saw th gun pointed at him. He reined in sharply. His thoughts must have been akin t the first pursuit pilot coming up on th soft underbelly of a plane and discoverin a tail gunner.

From then on it was cat and mous He would drop back out of sight, the come in fast, checking quickly, neve coming too close. I guess the courag he built up out of sight diminished a my gun barrel loomed larger close u

I sweated this out for about three mile to where we were approaching a settlement of sorts, made up of a prospecto a gyppo logger, and a homesteader. Ju turned and gave up the chase.

Of course, after that we took securit measures. I carried the .30-30 saddle gu Mother her little nickel-plated .32 revolver, and Ivy and Sylvia were instruc ed to remain close to the house whi we were delivering milk. Ivy had a sho gun and was to fort up if necessary.

But Jud never bothered us again. M carelessness had given him the initi advantage which but for Mother's cou age might have resulted in terrib tragedy for us. But I guess I redeemed myself by thwarting his last attempt when I "rode shotgun."



Tombstone Epitaph

(Continued from page 4)

400 of the Indians, including Geronimo, refused to go and fled into Mexico. (In the years to come, Washington's decision had few defenders.)

From the beginning, Clum was a crusading editor, and in late 1880 his pages were filled with what he termed the vital issue of legal title to the city's lots. Tombstone's litigation over faulty deeds, mining claims, mineral and property rights was to drag on for years, but Clum's stand on the controversy was instrumental in his winning the mayoral election as the Republican candidate in 1881.

Clum, an Episcopalian, also lent his paper's space and support to Endicott Peabody's efforts to build a church. With this outspoken aid, Peabody, who epitomized the "proper New Englander," was able to successfully establish his frontier parish before returning East. There he later founded Groton Academy which numbers the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt among its illustrious alumni.

Clum was given to editorial sermonizing himself, and on more than one occasion chided townsfolk and lectured lawmen. Following a rumor that a horse thief had been given advance warning of imminent arrest, he published the story which was making the rounds and concluded, "If this report is true, it does not speak well for Sheriff Behan's judgment."

The gunfight at the O. K. Corral, on the afternoon of October 26, 1881, has subsequently been the subject of countless books and movies, but at the time Clum called it a "sad affair"—on page 3. The imaginative wording of many of the *Epitaph's* headlines approached poetry. This one read in part, "Three Men Hurled into Eternity in the Duration of a Moment."

Following the shoot-out, the Territory was divided into the Behan and Earp factions, a controversy still unresolved in the minds of many. The *Epitaph* was said to favor the latter. Years later, when Wyatt Earp died in Los Angeles, California, January 3, 1929, at the age of eighty, John Clum was an honorary pallbearer. Clum also died there, three years later at the age of eighty-one on May 2, 1932.

The paper that he founded has outlived him by over forty years, and we can only conjecture about the type of obituary he would have penned for his *Epitaph* that saw it all and reported it all in the "town too tough to die."

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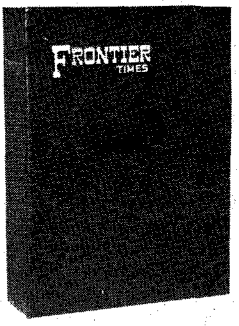

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Borax King, John W. Searles

(Continued from page 23)

forward the Piutes avoided Searles because they said, "He possesses the evil eye."

John R. Spears in 1892 reported a thrilling story of John Searles' being attacked by a wounded grizzly. "I heard that Mr. Searles was the hero of a terrible bear fight. At the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company's works I asked him about it. He smiled through his bushy beard and eyebrows. From a desk he took a two-ounce bottle from a drawer and held it up. There were twenty-one pieces of broken bones and teeth in the bottle. Then he took an old Spencer rifle from a corner of the office which he passed to me. There were not only a number of dents in the stock but one plainly noticeable in the top of the barrel. The bones and teeth in the bottle had been crushed from the lower jaw of Mr. Searles by the bite of the grizzly bear; the dents in the rifle were made by the grizzly's teeth.

"I was asked to put my hands among the dark brown whiskers just beginning to turn gray on the chin of Mr. Searles. There were dents in the jawbone on both sides that seemed to half cut it off. I noticed too that Searles could not readily turn his head. He had been pretty well chewed up. It happened on the 15th of March 1870 in the mountains of Kern County, California. Before that, Searles and a party left the settlement of Visalia to hunt deer in the mountains. About the third day out, Searles saw a big buck standing on a ledge. The heavy slug knocked it over a precipice. When he looked over he spotted two full-grown grizzly bears and a half-grown cub in the canyon below. Getting within range he killed the two grizzlies and as the third one fled down a trail he placed a bullet in the base of its head that knocked it end over end.

"Their guide said that on another part of the mountain there were two large ferocious grizzlies that had been killing cattle for a long time. They arrived where the bears had been. The men pitched camp, but because of foul weather they did not see any bears. Searles had shot about all his cartridges. He sent for more after the fashion of those days by hanging his order on a bush beside the stage road. The order included an empty cartridge box but the stage driver threw the box away and then got the wrong cartridges.

"Searles found that he could hammer the cartridges through the lock after trimming the bullets carefully, so he kept hunting. One day he started out on horseback. All the brush was covered with snow. Four miles from camp he tied his horse and went poking about on foot. As he was walking along the side of a gulch he saw through the brush a big grizzly lying in a bed. Only its nose was visible.

"Aiming low he let drive and rolled the brute over, finishing it with two more bullets. Searles cut the beast's throat and stood beside, pressing his foot on its breast to make the blood flow. He heard a noise in a thicket nearby. Searles knew the sound and soon found the trail of another bear. The afternoon was wearing away and he was wet to the skin from the moist snow.

"With all the ardor of youth he took after the bear. He knew the bear was in a chaparral thicket. He worked around it for some time before getting a sight, and then, to his great surprise, the bear rose up on its hind legs with its big nose not eighteen inches away. Because of the heavy brush it was impossible for the hunter to back up even a step. His only chance was to point the rifle across his body as near as he could guess toward the base of the grizzly's jaw and pull the trigger, hoping to send a ball into its brain. When the gun was discharged the bear pitched over on his fore-legs, gasping and pawing at its eyes where the flame of the cartridge had burned the hair, but apparently only a little hurt.

"Searles threw a new cartridge into the barrel, aimed at the base of the bear's skull and pulled the trigger. It was one of the whittled cartridges and it didn't fire. With another wrench on the lever Searles tried again and failed. The third time he tried to fire the gun the beast turned on him with open jaws.

"Searles jammed the rifle into its jaws but it brushed the weapon aside. It threw him to the ground and, with one foot on Searles' breast, bit him in the lower jaw. The next bite was in the throat, severing the windpipe and laying bare the artery as well as the jugular vein. Then it grabbed the flesh of the shoulder, laying bare the bones and cutting a blood vessel from which the blood spurted up.

"Searles, lying there, saw it curve in a stream about his face. As the bear pulled this mouthful of flesh clear, its foot slipped, rolling Searles over. His coat was all in a lump on his back and the bear bit into that once and went away.

"John Searles was near dead but his discomfort saved him. It was turning extremely cold. The wet clothing began to freeze, which sealed up the torn blood vessels. In this horrible condition, with his lower jaw dangling about and his throat in shreds, his left arm useless and in great pain, Searles had the guts to walk and crawl to his horse and mount it and ride to camp.

"It was a three-days' journey to a Los Angeles hospital where surgeons consulted over the best way to make him comfortable during the short time he had to live. They talked about boring through his sound upper teeth so that they might wire pieces of the lower jaw together and to the upper one. Searles even managed to kick one of the surgeons from his bedside.

"There was one doctor who came and inspired hope. He patched and pieced and sewed, and in three weeks the old hunter was up and around and getting well. He lived for twenty-seven more years. John Searles, a giant among giants, passed away October 1897."

On November 8, 1962 a monument was dedicated by the Death Valley '49ers, Inc.; the American Potash & Chemical Corporation; and the West End Chemical Division of Stauffer Chemical Corporation. This registered Historical Landmark No. 774 reads:

"Borax was discovered on the nearby surface of Searles Lane by John Searles in 1862. With his brother Dennis, he formed the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company in 1873 and operated it until 1897. The chemicals in Searles Lake, which include borax, potash, soda ash, salt cake, and lithium, were deposited here by the runoff waters from melting ice age glaciers. John Searles' discovery has proved to be the world's richest chemical storehouse, containing half the natural elements known to man."

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 7)

tion, incidentally, started as a gift one Christmas and has been renewed ever since. I really feel you deserve a medal for the interesting reading.

I would be very glad to write to anyone who may wish to correspond with me about Texas history, as it is my great hobby. I am taking a Texas History course by post from the University of Texas at Austin. I am interested in everything that has to do with the greatest state in the world. On a visit to Texas in 1973 I was overwhelmed by all your hospitality.—Graham Downey, Alpha Cottage, 9 Adelphi Road, Epsom, Surrey, England

St. Maries Mystery

While hunting in St. Maries, Idaho in 1964 I found an abandoned log cabin and what I believe to be some important papers in the cabin. I have briefly listed the papers found. Could you possibly tell me what steps to take to find the heirs, or if these papers are even needed by anyone anymore? Here are brief descriptions:

Envelope and letter postmarked May 18, 1937, Globe Hotel stationery, from Hobart Carrigan to Edmund S. Brown, St. Maries, Idaho.

Envelope and letter postmarked November 9, 1929, from Chester A. Rowe, 125 Walnut Street, Yuba City, California, to E. S. Brown, c/o Globe Hotel, Spokane, Washington.

Poem to Editor, *Mercury Herald* Booster Club of Southern California.

Last Farewell note to "Son Byron" from W. B. Rich, November 15, 1877.

Warranty Deed, Clark County, South Dakota, December 13, 1893, Heb Stone, Sr., seller, to Ada Rich, buyer of property.

Chattel Mortgage, Clark County, Territory of Dakota, B. S. Rich, Buyer, O. H. Cause, Seller for one red white-faced cow and one 12″ —?—.

Quit Claim Deed, Clark County, South Dakota, October 23, 1893, John Stoner and Agnes Stoner, his wife, and C. W. Stoner, Jr. and his wife, sellers to C. W. Stoner, Sr., on property.

Warranty Deed, Clark County, South Dakota, June 19, 1897, Ada Rich and Byron Rich, her husband, sellers from W. C. Fortner, buyers of property.

Quit Claim Deed, Clark County, South Dakota, October 20, 1893, Byron Rich and Ada Rich, sellers, from Alfred W. Huntly, Buyer.

Chattel Mortgage, Clark County, South

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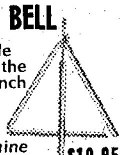

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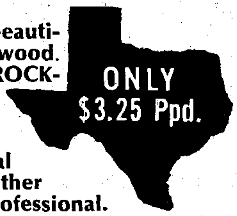

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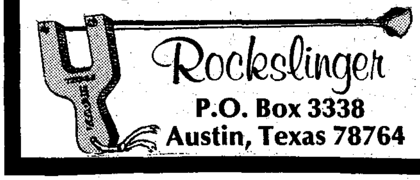

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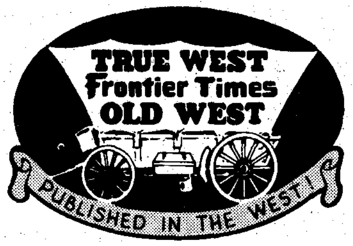

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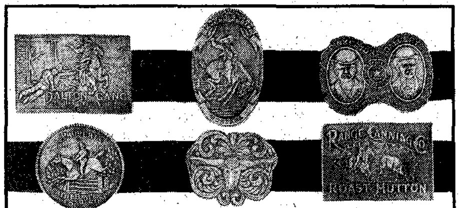

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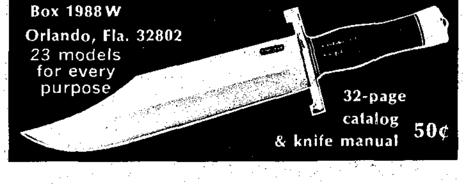

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Dakota, April 7, 1883, Byron Rich, mortgagor to C. S. G. Fuller —?—, mortgagee, one cookstove.

Hunter's license, Spokane, Washington, August 16, 1910, To S. E. Rich.

Brochure on District Headquarters Detachment, C.C.C., Christmas Dinner, December 25, 1934, Ft. George Wright, Washington.

Brochure on 8th Anniversary Sacramento Lodge IOOF, January 31, 1931, Sacramento, California.

Some of the brochures, etc. probably are not that important but to someone they might provide a clue as to identity. —Mrs. Marie A Neil, 10715 East Main, Spokane, Washington 99206

Doubleday Picture

I just received the March, 1974 issue of FRONTIER TIMES and see on page 23 that there is a question about the origin of the picture illustrating the article "Ride Your Way Out."

The photograph is one of the more famous made by the well known rodeo photographer, R. R. Doubleday, of Ponca City, Oklahoma. The photo shows Smokey Branch grandstanding as he rides Glass Eye at the 1921 Garden City, Kansas rodeo.

Mr. Doubleday followed the rodeo circuit and if he got an exceptional picture early in the event he would rush to his portable photo lab, print it and have finished postcards of it for sale to the audience as they left the grandstands.

The picture in question is credited with being the most popular rodeo postcard ever printed, setting a record number of sales. If I were a betting man, I'd say that the second photo illustrating the article is also a Doubleday; however, I do not not have an example of it in my postcard collection as proof.—I. L. Pfalser, R. R. 1, Caney, Kansas 67333

☆ ☆ ☆

In glancing through my issue of the March FRONTIER TIMES, I found the bucking horse picture—origin unknown. This picture was made at the Cheyenne, Wyoming Frontier Days in 1922 by Ralph R. Doubleday and was considered his masterpiece. I have an eight by ten, hand-colored enlargement entitled "Smokey Branch on Glass Eye."

In the spring of 1917, the Ogallala Community club was interested in finding a project to raise money for community improvement and it was decided to hold a rodeo at the end of the Old Texas Trail. At that time I was in practice at Ogallala and a member of the club. Henry Wollery was club president and he appointed me to go with him to Alliance, Nebraska where Doubleday was billed as the official photographer for the Alliance Annual Roundup.

Doubleday was considered the outstanding bucking horse and rodeo photographer and his appearance at our show would be an asset in securing better contestants. We signed a contract with him and he made pictures, developed and printed them in our office in the old Lone Star Saloon building on Front Street. For many years he sent me many of his better photographs, all now very old and badly faded.

I am sorry I do not have a better picture of Doubleday than the enclosed 1941 Christmas card.—Phillip T. Smith, 1839 Alderson Avenue, Billings, Montana 59102

☆ ☆ ☆

We also heard from many others who were familiar with the Doubleday picture, among them: Dee Boone, Henryetta, Oklahoma; Jerry Vopat, Anaheim, California; Art Stanton, Jasksonville, Texas; Ben R. Burnham, Alamosa Colorado; Wilmer E. Paul, Delta, Colorado; and Talma Rummel, Goodland, Kansas. We've got to cut off now and go to press. As some of you pointed out, we've run this picture before, and even if the author didn't know its origin, *we* should have! The only way we can explain our lapse of memeory is—well, did you ever start to introduce your mother-in-law to somebody and forgot her name?

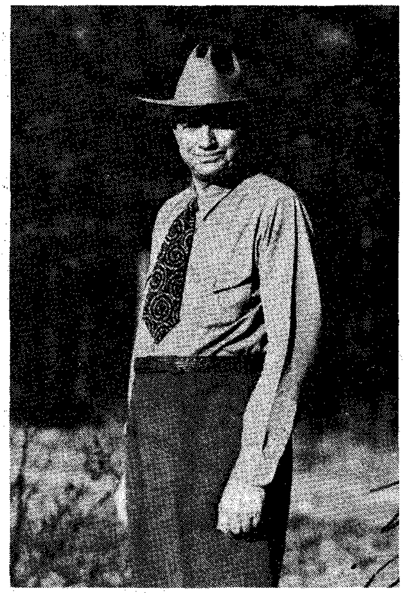

Photo of Doubleday on a 1941 Christmas card sent to Phillip T. Smith.

A Girl and a Horse

In the past few years I have been reading a lot about lady horseshoers, and just today I saw a story about a 100-pound girl, twenty years old, who had just graduated from a six-weeks farrier school. She has classed herself as a professional at the trade, and bought a portable shoeing outfit complete with forge, specializing in corrective shoeing.

I'm not an old crank, but I *am* an old farrier. I've been at it for forty years and every day I learn something about corrective shoeing. Will someone tell me how a girl can do this in a six weeks' course? I'm not from Missouri, but I've got to be shown this. I know women have come a long way in doing the work of men—as that ad states, "You've come a long way, Baby!" I'm sure they're capable of shoeing some gentle horses, but I'd like to know how a girl can shoe ten to fifteen head of horses a day, and stand up under the work.

After you have shod horses all your life, you know horses, and it's true it's not so much in your strength, but how you stand your horse so that he is comfortable and will take the shoeing. I've watched novices sweat, grunt and cuss, and it's mostly their own fault in not standing the horse so that he's comfortable. To learn shoeing right takes many years.

I'd like to see a woman or girl shoe some of these Wyoming pack mules and broncs. I'm not saying they wouldn't try, but I would just like to see it! If any of them who are corrective shoers would like a commercial job at it, I'll see to it that they have steady work.—Don Bell, P. O. Box 61, Byron, Wyoming 82412

The James Home

This is to let you know that I have been reading every issue of FRONTIER TIMES for a long time. I want you and all your readers to help me out. Just a few days ago I got word that the house where Jesse James and his brother, Frank, were born is crumbling into a ruin. With all of us pitching in we could help to restore this famous old house, 152 years old. I am past eighty myself.

Mr. Lawrence Barr, Jesse James' grandson, says that it will be nothing more than a pile of rotting lumber if not repaired real soon. The house is listed in the National Register of Historic Places, but Barr doesn't have the money for repairs and the banks won't lend to the family because they're all over seventy years of age. The State of Missouri has no money for this restoration. The house is located just outside of Kearney, Missouri.

My father and mother both knew Jesse and Frank James and Cole Younger. All three of them used to stop at my grandparents' house on their way to Zanesville, Ohio. My father went West when he was only fourteen years of age. He drove longhorn cattle from Texas to Kansas, even to Dodge City and Abilene in the old days. He knew Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack and many famous sheriffs. He even knew Billy the Kid and John Wesley Hardin, who Father said, could beat Billy the Kid in shooting. These were the days when the six-gun was law. I have been in and over all the Western states and in Old Mexico.—Charles L. Hutchinson, P. O. Box 314, Warsaw, Kentucky 41095

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 52)

Unfortunately, the only history of the two is one dictated by Days for the 1880 Thompson and West Directory for Nevada County. He was sent to study at St. Mary's College, Baltimore when nine years old. When twelve, he ran away and shipped for Rio de Janeiro where he was employed to care for a future emperor of Brazil, then aged one. He returned to Baltimore in 1831 and shipped as a hospital steward on the South Sea Exploring Expedition of Commodore Wilkes aboard the *Peacock*. After being shipwrecked he landed at Yerba Buena (San Francisco) in 1840.

The Days had one son, W. W., born August 3, 1853. W. W. or "Toots" as he was better known, married an Indian

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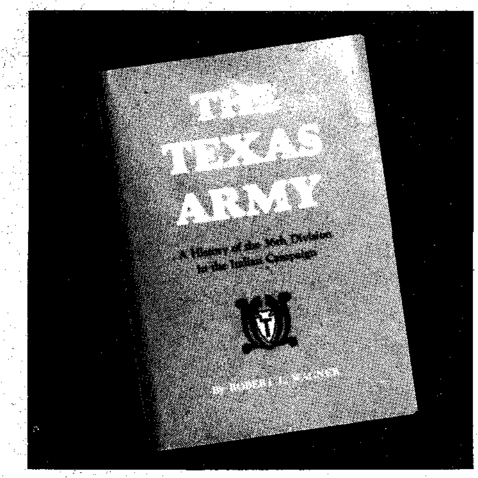

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woman named Johanna.

Woolberton died May 10, 1889 and Martha on September 20, 1898. Both are buried in the Colfax (Placer County), California cemetery.—Pat Jones, Box 10, Chicago Park, California 95712

Lauckner-Kreiger

Ernest Lauckner came to America February 7, 1884 from Germany. He met Ida Kreiger, also from Germany, in Minnesota. They were married and homesteaded at Kramer, North Dakota. Ernest was born December 16, 1863 and died August 8, 1939. Ida was born March 17, 1875 and died November 26, 1914. Each had brothers and sisters. I am looking for anyone knowing they are related to these people in any way. Ernest's brother Robert is buried at Kramer. Two of Ida's sisters were Clara who married a Bethke (I believe), and Ella.—Darlene Norman, Route 1, Prescott, Washington 99348

Bolte

I would like information about the family of Conrad or Konrad and Mary Bolte. It is believed that there were two girls and four boys in the family. Conrad was the son of Henry and Justina Bolte. His brothers were Henry and Dick (Diedrick). His sisters were Mary, Fredericka, and Stena or Justina. The Bolte family lived in DeWitt, Clinton County, Manning, Grand Mound, and Elwood, Iowa. Conrad moved to Wheatland, Wyoming before 1900 and could have served as Township Deputy-Marshal there.

My mother, Naome Bolte, is the daughter of Henry, Jr. and a niece of Conrad. She is now ninety-eight years old.— Ed H. Naumann, Box 86, Kramer, North Dakota 58748

Editorial

(Continued from page 3)

VERY BEST magazines of their kind. I would not miss a single issue. I hope you do not find it necessary to discontinue any of them." —Hans J. Hubl, Olendorp 34, 2 Hamburg 63, Germany.

From a five-page VIA: "Dadgummit, Hosstail—don't kill FRONTIER TIMES. I have a picture of my Dad's running horse, old Sam, which is a direct grandson of Traveler. I'd like to send this picture of him and a short write-up to FRONTIER TIMES. I was six years old when I saw old Sam run for the first time. What a thrill! He could run a hole in the wind."—Carl Crouch, Kermit Texas.

Carl, I'll admit that horse was a shade fast! Sure wish FRONTIER TIMES could keep up with him.

It's too much! I am surrounded by STACKS of letters. There are so many good ideas in them that I would like to tell you about but space is the enemy of every editor and publisher.

We have been reassured beyond any doubt that the TRUTH WAGON on our three Western Americana magazines is your best guide for the best in Western reading—to use your own words—and that all we need is to do something about the title of FRONTIER TIMES and you will do the rest. Also, you are doing a beautiful job of "pulling 'em out!" You write that you see to it that they are not covered up on the newsstands. You are spreading the word to your friends and, VERY IMPORTANT, talking to the manager of any store where you can't find TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST, or GOLD. If you stay after them long enough (you write) the magazines do appear.

Here is a new wrinkle—we learn that *managers often say, "Put it in writing* and I'll pass it along to our city distributor." It seems that it is necessary to write a note, with your name and address, saying something to the effect that, "I trade at (name of store) but I can't find TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES, OLD WEST, or GOLD on the newsstand there. Will you please help me out in this matter." Readers tell us that it really works. So, possibly right now, this type of work is THE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU CAN DO FOR US. Like you say, a magazine sure doesn't sell when it isn't there! There is so much sex and sensationalism on the stands that it flat crowds out what *we hope* is pretty good reading, too, if you like the West—meaning us!

I am writing this the latter part of March. They say we have six to eight more months of "recession" before the upswing. This will be the roughest time for all magazines. Therefore, your help will be *most valuable* to us during the rest of 1975 and probably even the first half of 1976. I surely don't mean that we do not need your help *all* the time—but the months mentioned above seem to be critical if the prediction boys know what they are talking about.

AS USUAL, this is getting too long. Man, did I step in a bear trap when I promised to print the names of all those who started reading TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES with Volume 1, Number 1! But a man can't go back on his word and still keep the confidence of the people he works for, so here goes:

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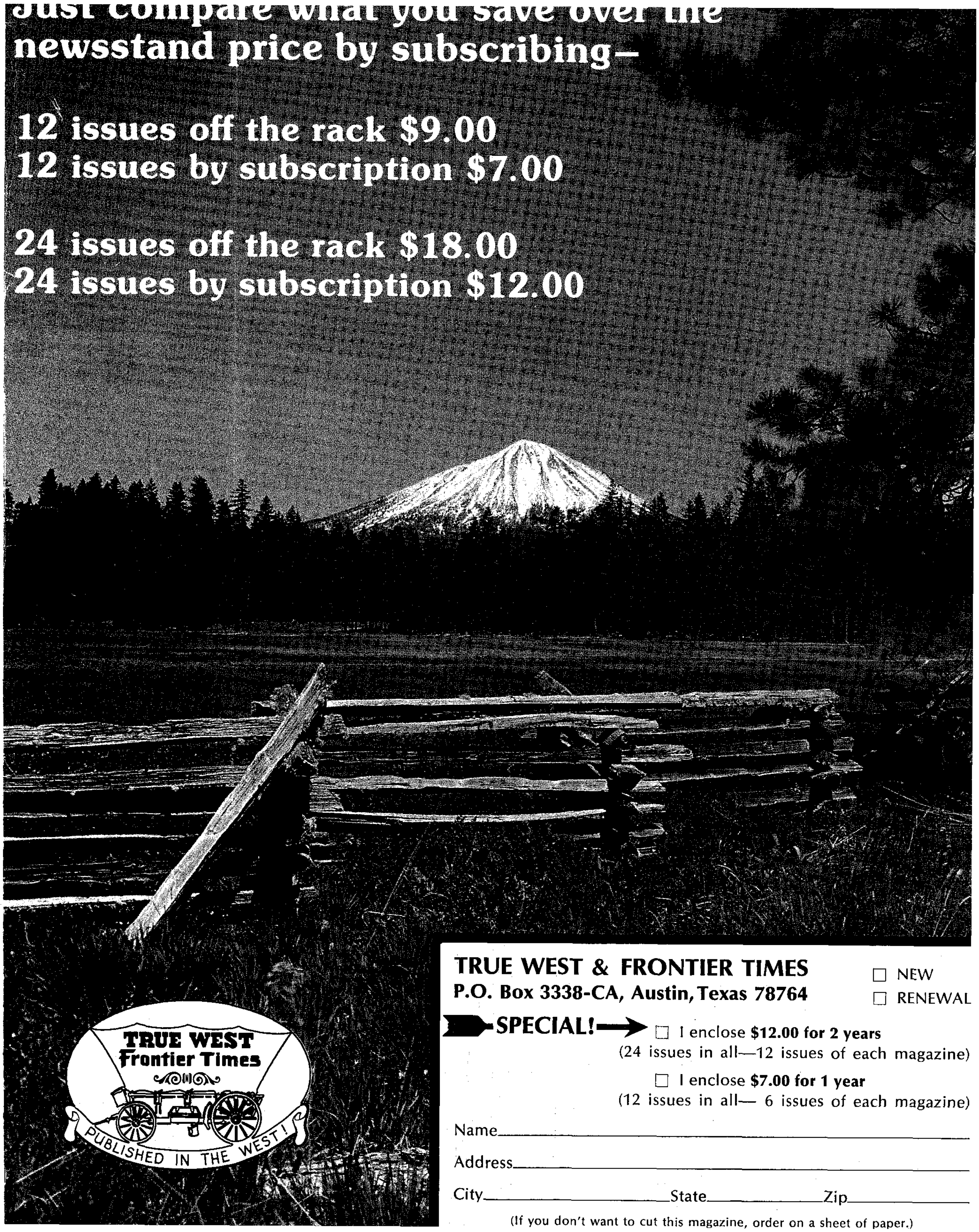
Doggonit! I can't possibly get everything in one editorial. I'll print more letters in August TRUE WEST, as well as more names of charter readers. Will do the same in Fall OLD WEST.

—Hosstail



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